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WOMEN AND WAR

BY AGNES REPLIER

I

THE only agreeable thing to be recorded in connection with Europe's sudden and disastrous war is the fact that people stopped talking about women, and began to talk about men. For the past few years, women have persistently occupied the front of the stage, and men have seemed a negligible factor; useful in their imperfect way, but hopelessly unproblematic. Then Austria delivered her ultimatum, Germany marched her armies across a peaceful earth, and men, plain men, became supremely important, as defenders of their imperilled homes. In this swift return to primitive conditions, primitive qualities reasserted their value. France, Belgium, England called to their sons for succor, and the arms of these men were strengthened because they had women to protect.

A casual study of newspapers before and after the proclamation of war is profoundly instructive. Even the illustrated papers and periodicals tell their tale, and spare us the printed page. Pictures of recruits in place of club-women. Pictures of camps in place of convention halls. Pictures of Red Cross nurses bending over hospital beds, in place of militants raiding Buckingham Palace. Pictures of peaceful ladies sewing and

knitting for soldiers, in place of formidable committees baiting Mr. Wilson, or pursuing the more elusive Mr. Asquith. Pictures of pitying young girls handing cups of broth and the ever-welcome cigarettes to weary volunteers, in place of suffragists haranguing the mob of Hyde Park. Never was there such a noteworthy illustration of Scott's archaic line, —

‘O woman! in our hours of ease.’

Never did the simplicities of life so triumphantly efface its complexities.

II

As the war deepened, and the tale of its devastations and brutalities robbed even the saddened onlooker of all gladness in life, it was natural that women, while faithful to their rôle of ministering angels, should mingle blame with pity. It was also natural, though less pardonable, that their censure should be of that vague order which holds everybody responsible for what somebody has done. Perhaps it was even natural that, confident in their own unproved wisdom and untried efficiency, they should believe and say that, had woman shared the control of civilized governments, the world would now be at peace.

Here we enter the realms of pure conjecture, — realms in which everything can be asserted and denied, nothing proved or disproved. It may be that when women become voters, legislators, and officeholders, they will do the better work for this profound and touching belief in their own perfectibility. Or it may be that a perilous self-confidence will — until corrected by experience — lead them astray. These speculations would be of small concern, were it not that the claim to moral superiority, which women advance without a blush, disposes many of them to ignore the hard conditions under which men struggle, and fail, and struggle again. It narrows their outlook, confuses their judgment, and cheapens their point of view.

When a prominent American feminist said smartly that war is the hysteria of men, she betrayed that lamentable lack of perspective which ignorance can only partly excuse. The heartless shallowness of such a speech commended it to many hearers; but of all generalizations it is the least legitimate. There was as little hysteria in the well-ordered, deeply laid plans of Germany as there was in the heroic defense of France and Belgium, or in the slow awakening of England, who took a deal of rousing from her sleep. 'Most women,' says Mr. Martin Chaloner, 'regard polities as a kind of foolishness that men play at.' But the campaign in Belgium is not to be classed as 'foolishness' or 'hysteria.' The attack was a crime past all forgiveness; the defense was one of flawless valor. If it be hysterical to prize home and country more than life, then we must rewrite that temperate old axiom which has swayed men's souls for centuries: 'Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.'

Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, an English-woman and an advanced feminist, has devoted many busy months to persuading American women that the incapaci-

ty of men to rule the world is abundantly proven by the present state of Europe, and that the downfall of all that civilization has held dear is due to their arrogant rejection of feminine advice. Women, she asserts, are the 'natural custodians of the human race'; they have for years 'sought to find entrance into the councils of the human commonwealth in order that they might there represent the supreme issue of race-preservation and development'; now at last their hands must be free 'to build up a surer and safer structure of humanity.'

'To-day it is for men to stand down, and for the women whom they have belittled to take the seat of judgment. No picture, however overdrawn, of woman's ignorance, error, or folly could exceed in fantastic yet tragic horror the spectacle which male governments are furnishing history to-day. The foundation of the structure of civilization which they have erected in Europe has proved rotten. The edifice, seemingly so secure, has collapsed. The failure of male statecraft in Europe is complete.'

This is a bitter indictment, and one not to be lightly disregarded. But its terms are too general to support an argument. I wish Mrs. Lawrence had told us what the women of Belgium, if emancipated, could have done to save their country; what the women of France, if emancipated, should have done to guard theirs; what the women of Italy, if emancipated, might now do to keep their land at peace to-day, — which is comparatively easy, — and safe from the direful threatenings of tomorrow, — which may prove very hard. Surely she does not think that the men of these nations, or of any nation, all desire war, and that it is the delight of the male animal in combat which has drenched the world in blood.

When we are told that 'the woman

movement and war cannot flourish together,' or that we should never have witnessed this 'campaign of race-suicide,' had women been justly represented, we know of no answer to make. A denial would be as purely hypothetical as is the assertion. But when Mrs. Lawrence ventures to call the war 'a great dog-fight,' caused by an 'obsession of materialism,' we recognize a smallness of vision and coarseness of speech incompatible with clear thinking, or with that distinction of mind which commands attention and respect. If this militant pacifist sees in the conduct of England and in the conduct of France only the greed of two dogs squabbling with Germany over a bone, which apparently belongs to none of them, we can but hope she is not expressing the views, or illustrating the knowledge, of her countrywomen.

Great events, however lamentable, must be looked at greatly. There is much to be commended in the peace platform indorsed by Mrs. Lawrence and her party. There is much to be commended in the peace platform indorsed by the suffragists in Washington last January. There is everything to be hoped for in the sane and just settlement of national disputes by an international tribunal, which might advantageously include women representatives. The decisions of such a tribunal must, however, be supported by something stronger than sentiment, which has proved singularly ineffectual in the past. It is well that men and women should work hand in hand for peace and for prosperity; but it is not well that women should invite themselves to 'take the seat of judgment'; or that they should be complacently sure that their arguments would have prevailed when similar arguments, advanced by men, have been unheeded.

What, after all, is the line of reasoning which Mrs. Lawrence sincerely be-

lieves would have swayed the councils of the nations? After assuring us that 'the woman's movement is spiritual and religious, founded on the belief that human life is sacred,' she continues, 'As mothers, women would have impressed upon men the cost of human replenishment; as chancellors of the family exchequer, their influence would have been felt in forcing legislators to recognize the direct relation between the plenteousness of the food-supply, endangered and restricted by war, and the health and growth of the rising generation.'

If this is not 'an obsession of materialism,' where shall we look for such a quality? The world has not waited until now to learn the cost of war. It was one of the stock arguments urged upon every conference at The Hague. It was one of the indubitable facts upon which we all relied to keep the nations at peace. And it has failed us, as materialism always does fail us in every great national crisis. Germany knows the cost of war, but she is out for conquest, and the spoils of conquest. She recalls with pleasure the two hundred million pounds exacted from France in 1871; and, hoping for a renewal of such delights, she enjoys a foretaste of bliss by demanding cruel indemnities of French and Flemish towns, and bidding them starve or beg. France knows the cost of war, and is ill prepared to pay it; but her alternative is yielding her soil, and all she holds sacred and dear, to a ruthless invader. Even a nation of Quakers, or, we hope, a nation with women in 'the seat of judgment,' would reject submission on such terms. England knows the cost of war, but she also knows the cost of German supremacy. She is at last aware that her national life is at stake. She must fight to preserve it, or sink into insignificance,—her glorious past as much a thing of memory as is the past of Rome.

For all these reasons the nations are spending their money on armaments, and spilling their blood on the battle-field. The sacredness of life is being violated; but is it life, or is it the moral worth of life, which we hold sacred? Life is a thing given us for a few years. Its only value lies in the use we make of it. Lose it we must, and very soon. But honor and duty are for all time. Why do we see a 'soldiers' monument' in nearly every town of every state which fought for the Union? Not because these men lived, but because they died. What must it have cost Mr. Lincoln, whose heart was big enough for much suffering, to order from an exhausted country the last draft of half a million men! And why does an ingenious writer, like Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, cudgel his brain to find abstract causes for war? The concrete causes which have come within the personal experiences of most of us will answer our rational questionings.

III

If it were possible that the women of all nations could ever be brought to think and feel alike,—a miracle of unity never vouchsafed to men,—then they might run the world harmoniously. If, for example, a Frau Professor Treitschke, a Frau General von Bernhardi, and the more august spouse of the Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg had succeeded in talking down their martial husbands, and persuading Germany that her duty was to breed in peace within her own frontier, then a Madame Poincaré, a Madame Joffre, a Mrs. Asquith, a Lady Kitchener would have had no difficulty in holding back France and England from war. If the Kaiserin were an autocratic 'peace-lady,' ruling her 'war-lord' into submission, then the Queen of England and the Queen of Belgium might be drinking tea with her to-day. But unless the good Teuton

women had kept their men at home, how could the good French and Belgian women have warded off invasion? And would the good British women have said, 'We are safe for a little while. Let us stand cringing by, and see injustice done'?

The Woman's Journal wrote last autumn to a number of more or less distinguished people, and asked them if they thought that woman suffrage would abolish, or would lessen war. As none of these more or less distinguished people had any data upon which to build an opinion, their answers were interesting only as expressing personal views of a singularly untrammeled order. There were those who believed that the Spartan mother stood for an undying type, and there were those who believed that she had been finally and happily superseded. Miss Jane Addams wrote that more women than men 'recognize the folly and wickedness of war,'—an easy generalization. Dr. Stephen S. Wise, an unblinking enthusiast, held that one great gain will follow the tragic conditions of to-day. We shall see the end of 'man-made government.' 'World peace' and 'world welfare' will come with woman's rule. Miss Mary Johnston was of the opinion that 'war has still a fascination for most men,' but that few women feel its seduction.

Miss Johnston's view is the only one which invites comment, because it is shared by a great many women who have not her excuse. *The Long Roll* and *Cease Firing* are pretty grim pictures of battle; but there is a heroic quality about both books; while in that jolly, chivalrous, piratical romance, *To Have and to Hold*, combat follows combat with dizzy speed and splendor. Miss Johnston's heroes take so kindly to fighting that she naturally believes in the impelling power of war; but, outside the covers of a historical novel, the martial instinct is not a common one.

It exists, and it crops up where we least expect to find it,—in professors of political economy, in doctors who have spent their existence keeping people alive, and in clergymen who preach the religion of the meek. But it is too rare to be a controlling force, and it had little or no place in the hearts of the thousands of men who were marched to their deaths on the battlefields of Poland and Flanders.

It was not the fascination of war that brought the Tyrolean and Bavarian peasants down from their mountain farms. What did these men know or care about Belgrade, or Prussia's wide ambitions? What to them was 'the fate-appointed world-task of Germany, under the sacred dynasty of the Hohenzollern'? They were summoned and they obeyed the summons. If the women who talk so glibly about the pleasure men take in fighting had seen these conscripts saying good-bye to their wives and children, and marching off, grave, silent, sad, they might revise their notions of military enthusiasm. Madame Rosika Schwimmer of Budapest, secretary of the International Woman Suffrage Council, said before a convention in Nashville that, had her countrywomen been represented in the government, there would have been no war. The remark was received with an enthusiasm which indicates some ignorance concerning Hungary's position and power. But did Madame Schwimmer's audience believe that *all* her countrywomen hated war, and *all* her countrymen desired it? And how many of these countrymen, did Nashville think, had any choice in the matter?

When we turn from the attack to the defense, from the assailants to the assailed, we find as little room for 'fascination' as for peace. The war was carried with incredible vigor and speed to the threshold of French and Belgian homes. It was not precisely a tourna-

ment in which battle-loving knights rode prancing and curveting to the fray. It was the older and simpler story of a land swept by invasion, and of men fighting and dying for all that belonged to them on earth. Do the American women who prate about the wrong done to womanhood by war ever reflect that it is for wife and child, as well as for home and country, that men are bound to die? What history do they read which does not teach them this truth, which does not tell it over and over again, to interpret the story of the nations?

IV

In the town of Lexington, Massachusetts, where was shed the first blood spilled in the Revolution, there slept peacefully on the morning of April 19, 1775, a young man named Jonathan Harrington. To him in the early dawn came his widowed mother, who aroused him, saying, 'Jonathan, Jonathan, wake up! The Regulars are coming, and something must be done.' The something to be done was plain to this young American, who had never fought, nor seen fighting, in his life. He rose, dressed, took his musket, joined the little group of townsmen on the Common, and fell before the first volley fired by the British soldiers. His wife (he had been married less than a year) ran to the door. He crawled across the Common, bleeding heavily, and died on his threshold at her feet.

It is a very simple incident, and it holds all the elements which make for national life. A cause to support, a man to support it, a woman to call for help when the supreme moment comes. Something like it must have happened over and over again in the blood-soaked land of Belgium. Yet we find women to-day talking and writing as if none of their sex had anything at stake in the defense of their violated homes, as if

they had no sacred rights bound up with the sacred rights of men. The National American Woman Suffrage Association sent last autumn an appeal to organized suffragists all over the world, urging them to 'arise in protest, and show war-crazed men that between the contending armies there stand thousands of women and children who are the innocent victims of man's unbridled ambitions.'

There was no word in this appeal to indicate that any nobler—and humbler—sentiment than unbridled ambition (which, after all, is for the very few) animates the soldier's heart. There was no distinction drawn between aggressive and defensive warfare. There was no hint that men bear their full share of the sufferings caused by war. The assumption that women endure all the pain is in accordance with the assumption that men enjoy all the pleasure. To write as though battle were a game, played by men at the expense of women, is childish and irrational. We Americans are happily spared the sight of mangled soldiers lying in undreamed-of agony on the frozen field. We do not see the ghastly ambulance trains jolting along with their load of broken, tortured men; or the hospitals where these wrecks are nursed back to some poor remnant of life, or escape through the merciful gates of death. But we might read of these things; we might visualize them in moments of comfortable leisure, and take shame to our souls at the platform eloquence which so readily assumes that the sorrows of war are hidden in women's hearts, that the burdens of war are laid upon women's shoulders, that women are sacrificed in their helplessness to the hatred and the ambitions, the greed and the glory of men.

If by any chance a word of regret is expressed for the soldier who dies for his country, it is always because he is

the son of his mother, or the husband of his wife, or the father of his child. He is never permitted an entity of his own. It is curious that the same women who clamor for a recognition of their individual freedom should assume these property rights in men. Dr. Anna Shaw has commented sarcastically upon a habit (one of many bad habits) which she has observed in the unregenerate sex. They speak of their woman-kind in terms of relationship; they use the possessive case. They say, 'my wife,' 'my sister,' 'my daughter,' 'my mother,' 'my aunt,' instead of 'Jane,' 'Susan,' 'Mary Ann,' 'Mrs. Smith,' 'Miss Jones.' Apparently Dr. Shaw does not hear women say, 'my husband,' 'my brother,' 'my son,' 'my father,' 'my uncle'; or, if she does, this sounds less feudal in her ears. Advanced feminists have protested against the custom of 'branding a woman at marriage with her husband's name.' Even the convenience of such an arrangement fails to excuse its arrogance.

Yet we are bidden to protest against the wickedness of all war, not because men die, but because wives are widowed; not because men slay, but because mothers are childless; not because men do evil, or suffer wrong, but because, in either case, women must share the consequences. For the sake of these women war must be stopped, is the popular clamor,—not unsuggestive of Mr. Winkle imploring the submerged Mr. Pickwick to 'keep up' for his sake. After all, the vast majority of men would be only too glad to escape war for their own sakes. They do not covet loss of income and destruction of property. They do not gladly aspire to an armless or legless future. Not one of them really wants a shattered thigh, or a bullet in his abdomen. And, in addition to these (perhaps selfish) considerations, we might do them the justice to remember that they are not desti-

tute of natural affection for their wives and children; but that, on the contrary, the protection of the family is, and has always been, a factor in war. It lent a desperate courage to the Belgian soldier who saw his home destroyed; it nerved the arm of the French soldier who knew his home in peril. The killing of women and children at Scarborough sent a host of tardy volunteers into the British army. It is about the only thing on earth which the least valiant man cannot stomach.

The Turk, not squeamish as a rule,
No special glee betrayed,
And even Mr. Bernard Shaw
Failed to command the raid.

The outbreak of the war was seized upon as a strong argument for diametrically opposite views. A small and hardy minority kicked up its heels and shouted, 'Women cannot fight. Why should they control a land they are powerless to defend?' A large and sentimental majority lifted up its eyes to Heaven, and answered, 'If women had possessed their rights, all would now be smiling and at peace.' And neither of these contending factions took any trouble to ascertain and understand the rights and wrongs of the conflict. People who pin their faith to a catchword never feel the necessity of understanding anything.

Here, for example, is a violent pacifist in the *Woman's Journal*, who, to the oft-repeated assertion that women, when they have the vote, 'will compel governments to settle their disputes before an international court of arbitration,' adds this unwarranted statement: 'The women of the world have no quarrel with each other. They do not care whether or not Austria maintains its power over the Balkan States; whether or not France obtains revenge for the defeats of 1870; whether Germany or England gains supremacy in the world market.'

This good lady does not seem to know what happened last August. France did not proclaim war upon Germany. Germany proclaimed war upon France. France did not attack, — for revenge, or for any other motive. She was attacked, and is now fighting with her back to the wall in defense of her own soil.

It is possible for an American woman to have no quarrel with any one, no knowledge of what Europe is quarreling about, and no human concern as to which nations win. But she should not think, and she certainly should not say, that the women of the warring lands are equally ignorant, and equally unconcerned. The Servian woman no doubt cares a great deal for the freedom of her hard-pressed, bravely defended country. The French woman cares with her whole soul for the preservation of France. The Belgian woman can hardly be indifferent to the ultimate fate of Belgium. It is even possible that the English and German women are not prepared to clasp each other's hands and say, 'We are sisters, and it matters nothing to us whether England or Germany wins.' The pitfall of the feminist is the belief that the interests of men and women can ever be severed; that what brings suffering to the one can leave the other unscathed.

v

In the genial reign of Henry the Eighth, a docile Parliament passed, at the desire of the King, an 'Act to abolish Diversity of Opinion.' President Wilson, less despotic, has recommended something of the same order as a mental process, a soul-smothering, harmony-preserving, intellectual anodyne. It is called neutrality, and is warranted to shelter us from the storm. Its only outlet is a prayer (conditions not to be mentioned) for peace. But penetrating

this self-imposed lethargy, disturbing this tranquil petition, shaming our adroit commercialism, and nullifying even the Pope's entreaty,—'Lay down your arms!'—comes the echo of words with which we were once familiar, of which we were once proud: 'With firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in.'

This is the potent voice of humanity, never to be silenced while men stay men. The 'work' was bloody work; brother slaying brother on the battlefield. The women of the North and the women of the South bore their share of sorrow. They did not clamor that they were victims of men's unbridled ambition, and they never intimated to one another that the final victory was to them a matter of unconcern. Theirs was the 'solemn pride' of sacrifice; and that fine phrase, dedicated by Mr. Lincoln to the woman who had sent five sons to the conflict, is applicable to thousands of mothers to-day. The writer knows a young Frenchman who, when the war broke out, had lived for some years in this country, and hoped to make it his permanent home. To him his mother wrote, 'My son, your two brothers are at the front. Are you not coming back to fight for France?' The lad had not meant to go. Perhaps he coveted safety. Perhaps he held life (his life) to be a sacred thing. Perhaps he thought to comfort his mother's old age. But when that letter came, he sailed on the next steamer. It was a summons that few men, and certainly no Frenchman, could deny.

I do not tell this incident by way of proving that women stand for war. It lends no more weight to an argument than does the idle fact that *Femina*, the woman's organ in Paris, asked its readers last winter, 'What man in history would you have liked to be?' and the reply of a very large majority was,

'Napoleon.' I have seen that incident quoted several times as proof of women's belligerency; whereas it only goes to show that a profoundly foolish question will, in nine cases out of ten, elicit a profoundly foolish answer. But when the late Justice Brewer said that there never was a time 'since the beginning of days,' when women were not opposed to bloodshed, I wondered how he found this out. Certainly not from the pages of history, which afford little or no evidence on the subject. And this may be one reason why feminists are protesting stoutly against the way in which history has been written,—its indiscreet revelations, its disconcerting silences.

At a meeting of the Women's Political Union in New York last October, Mrs. Gilman boldly urged the rewriting of history on a peace basis: less emphasis placed upon nationalism, less space devoted to wars. At a meeting of the National Municipal League in Baltimore last November, another reformer urged the rewriting of history on a feminine basis; less emphasis placed upon men, less space devoted to their achievements. She complained that President Wilson hardly makes mention of women in his five volumes of American history, and intimated that the 'knell' of that kind of narrative had 'rung.'

The historian of the future will find his task pleasantly simplified. He will be a little like two young Americans whom I once met scampering blithely over southern Europe, and to whom I ventured to say that they covered their ground quickly. 'No trouble about that,' answered one of them. 'We draw the line at churches and galleries, and there's nothing left to see.' So, too, the chronicler who eliminates men and war from his pages can move swiftly down the centuries. Even an earnest effort to minimize these factors painfully suggests that blight of my girlhood, Miss Strickland, who forever

stroved to withdraw her wandering attention from warrior and statesman, and fix it on the tressau of a queen.

History is, and has always been, hampered by facts. It may ignore some and deny others; but it cannot accommodate itself unreservedly to theories; it cannot be stripped of things evidenced, in favor of things surmised. Perhaps, instead of asking to have it remodeled in our favor, we women might take the trouble to read it as it is: dominated by men, disfigured by conflict, but not altogether ignoble or unprofitable, and

always very enlightening. We learn from it, for example, that war may be just, and peace a shameful thing; that 'firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right,' implies some knowledge of existing circumstances upon which to base our judgment; and that wife and child, far from being unconsidered trifles, are powerful incentives in defensive warfare, more close, more dear, more impelling than threatened home and country.

We will (fight) for ourselves and a woman, forever and ever. Amen.

THE MECHANICS OF REVIVALISM

BY JOSEPH H. ODELL

1

THE American temperament is volatile. And the emotions of Americans have always been exceptionally susceptible to religious appeal. Yet revivalism is not one of the by-products of our newness; what we have done is, organize and capitalize it. With a capacity trained in commerce we have taken it out of the spasmodic and spontaneous class of phenomena and given it the aspect of a trust, with the rich returns that all trusts tend to produce. In some directions its methods are so efficient and its results so predictable that the most expert publicity agents and the most astute political leaders are openly envious and frankly eager to learn the principles by which such vast mass movements are achieved.

Nothing, however, arouses quicker resentment than to attribute the results

of a modern revival to efficiency and skillful organization. Protestant evangelicals claim that evangelism or revivalism is indubitably authorized by the Bible, that it has a historical continuity and sanction quite as traceable as Apostolic Succession, and is open to neither the empirical nor the sectarian objections that may be urged against the Roman and Anglo-Catholic dogma. Indeed, if pressed, they will contend that revivalism, or the power to move men to immediate spiritual decision, is the only valid mark of an apostolic succession. No one will dispute that the modern revival has, apparently, a very long line of antecedents, and that if universality and continuity are true notes of a genuine religious function or phenomenon, the revival will find little difficulty in making good its claim. Their argument will find its first term in the records of the Founder of Christianity.

II

Jesus of Nazareth admitted frankly that He 'came not to destroy but to fulfill,' 'not to kill but to make alive.' Etymologically the word revival means a quickening or a resuscitation of a faculty or experience that has been dormant or has fallen into desuetude. That such was what He did, none who knows the chronicle will deny. It is difficult to prove from the four Gospels that He deliberately created anything beyond a new spiritual consciousness; He awakened men to the realities of the spiritual ideal. The Gospels credit Him with speaking of the 'Kingdom of God' or the 'Kingdom of Heaven' at least one hundred and twenty times, whereas He referred to the Church only twice, — and one of these references is textually dubious. And even had He made more frequent use of the term *ecclesia*, it would have to be interpreted in the strictly Greek sense as the 'enfranchised,' — those who had the right to a determinative voice and vote in the affairs of the community. It is quite probable that, had the perpetuation of his work fallen into Greek hands, the form of Christianity might have taken an entirely different shape. It might have been an organism rather than an organization. The tendency toward that development is seen clearly in the fourth Gospel. But Peter, James, Paul, and the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews were determined to keep and emphasize the nexus with Judaism. In fact they exaggerated it, much to the embarrassment of subsequent leaders who were bent upon giving it a universal application.

The natal day of the Christian Church was Pentecost, when three thousand were converted. Under the preaching of Peter, class- and race-consciousness faded away, the individual volition lost itself in the mass-movement, and we

have the first Christian revival. Coming so early and standing out so boldly in the history of the church, it was impossible that it should not be standardized. Christians in every generation have prayed and looked for 'another Pentecost.' Hymns of invitation, or of appeal for decision, are called Pentecostal hymns. Meetings in which intense spiritual interest is felt are called Pentecostal seasons. It is important for every student of revivals to remember that the Christian Church has always looked upon them as valid and desirable. That they are intermittent has been a cause of regret, a ground of repentance; if the Church were always loyal to its mission and pure in its faith, every day would see multitudes turning from sin, every day would be Pentecost. Such a belief can be illustrated from the literature of the Church in each successive generation.

An entirely different justification comes from psychologists. Religion is the action of the will upon character and conduct. But powerful though the will is, it is not initiative. As a cause producing very definite effects it nevertheless exerts itself only when sufficiently stimulated by compelling influences. It can be moved to action through the emotions or the reason, but the emotional stimulus is the quicker and more powerful. It is generally much more rapid than documentary evidence would lead us to suppose. The classical records of conversion are not typical. They have claimed extraordinary attention because the autobiographers were men of rare literary ability. Even if religion should cease to be an operative factor in life, Augustine's *Confessions*, Bunyan's *Grace Abounding* and *Pilgrim's Progress*, and John Wesley's *Diary* would be worth while as literature. The mere fact that between eighty and ninety per cent of conversions occur during adolescence is suf-

ficiently clear proof that the process is not a lengthy one or attended by any serious struggle. That conversions by means of ratiocinative processes are rare is also the real explanation of the revivalist: he is one who seeks the results he desires along the line of least resistance. Therefore it is almost impossible to have a revival without emotion, although some of the great revivalists appeared to use it sparingly. Even where the published sermons or addresses seem to be strangely cold and unlikely to produce spiritual fervor, the element may have been supplied by the personality of the preacher or by a mood in his hearers that has no reflex in the printed record. Savonarola certainly led a revival in Florence, but there is a strange absence of passion in what we know of his famous sermons on the Apocalypse. Calvin, Knox, Edwards, Chalmers, and Finney have left nothing but argumentative and polemical remains; and a reader of to-day wonders, not so much that audiences were swayed and bowed and melted by them, as that they were able even to sit still and listen. Yet the success of those men in producing spiritual mass-movements was as great as anything we have known in this generation. We are compelled to conclude that the emotional appeal has slipped away. Thought is impersonal, and had the results been achieved merely by reasoned appeal, such results could be obtained to-day by the same process; but whereas the great sermons of those preachers are now without effect, other works, written in the same age but not dependent upon personal emotion for their effectiveness, still hold their own and play their part in the intellectual world.

III

This consideration brings us to a feature that distinguishes the revival-

ism of to-day from that of the past. There was something unmistakably spontaneous about the movements led by the great evangelists of former periods. They were devoid of devices for gathering results; there is no evidence of staging for effects; plotting, pre-arrangement, preliminary stimuli are absent. Ambrose of Milan and Savonarola simply preached in their pulpits; Bernard of Clairvaux seized any occasion to pour out his heart; Francis of Assisi called himself the 'Troubadour of Christ' and almost sang his Gospel romance wherever he might be; Luther troubled himself not at all about committees or press agents; Wycliffe used his church at Lutterworth, and depended chiefly upon his casual preachers to scatter the message; Knox and Calvin appear hardly ever to have broken the routine of what to them were settled pastorates; John Wesley preached in parish churches when the incumbent would permit, and became irregular only when he was denied admission to formal and accustomed places; George Fox, 'Billy' Bray, and Whitefield were opportunists and would exhort or pray anywhere and at any time and to any audience, great or small.

We do not come to the deliberately planned, prepared, and committed revival until we reach the middle of the last century. It started in America, and was probably the conscious outgrowth of the Methodist camp-meeting. There was something weirdly compelling about those open-air meetings held among the trees on warm summer evenings, with the flare of torches, the lilt of plaintive melodies, and the fervid appeals of half-educated preachers to uneducated audiences. Their success indicated what could be done when such contributory elements were organized and established as permanent features. Thus 'Gospel hymns' were

brought into vogue. The part they play in modern revivalism is tremendous. Some of them have a hypnotic influence when used by a skilled director. 'Just as I am, without one plea,' and 'I am coming home,' sung with a diminishing cadence, have a lure that few emotional people can withstand. Such pieces are invariably used softly, appealingly, tenderly, at the time when the revivalist is seeking his results. Any one who is at all familiar with modern evangelistic methods can recall many occasions when the appeal of the preacher has failed to bring a single penitent forward, and has noticed a change steal over the congregation as the wistful, pleading, melting melody has floated out softly from a choir trained to use the proper modulation.

If it be true that 'the song that stirs a nation's heart is in itself a deed,' we need not be hasty or harsh in our judgment. But unfortunately there is a mercenary side to this use of music. Hardly any of the great standard hymns of the Christian Church are copyrighted. But nearly all of the effective ones of the present-day revivalism are copyrighted and jealously guarded. Not because they are valuable as music or as poetry, but for the simple reason that they are a lucrative side-line of profit for the evangelist or his musical director. Sankey's success, as Moody's musical coadjutor, pioneered the way for this financial by-product. Rodeheaver, Billy Sunday's aide, is interested in a publishing company that bears his name and that prints and sells the hymn books used exclusively in the Sunday campaigns. If one may judge from the well-known cost of producing such books side by side with the vast number that must be sold each year, it should be a very profitable flyer. Indeed one prominent evangelist has seriously warned his fellow evangelists that the commercial aspects and activ-

ities of their campaigns are bringing, not only their office, but the whole cause of religion, into disrepute. And it is not only hymn books. The writer has a very vivid impression of one mission conducted by the Rev. Reuben A. Torrey, D.D., in which the sale of his various publications seemed to bulk more largely than the conversion of souls.

Another feature of the commercialism is the compensation received by the revivalist himself. As Billy Sunday is undoubtedly the most successful living evangelist, we may use him as an example. Just over a year ago he conducted a revival in Pittsburg. He received as his honorarium or compensation about forty-five thousand dollars. True, it was a free-will offering, but the financial committee of the campaign took particular pains to see those who were able and likely to contribute the larger units. Of course it is nobody's business what he does with the money, any more than it is anybody's concern what President Wilson does with his salary. It is also true that the amount is not net to Sunday. He pays one third of the salaries of his personal helpers: for instance, he pays Rodeheaver forty dollars a week and the local committee makes up the balance. No one will raise the question whether Sunday earns such vast sums of money, but there are aspects to the situation that are fraught with pain to many ingenuous and earnest people. For instance, Billy Sunday could not have a campaign unless he were invited by the local clergymen; it is they who do all the preliminary work; it is their faithful, sacrificial service that has made it possible for him to deliver an effective appeal; they must garner the results and conserve the converts after he has left. Yet in the course of his meetings he subjects them to the most outrageous indignities: he calls them 'mutts,' 'dead-

heads,' 'stiffs,' and many other opprobrious names; he degrades them and flaunts them in the eyes of the audience and the community. And still it is well known that the average salary of a minister of the Gospel in America is well under one thousand dollars a year. Supposing Billy Sunday paid out ten thousand dollars as his share of the salaries of his helpers in Pittsburg, his net gain would be as much for eight weeks of work as the average minister receives for a whole lifetime of plodding, drudging, conscientious, and self-forgetting service. This can all be said without impugning the purity of Billy Sunday's motives or even hinting that his spiritual or ethical value to any given community receives disproportionate compensation. Mr. Carnegie, who has no pretensions to evangelistic zeal and does not profess to be an expert in the saving of souls, once said that it was a scandal for any man to die rich. The financial peril of the revivalistic profession is very real, and the acute ethical sense of America is not to be toyed with.

IV

To continue the discussion of the nature and mechanics of modern revivalism, we can pursue no more scientific method than to make a 'clinic' of a Billy Sunday campaign and a study of Billy Sunday's personality and method. A man who can command a reception in Washington, on a casual visit, second to none given to a president or a national hero, is worth consideration. Naturally he is now in such demand that his campaigns must be booked a year or even two years ahead. And his terms are explicit. Practically all the evangelical Protestant churches must unite in inviting him and must agree to close their doors while he is in town. Months before the date of his débüt the community is carefully districted

and prayer meetings are held in private homes. A central committee takes over all the arrangements and underwrites the expenses. These are heavy, the largest item being the erection of a huge turtle-back modern tabernacle planned to seat from ten to twenty thousand people. The purpose of underwriting the campaign is to protect the executive committee if anything should happen to Sunday and he failed to come. If he comes, the collections during the first two or three weeks are sufficient to meet all obligations. On February 1, 1915, when Sunday was less than half-way through his mission in Philadelphia, the collections amounted to \$43,151.19.

A few weeks before the meetings begin, an advance agent arrives, who takes the ushers in charge to train them in the handling of vast throngs and to impress upon them the need and nature of personal work. Personal work is chiefly speaking to individuals and leading them forward when the appeal for converts is made. A choir of from five hundred to a thousand voices is gathered and drilled. On his staff of aides Sunday has special workers for women, experts in Bible study, a physical trainer, a pianist and a chorister, a director of noon meetings in mills and factories, and a secretary. Each has his duty as clearly defined as that of a member of the military staff at a brigade headquarters. Not a detail of the campaign is left to chance, not an exigency but has been foreseen and discounted; not an opportunity for any form of religious work can arise that has not been provided for. All of the efficiency methods and forms of organization known to a typical modern business are utilized.

Billy Sunday himself is known formally as the Rev. William A. Sunday, D.D., a member of the Presbytery of Chicago, in good and regular standing. He presents no psychological problem.

We may concede at once that he is absolutely sincere. Even in his postures and his gestures there is nothing artificial or studied. He preaches with the physical freedom of a natural athlete, and quite often, in the self-oblivion of delivering his message, he strikes the familiar attitudes of the diamond. His nature is very elemental and direct. There is not the shadow of doubt that he believes all he teaches. He accepts the verbal inspiration and inerrancy of the entire Bible; he believes in a hell that is as materially real and consuming as the flames of a burning house; he cannot conceive of a Unitarian being saved unless the error is repented of and the Trinity of the historical creeds is accepted; he holds it to be very sinful to play cards, to see plays, to dance. There is no duplicity in him; he does not preach these things for their effect and yet cherish personal reservations. Heartily, unfeignedly, and with his whole nature he believes them.

Men who repudiate his creed and abhor his methods nevertheless admit his sincerity, his transparency, his convictions. And this is one of the chief reasons of his tremendous power over men. Every one feels his reality; he may be crude and cruel, ignorant and narrow, dogmatic and archaic, — or any one of a score of other things that are said about him, — but he is real. His faith triumphs over the reluctance of many a man who rejects his belief. For example, he denounces the higher criticism in the most volcanic language, but many cultivated and learned clergymen who accept the findings of the higher critics smile and continue to work with him; he ridicules and misrepresents evolution, and consigns it to hell, but scores of men who are thoroughly trained scientists and accept the hypothesis of evolution as they do that of gravitation nevertheless go on with the campaign and coöperate in the mission.

And the reason is that they care absolutely nothing for Sunday's second-hand opinions on such questions of scholarship, but they are certain that he is a man who whole-heartedly, passionately stands for God and for righteousness, and does it with a measure of effectiveness that is beyond question.

For the same reason Sunday's use of slang is pardoned. And he is the supreme artist in American slang; Chimie Fadden was a novice and a purist beside him. At first it seems irreverent, and there are many who never cease to shudder; but they tolerate it because it is the language Billy Sunday speaks naturally, and it is the language that the men of the shops and foundries hear every day and readily grasp. It is slang only to the educated, and if they are truly educated they have learned the meaning of toleration in unessentials. There is no doubt that it is effective; by its use Sunday gains the ear of thousands who would turn away from pure English. And it serves the purpose of showing to the mass of men that the evangelist is of them and understands them. There are refined people in the audience who know that the prologue to the Gospel of Luke is the only pure Greek of the New Testament, and that Jesus taught, even in his sublimest and loftiest parables, in the *patois* of the mean streets and the common people.

But it does not matter what defects of form or taste there may be in Sunday's sermons; the outstanding, unmistakable, undisguisable thing is that he is a genuine man devoting his strength without reserve to preaching the only gospel by which he believes men may be saved from hell. He is not a scholar, not a thinker, not a sophist, not an actor, — but a healthy, frank, fearless, and irrepressible man, who offers no apology for doing the one thing he feels that his God has told him to do: preach

a puritan gospel to a godless generation. One cannot explain his success by stressing anything else. If every detail of his organization were perfected and any one else were to take his place as the central figure, the movement would end as a farce. He is easily the most compelling personality in America. There was a time when Colonel Roosevelt could have gone to Philadelphia and commanded an audience of twenty thousand people for one night; but what other living man can command twenty thousand hearers twice each day and three times on Sunday? And not for a week, but for eight weeks. As a phenomenon in crowd-gathering it is the most remarkable in history. The statistics, as gathered carefully by a responsible Philadelphia paper, — the *Evening Ledger*, — show on March 10: Number of sermons preached to date, 122; total attendance, 2,330,000. And it may be added that scores, perhaps hundreds, of thousands have been turned away for lack of space.

v

Judged by a pragmatical standard the results are rather confused: bad and good. On the one side there are evils that will seem trivial or tremendous according to the standards of those who sit in judgment. The first thing noticeable is a tone of apparent irreverence in the churches. Perhaps the tendency of all religious organizations is toward a frigid conventionality; but that conventionality, from long familiarity, forms the only environment in which some people can worship. Anything flippant, humorous, or corybantic destroys at once the habit of the mind and the mood of the heart. There are some churches in a community which can continue the atmosphere of the tabernacle services and thrive, for there are always plenty of modern men and

women who genuinely enjoy rag-time hymns, a party and a *camaraderie* with God in prayer, and bizarre testimonies of personal salvation. But the writer has known of attempts to conduct this type of service in a church where people of refinement and thoughtfulness have been wont to worship; and though they have held their peace out of pure charity, they have suffered severely. In such a church the effects of the Billy Sunday campaign may continue for a while, but they are bound to pass away.

Another difficulty lies in the artificial conscience that is created. In the stress of the campaign many converts, particularly youths, pledge themselves against all worldly amusements as deadly forms of sin, 'leading plumb to hell,' in the revivalist's pungent words. But in numberless cases the vows are broken before many months pass, and dancing, card-playing, and theatre-going are resumed. This tampering with conscience leads to a lower regard of all the sanctions and sanctities, and ministers have serious trouble in bringing their young people back to a healthy ethical tone.

That is not the only heritage of the churches following such a campaign. Unitarians, Universalists, Christian Scientists, and all who differ from the mediaeval theology of the evangelist have been so ridiculed, denounced, and consigned repeatedly to hell, that it is extremely difficult for any one to be tolerant or charitable. And with this teaching there has been so much premillennarianism and prophecy-mongering taught, that the Bible has become a fetish which only those who have cryptic keys can understand or interpret aright. Even those who are eager to concede everything that is good in modern revivalism, as represented by Billy Sunday, have much to regret and condemn.

But that positive good does come

from it hardly any one close to the facts will deny. Wherever such a campaign is conducted religion becomes the dominant topic of thought and speech. Men and women are recalled from indifference and contempt to reflection upon the most sacred subjects. One does not care to discuss the spiritual quality of conversion, but there are cases far too obvious in changed personal characteristics to be misunderstood, and far too obvious in ethical effects to be discounted. Men cease to be profane; long-established habits of intemperance are suddenly broken; dishonesty gives place to honesty; vice becomes repugnant and virtue glorious. Thousands betake themselves to the study of the Bible, and many homes grow radiant that had been centres of gloom. Testimony of this nature can be collected, not only immediately after a Billy Sunday campaign, but even when years have elapsed. The effect is so marked that employers of labor have asserted that they could afford to pay Sunday very liberally out of the funds of their corporations for the increased efficiency that comes to their plants in the reduction of accidents and enlarged productivity caused by the men's cutting out intoxicating liquor. It is safe to say that, if testimony means anything at all, every community visited by Billy Sunday could send men into a circuit or supreme court whose word would be accepted as relevant and material evidence. Psychologists may explain it one way and religionists another, but there are certain facts of changed character, altered habit, transformed tem-

perature, that lie thick in the wake of every Billy Sunday revival.

For the above reasons there are multitudes of men and women with aesthetic tastes and a high degree of personal spiritual culture who approve, defend, and even advocate this modern revivalism, although it makes no direct contribution to their own religious development. They take the ground that it is a form of human conservation, a renaissance of civic virtue, a dynamic of political morality. There are many level-headed and calculating business men who are willing to back it because the saloons and the dives and the gang leaders are so desperately antagonistic to it. How far it will spread or how long it will persist, no one can tell. Already there are scores of little Billy Sundays setting up their tabernacles, duplicating his organization, borrowing his methods, and plagiarizing his speech, but it is impossible to estimate the sum of their influence. The historic revivals have rarely lasted more than a generation and have been associated invariably with one distinct personality. Billy Sunday appears to be the religious phenomenon of the opening of the twentieth century. There will be no unanimity as to his value; such a verdict history has never known and will never reach. Many philosophers, most dramatists, and some saints have called this age spiritually dead and less responsive to religious appeal than any other through the centuries; to such, and to those who have accepted their characterization as true, Billy Sunday and his work are certainly worth studying.

PEACE THE ARISTOCRAT

BY ALBERT J. NOCK

THE recommendations of Mr. Garrison and Mr. Daniels and the persistent agitation of Mr. Gardner have at length brought forth fruit in the fairly progressive programme of armament that Congress finally authorized. The general discussion of these measures was singularly trite. On the one hand we had a recrudescence of the doctrine that military efficiency is a sound guaranty of peace — the doctrine of the Big Stick, with which Mr. Roosevelt's years of outpouring have made us more or less familiar. The peace advocates pointed out in rebuttal that in Europe an unparalleled military efficiency has been no guaranty of peace, but, on the contrary, the most highly specialized military establishment in the world has turned out to be nothing but an appalling instrument of organized selfishness and thuggery. Then, with this as a text, they redoubled their excellent discourse: Mr. Jordan, for instance, insisting that war is illogical and brutal; Mr. Babson tabulating its economic waste; and Mr. Carnegie praising the principle of arbitration and an international police.

Mr. Garrison and Mr. Daniels are politicians, and so, *par excellence*, is Mr. Gardner. They have a special point of view, — interesting possibly, but quite well understood, and, at all events, not especially pertinent here. The peace advocates also have a special point of view which is not so well understood. It is that of the rationalist philosopher or propagandist, which assumes that men are governed chiefly, or at least much more than actually they are, by

reason and logic. The peace advocates are notably disposed to rest their case with proving that war is irrational, illogical, horrible, and costly; and they appear to think it quite enough to do that, in order to make us all forsake war and militarism forthwith, and create a better method of composing our differences.

But, really, men are very little governed by reason and logic; and this accounts for the fact that in an issue between the philosopher and politician, the politician always wins. He may, nay, invariably does, have a worse case: but he quite regularly carries it, because he knows how men act and how they may be induced to act. He must know, for otherwise he could not be a politician; this instinctive knowledge is the primary essential qualification for his squalid trade. As between war and peace, for instance, or between 'military preparedness' and disarmament, the peace advocates have all the best of it; there is no answering their arguments, no meeting their representations. From the standpoint of reason and logic, therefore, nothing could be more simply silly than the recommendations of Mr. Garrison and Mr. Daniels, nothing more vicious than the activity of Mr. Gardner. But, I repeat, men are not governed by reason and logic, and hence my purpose in writing is to lodge a humble remonstrance with the peace advocates, begging them to believe that in their sheer dependence upon these they are leaning on a broken reed.

The matter and the time demand plain speech, at any risk of presumption. The peace advocates will therefore forgive me if I say that their efforts against war have always been canceled and nullified because they either do not see, or do not sufficiently consider, how the idea of war presents itself to the common man. The politician sees this plainly; his reaction to it is as instinctive as to the letters of the alphabet; but if long and careful observation of their labors is to be trusted, the peace advocates do not see it or react to it at all. For example, only the other day I attended the organization-meeting of the new Anti-Armament Society, and of the hundred or more present not one, except Commissioner Howe, Benjamin Marsh, and myself, could be presumed to have the faintest idea of war's appeal to the common man. An exception ought possibly to be made for the Reverend Mr. Grant, but of this I am by no means sure.

The fact is that, on account of the auspices and sanctions under which war is presented to him, the common man concerns himself very little with its justification in either reason or morals. 'His not to reason why'; he finds no trouble about rolling all this burden of ethical responsibility off on the shoulders of some Kaiser, Parliament, or Congress, or of some Mr. Garrison or Mr. Daniels. A 'popular war,' such as Germany is at present waging, is evidence of the astonishing reach of this purblind trust and derived morality. It is by another side entirely, by the side of *interest*, that war makes its chief appeal for the common man's suffrage. War and peace are simply two great rival enterprises, standing in competition for the personal interest of the potential recruit; and in the determination of this interest the factors of logic, abstract reason, and abstract morals are extremely insignificant and weak.

As soon as we appreciate — as we may by the very slightest exercise of observation — the fact that war makes no great bid for the approval of the common man's reason or conscience, but bids very high for his *interest*, we immediately perceive the substantial ground of competition between war and peace, and are able to suggest to the peace advocates a most important and wholly positive line of approach to their problem.

If war has always outbid peace for the common man's suffrage, clearly it must have succeeded in making itself more interesting; and on examination, that is precisely what we find it has done. We may dismiss consideration of its appeal to the 'primeval man,' to the supposititious fund of savagery that is thought to lurk beneath the veneer of civilization in each of us; analysis will show that this appeal amounts to almost nothing. But war addresses some of the best permanent instincts of mankind, addresses them powerfully and shrewdly; and they are the very instincts that have been most continuously baffled and denied by peace.

Foremost, perhaps, among these is the instinct for equality. War has invariably served and promoted this instinct, and peace has invariably diserved and disallowed it. I was in New York at the outbreak of the Spanish War, and curiosity led me to mingle with a number of young men whom I saw in the neighborhood of Union Square, coming forward to enlist. I noticed that, while some of them appeared to be of the class that lives by casual labor, and might not unfairly be regarded as waifs and strays, many came out of shops and stores and small factories, where they might be supposed to get some sort of daily bread. I wondered why they were all so eager to enlist. They did not seem moved by the lust of blood, nor yet, strictly speaking,

by the quest of adventure. They were not of the high-spirited type, but on the contrary very miserable. Patriotism did not enlist them, for none of them really knew much about the war or seemed to care greatly. I asked a number of questions and presently got their point of view. They saw war as the great equalizer of opportunity. It was for each of them the one great chance in a disinherited life; it was their emergence into responsibility, their opportunity to be *per se* 'as good as anybody.' Peace had kept them under the dragging handicap of artificial distinction and artificial privilege; war came, and offered them a start at scratch. When they were once enlisted, the stigma of the dullard, the ne'er-do-well or the unclean starveling was wiped away; they had everybody's chance to prove themselves anybody's equal. They coveted the exhilaration of standing for the first time on their own, shoulder to shoulder with their fellows, doing their share and getting their share of everything that was going.

It's 'Tommy' this and 'Tommy' that, and
 'Chuck 'im out, the brute!'
But it's 'Saviour of 'is country' when the guns
begin to shoot.

This powerful longing for equality and for the joys of equality is undoubtedly one of the strongest impulses that carry men away from peace and into war. The very institutions of war are a moving allegory and symbol of their wish. The regimentation, the marching, the parade, the drill! — here are men with their individuality fully expanded and preserved, yet each with his primary thought continually reaching beyond himself, each consciously responsible for the perfection of alignment toward a common purpose. The little boy paid our nature's instinctive tribute to equality when he asked his mother, 'Why is it that when I hear soldiers' music I feel so much happier

than I really am?' We all feel that. Martial music forecasts upon our emotions a prophetic picture of human society as we shall one day come to know it; a society whose rhythm and harmony of progress shall reach and animate every one throughout the ranks and make inspiration a common property.

Another immeasurable advantage which war has over peace in competing for the common man's interest, is in its appeal to the sense of purpose. The purpose of war always stands out clear and cogent. There is the enemy massed on the frontier. We know what he means to do; his intention is definite. We are massed to meet him with an intention equally definite. War has its perils and its horrors; but the first glad sense of great definite purpose dawning into stagnant and unillumined lives is sufficient to set them at naught. The conditions of war, terrible as they are, interpret themselves to the common man's satisfaction. They give account of themselves in terms of distinct purpose; and of purpose which with little pressure he inclines to accept, and in accepting it, to accept without complaint the hard conditions of its fulfillment.

But the blight of peace is its aimlessness. Peace, too, has its perils and horrors, and gives no clear sense of what they are for. There is no great unmistakable vision of purpose to suffuse its miseries and mitigate its pains of progress. Its intentions do not stand clear before our minds, shedding their interpretative light upon its immediate conditions. A friend told me lately about an experience he had in Chicago last summer, when the city was sweltering under an unusually long spell of torrid heat. On a Sunday morning he took a train, which he found filled with factory hands going out for a breath of such air as they could get. He over-

heard a girl of seventeen telling her escort that in the factory, the day before, five girls had fainted at their work; two, dazed by the heat, had their hands drawn into machines and lost their fingers; and a man, suddenly overcome, fell into some heavy machinery and was killed.

The story is in itself not extraordinary; what my friend chiefly remarked was the girl's unmoved, matter-of-fact way of telling it. She spoke of these frightful happenings as if expecting her listeners to accept them without any waste of emotion, as simply so much in the day's work.

Now when peace imposes conditions like these and induces this mental attitude toward them, good heavens! can one wonder at the chance it stands in competition with war? Does the light of high collective purpose play clearly upon the average life lived on those terms? I urge the peace advocates to ask themselves this question; not in the mind of the reflective philosopher balancing abstract values, but in the mind of the common man confronting a practical choice in interest *for him* between two competing enterprises. When the United States goes to war, we will not be left in doubt about its high and holy purpose; Mr. Garrison and Mr. Daniels will attend to that. Mr. Gardner may be relied on to expound it; Mr. Hobson, Mr. Roosevelt, and Mr. William Randolph Hearst will proclaim it, instant in season and out of season. But the conditions of peace are left without an interpreter. Mr. Carnegie does not interpret them for us; Mr. Butler, Mr. Holt, Mr. Eliot, Mr. David Starr Jordan, Mr. Villard, Mr. George Foster Peabody, representing everything that is influential, distinguished, accomplished, do not interpret them for us. They are left to interpret themselves only in the narrow individualist terms of holding a job, getting a living,

or, perchance, keeping a family together. Above this, no august and compelling collective purpose stands out; our society, as the common man sees it, is otherwise aimless; and such as this has never been and never will be the dominating motive in human conduct. It is written, *Man shall not live by bread alone.*

A third instinct, preëminently satisfied by war and notoriously dissatisfied by peace, is the instinct for responsibility. Such as they are, war insists upon its ideals, its standards, even its amenities, with a stringency that admits no hint of favor or exception. Those upon whom war has conferred its peculiar regards must walk worthy of the vocation wherewith they are called. The rewards themselves set the mark of definite expectation, and the expectation must be strictly met. The soldier may not be idle; he may not be lazy, trivial, self-centred, untrustworthy, irresponsible, traitorous, disloyal. If a leader, he must lead; he may not shirk or malinger or dissipate his powers. If he fails, he is superseded; he has but one chance. The code of 'an officer and a gentleman' may be conventional and specific, — no doubt it is, for all codes are; but it is inexorable. *Noblesse oblige* has always been graven on the sword and spear.

But never on the ploughshare and pruning-hook. Peace makes no such formal demands upon those whom she rewards or distinguishes. Those who receive her best gifts may use them with a scandalously loose discretion, and she remains complacent. Does peace forthwith degrade the captain of industry who exercises a treasonable oppression upon the persons and the social forces he controls? Does peace cashier the rich man's heir or heiress who does not serve society, does not do any work, does not do anything but seek pleasure? Does peace summarily

court-martial the man of trained ability who capitalizes his powers and who then withholds them from the common welfare? War would give but very short shrift to such flagrant irresponsibility as this.

By this time I hope I have made it clear that the appeal of war to the common man is something far different from what the peace advocates appear to think it is. Nowhere, speaking broadly, does the common man enlist because he loves war, but because he hates peace. The conditions which peace forces on him make him regard it as something to be broken with at the first attractive opportunity. The skillful politician knows this and counts on it. Not for nothing have the aristocratic modes of government always had the instinct to 'keep their people down.' The more drab and unrelieved the conditions of peace, the more gladly will the common man escape them; and while he may escape them momentarily by the anodyne of drink, gambling, or commercial amusement, the only escape that carries a substantial interest for him is by war.

How disappointing, therefore, how purely negative and ineffectual, are the despondent antiphons of the peace advocates, as they tell us of the horrors of war and the economic waste of war! This is not what will do any good. The long-distance recital of horrors makes no impression upon minds quite accustomed to actual horrors, and the disinherited are indifferent to pleas against economic waste. Let the peace advocates hereafter make a clean sweep of this kind of thing, I entreat them. Let them for once come over to the common man's point of view, and they will forthwith perceive what a waste of energy it is. I urge them for once to see war as we see it, if merely for the sake of giving their efforts a better direction. At the risk of indelicacy, I personally impor-

tune my friends, Mr. Villard and Mr. Peabody, for once to consider war, not as no doubt it really is, but as it is *for us*. Peace is very interesting to Mr. Carnegie and Bishop Greer and Mr. Mead; there is every reason why it should be so. Peace promotes the philosophical detachment that is so agreeable and becoming to Mr. Eliot. Probably these gentlemen will find it very hard to understand how peace can ever fail to interest us, when it interests them so deeply. But I beg them to make the effort, and I offer the foregoing for their guidance to our point of view. To us whom peace disinherits, war offers equality; to us whom peace compels to live aimlessly, war offers a clear and moving purpose; and to the finer sensibilities that peace disregards and numbs, war offers gratification and refreshment. What irony it is, that even the Kaiser must depend upon the restless urge toward democracy to fill his ranks!

As soon as one takes this point of view, one sees that the function of the true peace advocate is not to deplore war but to help make peace interesting; to create a peace that shall meet war on its own terms and outbid it; a peace that shall answer these normal and proper demands of the human spirit at least as well as war now answers them. When peace interests the rank and file of us as it now interests Mr. Holt and Mr. Villard, we, too, will be quite proof against the seductions of war. War will then lose its power of attraction; it will be merely one of the things that one looks at and passes by. We will then no longer go to war, because we shall have no time; we shall be entirely preoccupied with the institutions of peace. When Mr. Roosevelt talks about the peril of disarmament, we will not hear. When Mr. Garrison and Mr. Daniels call us to arms, we will not heed, — or at most, having Mr. Bernard Shaw's

excellent suggestion in mind, we will take up arms only long enough to shoot Mr. Garrison and Mr. Daniels, and then lay them down again and return to our proper business.

One might, perhaps, end with this generalization; but when one presumes to give advice one ought above all things to be practical. So I say further that the first practical step toward permanent peace is to bring about a more diffused material well-being. Permanent peace must have its roots struck deep in this, for peace cannot possibly be interesting or attractive so long as without reason or purpose it keeps so many of us so very poor. The federal investigation of an industry particularly fostered by Mr. Carnegie found a third of its men working seven days a week; half its men working twelve hours a day; and nearly half the force receiving less than two dollars a day. Another federal investigation, covering industries that employ an aggregate of seven million men, found one seventh of them out of employment at one time or another during the year. The New York State Factory Investigating Commission, whose recent hearings were fully reported in that best of newspapers, the *New York Evening Post*, found that out of a total of 104,000 persons, one eighth earn less than five dollars a week; one third, less than seven; two thirds, ten or less; and one sixth, fifteen or more. It found that in New York City, out of 15,000 women industrially employed, 8,000 got less than six dollars and a half a week during the busy season last year.

I touch these matters as lightly as I can. Our old friend Josiah Bounderby could not get it out of his head that the complaints of the Coketown hands were never based on anything but licentious hankерings for venison and turtle soup out of a gold spoon. Possibly some of the peace advocates share

this view, and if so their feelings must be respected. I therefore hasten to assure them that I have no thought of muckraking; I condemn nothing, complain of nothing. I merely say that peace cannot possibly compete with war for the suffrage of such as can, by the hardest work, earn no more than two dollars a day; or for the suffrage of seven million men whom peace compels to live so precariously that one seventh of them are mere floaters. I say that it is the sheer delirium of vanity to suppose that a peace which permits so many of us to live under such disabling economic circumstances can be attractive, interesting, or permanent. It is unreasonable to expect it, preposterous to talk about it; and so long as the peace advocates entertain or acquiesce in any such notion, their efforts will appear to us only as the amiable pottering of elderly amateurs.

Within the last five years America has laid hold of this first element in the peace problem. The country is thoroughly interested (though not with peace as the specific object in view) in the wider diffusion of material well-being. Whoever has anything to say about it may command the country's attention. I therefore make the peace advocates a proposition wherein I believe I speak for as many as forty million people. If they will cease expostulating with us about the horrors of war, and plan for us the first constructive move toward a peace that is even reasonably interesting, we will follow to a man. If they will do for the institutions of peace what Lee or Paul Pau has done for the institutions of war, they may count on us for the same grade of loyalty, and just as much of it, as Lee or Paul Pau ever commanded.

We really want peace. We want precisely such a peace as our friends the peace advocates themselves find interesting, and such as with all the superi-

ority of their genius and energy over ours they might lead us into. If they will come forward and be our leaders, if they will head the gigantic army of Americans who instinctively know how attractive, how interesting and beauti-

ful peace ought to be and might be, — if they will come forward and plan for us and inspire us in order that we can make it so, — we pledge them our confidence, our unfailing support, and our unending patience.

APRIL RAIN

BY CONRAD AIKEN

FALL, rain! You are the blood of coming blossom,
You shall be music in the young birds' throats.
You shall be breaking, soon, in silver notes;
A virgin laughter in the young earth's bosom.
Oh, that I could with you reënter earth,
Pass through her heart and come again to sun,
Out of her fertile dark to sing and run
In loveliness and fragrance of new mirth!
Fall, rain! Into the dust I go with you,
Pierce the remaining snows with subtle fire,
Warming the frozen roots with soft desire,
Dreams of ascending leaves and flowers new.
I am no longer body, — I am blood
Seeking for some new loveliness of shape;
Dark loveliness that dreams of new escape,
The sun-surrender of unclosing bud.
Take me, O Earth! and make me what you will;
I feel my heart with mingled music fill.

FROM THE STUDY TO THE FARM: A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

BY ARTHUR MARKLEY JUDY

I

I SPENT seven years in academic and professional studies under excellent teachers. I have spent seven years in agricultural pursuits under the hard knocks of the farm. Which has constituted the better part of my education? My wife, whose academic education was of a high order, often raises this question for herself as well as for me. Of this we are assured — to have lived on a farm under the conditions that we have experienced and with the motives that have actuated us during these seven years, has called out a development of manhood and womanhood as amazing as it was unexpected.

After my seven years' professional training I was for twenty-five years the minister of a church in a rather large centre of population on the Mississippi River. During this time I taught classes, participated in clubs, and promoted and attended lectures, all these activities going far toward continuing for me the spirit and habits of the university. I also enjoyed rather wide social opportunities and was associated with business and professional men in many-sided civic activities.

Is it, then, beside the mark to say that I had enjoyed a fair share of the best that books and the best that the associations of a city can yield? When a man thus trained and habituated broke completely with his past and became a farmer, working ten to fourteen

hours a day with the workmen on a farm, what would you imagine happened?

One of the first things to happen of which I was vividly conscious, was that I was acquiring or regaining hardihood. If you ask me, then, what the farm can do for a man, I will reply that it can give him hardness, or hardness, or hardihood.

During all the period I was in the city there was not a year when I did not row, play golf and tennis, climb mountains, keep up vigorous walking. I pursued these exercises both as a delight and as a necessity; and yet when I became a farmer, their worth, as a means of physical invigoration, struck me as laughable, although I do not overlook their value under our present social conditions.

But the man who is at work ten to twelve hours a day on the farm, taking the weather as it comes; putting under strain more muscles than Dr. Sargent with his gymnastic equipments ever called into play; forcing himself to endure unceasingly the nasty and disagreeable; running the risk of physical injury at every turn (an accident policy costs a farmer three times as much as it does a minister; three several times during these seven years I escaped death by the narrowest margin); and standing ever ready to offer up his body, if not as a sacrifice, then as the unshrinking servant of whatsoever demand exigent crops and still more exigent stock can

lay upon him,—such a man, I say, feels a quality of physical valor growing up within him that puts to shame what he knew of himself in the city. So at least I found it.

Over and above the hardiness which the farm engenders, and of a far higher quality, is the moral courage it calls into play. Courage is the elemental virtue, for life has been and will forever be a fight. A farmer's life is one incessant fight. Think what he dares! He dares to try to control the face of this planet. In order to raise his crops he pits himself against the weather and seasons; he forces the soil to his wishes; he wars against the plant world, the animal world, the insect world, the bacterial world. Is not that a fight, looked at philosophically, to make one stand aghast? After I had been on the farm seven years, the tremendousness of the fight that my fellow farmers were waging disclosed itself to me with a force no figure of speech can convey. Until one can be brought to some realization of this aspect of the farmer's life, he has no adequate grounds for comprehending the discipline and development which in the very nature of the case that life must receive. I often contrast the lot of the clerk at his books, or the mechanic at his bench, or the professional man at his desk, with the lot of the farmer. The dangers and uncertainties they confront seem to me extraordinarily mild compared with the risk the farmer runs. That the former will be paid for their work is almost certain; it is extremely uncertain whether the farmer will be paid for his. He must dare to lose at every turn; scarcely a week passes in which he does not lose, sometimes heavily, sometimes considerably. Those moments in a battle when it seems as if every plan had gone to smash, which so test the fortitude of a general, are moments which a farmer experiences more frequently and more

strenuously than men in most occupations. If he sticks to his task successfully his capacity for courage must grow to meet the demands; if he will not stick, he is sifted out by force of circumstance, leaving the stronger type of man to hold the farms.

Initiative—surely one of the secrets of leadership—may be selected next, to illustrate the virtues which are called into play by the multitude of difficulties under which the farmer labors. It is amazing how incessantly he runs up against totally new situations. Day by day I felt the conviction deepening in me that no matter what blind wall we ran up against, a door through it must and could be found. I fear that a great majority of people, at least in a great majority of cases, simply sit down when they run up against a blind wall. If they can call the plumber, or the butcher, or the gardener, or the laundress, or the shoemaker, or the blacksmith, or the dairyman, or the horse-tamer—then a way out will be made for them. And that is what your city life tends to do for your boys and girls—set them to calling upon an endless variety of specialists to help them surmount life's problems. On the other hand, farmer boys and girls must learn to be all these specialists. The consequence is, they grow up with the feeling that they can and must do it, no matter what befalls; and that feeling, or I greatly miss my count, is the secret of the power of initiative. This power, which the farm lad going up to the city carries with him, he retains as a man; and hence to these country-bred falls by an inherent law of nature the leadership of nations. Surely such leadership exists or it would not be found that eighty-seven per cent of the men and women listed in *Who's Who in America* were country-bred.

But it is to be noted that a goodly percentage of farmers and farm-hands cannot meet the strain involved in this

demand for initiative. It requires a readiness in original thinking and in resoluteness of spirit to which they are not equal. I have come to the conclusion, after careful reflection, that no one thing does more to drive men away from the farm into the city than these requirements. I noticed that as long as our work was mere routine which went along without a hitch, even though physically it was trying, all went well. But when machinery broke down, the stock played the unexpected, the weather and soil combined to put up new problems, so that we had to wrestle and worry, think and hold on hard; then you had to watch or the men would be 'off,' or if not 'off,' then 'at outs' with you. The call for initiative overtaxed their natural powers, and in a moment of disgust they would resolve to leave for the city, where they believed they would not have to 'stick it out' under so much that is difficult, vexing, exhausting, and baffling. And in this belief they were certainly right. For shop work, in this respect, is far easier than farm work. The six movements regarded by the Ford Automobile Company as the maximum to secure the largest output by a laborer at his machine, present a pitiable contrast to the endless variety of thought-provoking tasks to which the farmer is daily called.

The effects wrought upon the farmer's character by the exactingness or exigency of farm work constitute a most important part of his experience.

Unceasingly we farmers are made to realize that a task delayed is a task rendered increasingly difficult. Build the fence to-day; a month from now the post holes will cost you twice as much. Sow the alfalfa to-day; not another day in the season can it be sown with success. Pick up that strand of barbed wire to-day; to-morrow your horse will be maimed by it. So fall, day by day, demonstrations of the needfulness of

'doing it now,' until the desire to be prompt, to snatch the opportunity, becomes almost an obsession. Great as is the demand in the city for promptness, it is not so unpitying as the country demand, because in the city the demand comes largely through people, and people are not so exigent as things. People will receive excuses, provide substitutes, alter requirements. Things will not; things, therefore, are more unmercifully exigent than human masters. Disciplined under such masters, it seems to me the country-bred must have greater ingrained power to do the hard thing and 'do it now' than the city-bred.

Closely allied to the exigency of nature under which the farmer so prevailingly lives is the parsimony of nature. Nature does indeed yield some sixty, some a hundred-fold for labor done. But do you know what the average annual accumulation of the average Iowa farm is, omitting the rise in the value of the land? It is \$164, according to the way the Assistant Attorney-General of Nebraska figured it out from the United States census tables for an Iowa audience. According to these figures the average Iowa farmer is getting ahead \$164 a year by his farm operations.¹ Does that seem as if nature pays bountifully? I think she is considerably more bountiful than the figures indicate, for I do not believe they took into account all the factors in the business; yet a survey of fifty counties in Illinois discloses the fact that an overwhelming majority of the farmers were

¹ Investigation of the accounts of 400 farms in Wisconsin made by the State University shows that the average annual accumulation amounts to \$800, without deducting the living expenses of the family. Were that deduction made, the average would probably be something over \$300; so the amount found to prevail in Iowa according to the figures gathered by the experts of the United States Department of Agriculture is surely a pitifully small wage!—THE AUTHOR.

not earning wages, while, at the same time, their farms were decreasing in fertility. When I called Professor Cyril Hopkins's attention to these statements, he said that a large part of the land of Illinois will not pay both adequate wages and interest on the investment. The figures certainly emphasize the fact that in the very nature of the case the farmer cannot be extravagant, that the parsimony of nature must teach him the solemn value of a dollar, the solemn worth of every hour of labor. Deepening realization of this lesson leads me to hold every aspect of waste or prodigality in contempt. For men and youths to go up to the city with that aversion ingrained in their souls seems to me one of the secrets of the power by which they lead.

II

But granted that the farm is a great field of discipline for the moral nature, what does it do for the intellect, some will ask.

Professor Bailey of Cornell declared in one of his editorial prefaces that farming is the most difficult of all occupations, and he excepted none, neither law, medicine, engineering, divinity, finance, merchandising, nor teaching. I most devoutly believe he was right, and right if you weigh the matter from the point of view of acquiring knowledge alone. It is far easier, I believe, to acquire a degree of doctor of philosophy than it is to secure the information that will equip a man to be a high-grade farmer.

Two facts stand out conspicuously in regard to the knowledge demanded for this purpose. The first is the vast range of subjects which it must cover; the other is the extraordinary amount of thinking that must be done to apply it.

Let this illustrate the range. There is

a monthly magazine entitled *The Experiment Station Record* which is published by the Agricultural Department at Washington. Each number contains about one hundred pages of fine print, and on each page is a review, running from a dozen lines to a half page, of the current publications bearing upon agriculture. During the year the publications thus noted amount to more than four thousand. These figures give a hint at the extent of current agricultural literature. Of all these publications the farmer need not, of course, read the one-thousandth part. But ultimately their substance must sift down to become the body of truth he is to master in order to do his work well.

But over and above the literature of agriculture, there remains another vast body of knowledge to consider. I refer to the folk-lore of farming, or knowledge handed down through farm operations. I never talk five minutes with another farmer, never confer briefly with the hands, without picking up some valuable bit of knowledge which no printed page is likely to contain. After seven years of effort to grasp this folk-lore of farming — this working knowledge of the occupation — I feel so ignorant, comparatively, that I must perforce look up to and honor the experienced farmer for the fullness of his knowledge of those humble, unsung facts which are the sustaining walls of the structure we name civilization.

Let me be more specific regarding these educational effects. Many a night I have said to myself, 'When, during all the days of professional studies, did I so examine statements, so balance conflicting views, so sift claims and expectations, as I have done this day in putting my knowledge to the control of men and events on the farm?' If that be not discipline in the power of original thinking, where shall we look to receive such discipline? Or, if it be precise

observation or exact memory that is in question, where will you place yourself to realize the importance of these intellectual disciplines as on a farm, where the wrong understanding of a single aspect of a process may cost the profit of your crop or your herd? And as to the motivation of learning, how can adventitious prizes, marks, or diplomas compare in effectiveness with the consciousness that unless *this fact* be mastered that *purpose* cannot be attained?

III

I have been pointing out conditions of farm life which, judging by my own experience, tend to develop strong types of character. But I have not assumed and would not assume that the conditions of city life do not also develop often the same types of strong character; often, too, types which are complementary. And I go further and allow that after a man's character has been well grounded on the farm, it may happen — as a professor at Ann Arbor, himself once a farmer, maintains in the *Atlantic* — that some of the best types of farmers are irresistibly drawn to the city in order to enjoy the satisfaction of doing some one thing thoroughly, an opportunity which the farm with its 'Jack-of-all-trades' life does not furnish. And, moreover, I do not claim that the conditions I have set forth as conducive to high types of knowledge and virtue are effective with all men and women who live in the country.

Upon my last visit to my former Ohio home, I met an old friend who had gathered about him some quarter of a million or more dollars' worth of land. Far and wide stretched his thousands of acres, while he stood forth a very patriarch among men. But for one who knew the past of his great farm, how sad it was to point, here and there and all about, to the score of decayed

homes which dotted its fields, and to recall how one by one the earlier owners of these homes had departed from them beaten by the pitiless hard conditions which must be met to win success on the farm. They did not or could not meet them. And in so far as they failed, I am compelled to believe the tasks weakened, harmed them. If they lacked sufficient courage to start with, each recurring call to courage, unanswered, was, I doubt not, debilitating; so was each unanswered call to promptness, to thrift, to inventiveness, to learning. And saddest of all, there is probably no position in life wherein the unprogressive man can shift along and hang on in spite of weakness and failure as he can on the farm. Consequently one finds on the farm a large proportion of men and women of exceptionally poor character.

But even when men have failed to grow in strength in some of the ways indicated, they may yet have succeeded remarkably in other characteristics which the farm tends particularly to engender. Take sympathy, for which, as the popular drama truly attests, the farmer is often conspicuous. To what is it in part due, if not to the farmer's large dealing with animal life? Not a day passes but I meet with some surprising exhibition of animal intelligence and animal emotion, until an astonishing sense of comradeship grows up for these inarticulate fellow creatures, an astonishing desire to see that they are cared for when well and healed when sick.

Such is the sense of fellowship which the unceasing contact with animal life develops. What now is the effect upon the sense of human brotherhood which the unceasing labor, shoulder to shoulder with all sorts and conditions of men, tends to work out? How can I answer this question more pointedly than by saying that just because of such labor

I feel that I could now have many times the usefulness as a minister that I had before I came to the farm. No roughness of manner, no uncouthness of dress, no vulgarity of speech, no hardness or ugliness of feature could daunt me out of my sense of human fellowship. In these words I am confessing an exceedingly great service that has been done me — a service which, if it could be done for every man and woman of every class that is exempt from physical toil, would go further, I verily believe, toward perfecting and preserving true democracy than all other influences combined. The divisions into classes which have put chasms between people in the city have not prevailed to a like degree in the country. Being a toiler among toilers, working at the same tasks, the farmer is at one with the toiler, and out of this community of experience emerges a consciousness of diversified and supplementing excellencies that keeps him in his inmost being a true democrat.

But (and here is a seeming, not a real contradiction) this same experience develops in the farmer a consciousness of the necessity of mastership as probably no other occupation develops it. At this point I shall again bear my personal testimony. You can realize how diffidently I, an inexperienced city man, even if slightly endowed with modesty, would take up the task of directing experienced farm hands. But to-day, though I know myself in points of knowledge and judgment still inferior to the men about me, I have a deepening sense that I must be the master, they must be the men. And — here is the fine point of the business — in so far as my judgment and knowledge do unquestionably excel theirs, I discover an ever-growing readiness on the part of the men to recognize the necessity of this mastership and to adjust themselves to it self-respectingly, even as I

find myself increasingly ready to receive their advice and follow it, without loss of position so far as their mastery of the matter is stronger than mine.

Along with the exceptional preparation for mastership which the farm confers, goes its training for responsibility. The farmer's ventures, as we have seen, are ranked as extra-hazardous. Ventures of such a type necessarily lay heavy responsibilities on the man who carries them. Day and night he must be ready to respond to unforeseen cares. Often have I said that of only one thing could I feel certain in the morning, — that I should not be able during the day to do all that I had planned. Under such stress of calls a man will either grow shiftless, turning a deaf ear to the irritating summons to self-denial, or he will force himself to become more and more the servant of the work which is laid upon him to do. Going up to the city with the fixed habit of bearing whatever burden his occupation may lay upon him, he enters the competition for power with marked advantages over men whose cares have been limited in range and clearly defined. Look closely and it seems no mystery that 'the farm need fear no rivalry as the mother of men,' as the *London Times* recently put it.

Nor is there any mystery about the influence of the farm in so far as manliness is the outcome of wholesome outdoor sports. No one can have worked through seven seasons of farm work, with close attention to the workmen, without being struck by the great amount of genuine sport which they get out of it. When a half-dozen colts are to be broken, one can quickly see the elemental horse-tamer coming to life in the best of the men. The boys with the calves, again, are but a younger generation of men of the prime, once more wrestling with the wild life of forest and plain. And constantly, in the

hayfield, amid the sheaves of the harvest, and in the furrow and corn-row, the best effects of the rivalry of sports are seen.

Or turn to joyousness as an element in the making of manhood, — where have I known it in richer measure than there on the farm as one by one its hard tasks have been done? When once a fine wheatfield had been reaped, — when its golden shocks stood in martial array, safe from storm, far on the way toward feeding the hungry, there at set of sun, — can you know the joy I felt in that labor done, the affection that arose in my heart for the field which had yielded its rich harvest, the comradeship, the attachment for the men who had helped win the labor to its triumphant close? In that hunger for the old farm, believe me, there is something profoundly justified. That old farm has power to exercise and rejoice the heart of man beyond the common and superficial understanding of its value. The deep things of God are peculiarly there.

And largely this is true because of its power to minister to the sense of beauty. Having passed nearly two months of every year for some thirty years in the fine mountain and lake regions of North America, I feel that I know to a noteworthy degree what nature can yield to him who seeks her inspiration and solace under the advantage of lettered leisure. What I wish to say here in words as plain as I can use is, that what she yields under that advantage is small compared with what she yields to one who is brought into contact with her under the exigencies of farm work. To feel to the full the touch, the communion, the marvel of nature, be a farmer.

Nature in her beauty is the great healer of the weariness and despair which nature in her utility lays upon man. At the bottom of every cup, said the enlightened Bossuet, — at the bot-

tom of every effort, every experience, — is emptiness, bitterness. At the end of every day's work is emptiness and bitterness because we are tired out. Complementary to man's great need of achievement, then, lies his need of refreshment. This need nature meets in overflowing abundance in her ministrations of beauty.

Whatever else may or may not be lacking in the lot of the farmer, certainly richness of beauty is never lacking. And I believe that the degree to which that blessing enters into his life, even when he says little about it, even when he might laugh at you for saying that he cared for it, is nevertheless great, and that his habituation to the ministry of beauty is one of the sources of his power.

But nature ministers to a yet higher need of man. She teaches him that there is only one power which can master might — that is, right. I have said that if the farmer fails to rise to the stern demands of farming, he degenerates. There have been times when the exactingness and annoyance of my work, the wretched turns of luck, so multiplied, came upon me so successively and so cunningly, that in my bitter anger and rebellion the combination seemed perfectly devilish. I perceived then why belief in the devilish arose inevitably. Nature can play the very devil. And yet to-day, in spite of a fuller measure of such experience than falls to the lot of most farmers, I am a better believer in the moral order than ever I was as a minister. Here is the great truth that has broken upon me, — old, indeed, but ever new to each individual experience, — the great truth that existence pours onward in two vast streams. One stream consists of the outward universe of things, of externals; the other consists of inner being, of conscious life; and the world of things is the stimulus through whose resistance

and antagonism the soul is brought to power and perfection. Never a sadder or more dangerous hour did I pass than that evening at college when, after reading Bagehot's *Physics and Politics*, I was so impressed with his portrayal of the savage, bestial origin of men's most sacred institutions — marriage, property, government, religion — that the sacred, the adorable, seemed utterly banished. I sat there, a lad, with the light of God swallowed up in the gloom of materialism. Slowly, as the years passed, the gloom lifted; but never so completely as there on the farm. For there as never anywhere else, I have been compelled to pit the powers of the soul against the might of things, and the longer the hard struggle goes forward, the more thoroughly am I convinced that there is no might or mutiny of things which does not conduce to charm and potency of soul! I realize, even to certainty, that right can and will rule might; that the stream of soul-power sweeps onward, never to be stayed, till it emerges into the City of God, and the divine appears, complete, everlasting, omnipotent.

Why do I venture such a note as this? Because I believe religion will never die while man strives with nature in the open and finds indisputably that nature is the foster-mother of the soul.

The best fruits of Christianity have been those men of Teutonic stock whose ancestors had been most recently and most completely men of the open. The most profoundly religious things in Hindu literature are the hymns of the Rig Veda, which were poured out while the Aryans were still dwellers in tents. The child of the desert and the sky, the Arab, received Mohammedanism unto greatest power. Why? *Because elemental manhood was a product of the open.* In that fact will be found the summation of my reflections. You may question, as I also question, the co-

gency of some of the contentions I have maintained. But neither you nor I can question that elemental manhood was wrought into shape through life spent wholly in the open. There is matter of immense significance in this fact if we could spell it out. Man has been long in the making. During that tremendous process he was held close to the earth, he was a near companion of the animal, he was in constant contact with plants, he encountered, largely unsheltered, all the vicissitudes of the weather. It was these things of out-of-doors through whose play the elements of his intellect and conscience were wrought out. They were his great schoolmaster; they fashioned the foundations of his being. What the pent-up conditions of the city have done for him is vast and important, but is not elemental. The entire range of what we term civilization concerns itself rather with the superstructure, with the towers and minarets of the temple of manhood. The deep-placed foundations, yea, the walls and beams of that temple, were laid by the powers and influences of the open, of the country. When science shall have worked out this theme, as she will some day, then will it be clearly seen why nations, to be continuously strong, must cling to the country — bide by and magnify the farm.

Is, then, the all but impotent yearning of the city man for the country a pleading of manhood for self-preservation? Nine tenths of all the men in the city with whom I have spoken about the farm have expressed an eager desire to be farmers. It is, I think, really not that they wish to be farmers — to do the business and produce the fruits of the farm, for of that they know not whereof they speak; but it is that they hear the call of their elemental being, they feel the hunger of manhood for its first home — the vast open, the gleam of the untainted sky, the odors of the

sod, the turmoil and conflict of the body with things, the thrilling revelations which the rough tutelage of nature forces on the expanding soul. Lacking these, they are dimly conscious that the best in life is lacking. And well may we question whether any civilization will permanently endure until one comes into existence which calls every man, woman, and child, part of the day, to physical toil in the open, part of the day to mental toil within doors. That only can be the complete life of a human being, that only the perfect life of a nation.

IV

Consider now the bearing of our experiences upon some of the pressing questions of social betterment.

There on the farm, working with things, we took a great step toward completing our education, as I have insisted. I believe this step in essence must be taken by every one if the social crisis of our generation is to be happily surmounted. I say this step in essence. I am not foolish enough to imply that all men can live and work in the country even during their school-days. That is not necessary. The educational, moral, and economic disciplines which I have claimed for agricultural labor can be found largely in many forms of urban labor, — in manufacture, construction, transportation, and the like, though not in so generalized and widely effective a form. It is the educational values inherent in all kinds of working with things whose overwhelming importance has been, I believe, too largely overlooked. Why it has thus been overlooked will be realized by glancing briefly at the history of educational curricula.

In Rome the central purpose of the curriculum was to prepare the patrician class for their duties as rulers; in the early Middle Ages the curriculum was primarily intended to prepare

priests for ecclesiastical functions; the next step, which was taken under Arabian influences, was to train men for the profession of medicine; with the rise of the canon law into a commanding position came the need of schools of law; early in the nineteenth century, pedagogy acquired sufficient prominence to call for a distinct course of study; one by one, dozens of other lines of employment have sent forth their call and have been answered by the establishment of specialized curricula. But notice that, with slight if any exceptions, the functions here named have nothing to do with hand-work. Lying thus apart from such work, these tasks can be prepared for without giving it any regard, and naturally would be prepared for without this regard. Inevitably, therefore, whatever educational values might lie in hand-work would be overlooked.

In brief, we may say that the university, being evolved to serve the purposes of the ruling classes and their allies the professional men, had no occasion to search out the pedagogical possibilities involved in the tasks of the laboring classes. Nor will the history or function of the public schools affect this conclusion, for they are simply an echo of the university, reflecting, so far as their limited aims permit, its ideals and judgments regarding the methods and purposes of learning.

But if, in the beginning, the university had been conceived for the purpose of serving primarily the working classes, and their allies, the tradesmen, the educational values that lie in the manipulation of things could not have been so completely overlooked; since, in order to prepare these classes for their functions, teachers would have needed to be hand-workers as well as book-expounders, and hence would have been led to find, perhaps, as great teaching values in the work as in the books.

That these values appertain to intellectual training as well as moral training is implied by the experiences which I have been detailing. To repeat — for I cannot repeat the statement too emphatically — these seven years we have spent on the farm have been some of the best years of our education because they fostered large ranges of our nature which no book-training could have brought into play. Yet beneficent as have been these farm experiences, they would have had far greater educational value could they have been given us along with our book-training, and under the same advantages of wise tutelage. It is this great unutilized opportunity which has left the education now given our youth but half an education, as it seems to us. The consequences of this failure to utilize the educational values that lie in the hand-tasks, in the occupations of the great mass of plain people, have led us to the verge of what may yet be one of the supreme disasters of history.

First, it has driven too many people to the city. Almost the entire machinery of education to-day prepares for city life, not for country life. Consequently it cannot make a boy love the tasks of the country. One of the calamities in the history of education in America is stored away in the events connected with the first attempt to establish agricultural departments in our western universities. Practically every student in them slid irresistibly into the other departments, to graduate into one of the older professions. Then arose men, under the lead of Dean Henry of Wisconsin University, who determined that a curriculum should be framed that would send its students back to the farm. Great as was the success of this reform, the advance must go still further, as Professor Henry himself declares in a recent article regarding the next step necessary in agricul-

tural colleges, namely, a step which will set the students at the actual work of performing farm operations while learning from books how they should be performed.

That some influence must be set in motion to send, not only the students back from the universities to the farm, but, even more, the pupils back from their country schools to knowledge and enjoyment of farm work, is a matter of the first importance to the nation. It was hunger that constituted the leap of the tiger in the French Revolution, and hunger is none too far away from the cities of America unless a great change intervenes which will multiply and magnify the work done on the farms. In an article whose thoughtfulness must needs make a lasting impression upon every one capable of taking a serious interest in the welfare of mankind, Professor Cyril Hopkins maintains that unless the refertilization of the fields of America is begun while the farmers are relatively well-to-do, it can never be done, from sheer lack of the necessary money to do it with. In Southern Illinois, it is declared, there are already thirty counties in which the credit of the farmers is so low that they find it difficult to purchase the phosphate necessary to bring the output of their fields back to a living wage.

Now, one of the chief causes of this deplorable outlook is certainly the lack of rightly educated farm-hands. Were one to accept at its face value the talk to be heard constantly among his fellow farmers both in private conversation and in their platform speeches, he would conclude that the need of efficient labor is desperate. For my own part I can say in all soberness that I could profitably employ ten times the men now employed, could I secure those who would work as rightly specialized and rightly purposed hands could work. For mark, it is not only knowledge that is needed,

but far more a right attitude, right intention toward their tasks, which will resolve the farmer's desperation over this problem of laborers.

For this necessary resolution we must look to the school in the main. Ah, you say, but the country boy has had just the type of training, through working with things, for which you plead. No, surely no, not in its true aspects. Think you those farm labors could have educated my wife and myself as they have, had we not carried to them in a high degree book-trained minds? You feel that I ought to have made this admission before. I reserved it for this significant connection. Trained by the best offices of the school, I the bookman have been a teacher to myself the hand-toiler. By virtue of the schools I have been equipped to recognize the tremendous worth of the disciplines my hand-toil was putting upon me, and consequently enabled to spur myself on to take those hard disciplines with eagerness. This is the function which is practically never performed for the country schoolboy. His hand-labors are no concern of his teacher; his teacher, as a rule, has no acquaintance with them. She has no more been trained than he has to seek after or to appreciate their splendid disciplines, as those disciplines have been set forth in the earlier pages of this article.

And further, and far worse, what is true of the schools in the country in this respect is true of the schools in the city. They do not train their pupils to appreciate and honor what is to be the work of their hands. Hence our supreme educational opportunity is lost.

Reflect upon what almost universal rebellion against the most necessary labors of civilization is ensuing. The saddest of all facts brought out by the Titanic disaster was the fact that rebellion against physical discipline, which almost universally prevails among sail-

ors, made it impossible properly to prepare the crew of the Titanic to man her boats. It is but recently that it was given out as the concerted opinion of our railroad presidents, that the growing difficulty in enforcing orders is one of the most serious problems they are facing. From the manufacturer comes the same complaint about uninterested and unreliable workmen. They do not love their work, they do not honor its obligations, or revere its blessings. And why should they? *Does Society honor that work?* Behold by the very nature of your methods of education you prevent men and women from discovering in their most educative years the glory and dignity of physical toil. While at the same time, by your system of industry, you drive them to perform that toil when they do not esteem it. Hence inevitably a growing sense of the inferiority of their position, a growing lust after what they are led to esteem superior positions — a growing danger to the nation.

Against this danger there is one power which could be flung with prevailing might — it is a reformed system of education, which, by making all youths comrades in physical toil through all of school and college life, will bind them with ties which no subsequent diversifying of occupations can entirely rend. For whatever may be their tasks in after life, they will carry into them a realization that from toil with their hands came some of the noblest parts of their character; that in toil of the hands lie some of the grandest opportunities of manhood. Such convictions would go far to strengthen the foundations of the Republic by vastly increasing, on the one hand, the joy, the conscientiousness, the efficiency of labor; by vastly decreasing, on the other, the isolation of the people into classes with no binding ties of mutual sympathy and respect.

And such a consummation will go far also to preserve the sanctity of property—which to-day is so seriously threatened. With increasing clearness comes the declaration that democracy is impossible without equality of opportunity, but that no such equality of opportunity can exist so long as we have testamentary bequest or any form of transferring wealth to those who have not earned it. The most powerful corrective of the danger which lies in these views is not merely to diminish swollen fortunes, important as that may be, but above all things to diminish the swollen esteem which is set upon those fortunes. The best lesson my wife and I have learned from our life on the farm is the realization, beyond the power of any moralist to convince us, that nothing we can buy with money has such worth, such deep sources of joy as the fruits of the labors we do with our own hands, heads, and hearts.

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Hence this is our message for all who care to give heed to our experience — *the glory, the worth of life is not to the spender, it is to the producer.*

Let this fact be grasped with power, we have more than once exclaimed, and there would be effected such an inner revolution of aim, such a changed view of success, such a new goal of ambition, that the most astounding outward revolution would occur without a ripple of violence. And until the supreme ambition of men and women is to become producers rather than possessors, to exercise every possible capacity rather than to possess every conceivable luxury, all the proposed reformatory programmes will prove at best ameliorative, never curative.

Because, for one reason, while equality or property conditions, or any approximation toward such equality,

might mitigate some of the crying evils of unevenly distributed wealth, it could not cause equality of effectiveness, which, at bottom, is the only aspect of equality that is worth a fig. While human nature remains human nature, such equality of effectiveness can no more occur than it can occur in the animal nature, and we know that centuries of the most patient breeding have not been able to cause it to occur there. But diversity of effectiveness, diversity of superiority even, may and does occur in all living nature. The tremendous desideratum in our social life is to cause each and every phase of this diversified excellence to be esteemed at its true worth.

That it will be a task of almost inconceivable difficulty to effect such a revolution in esteem becomes more apparent the more we reflect that practically all children of all classes are brought up in the social atmosphere of Tennyson's Northern Farmer. To a large extent we were all taught, if not exclusively, then by the strongest influences about us, that a *fortune is riches, is power to spend what others produce?* If ability was glorified, it was because it would bring these *riches*. That ability in and of itself is the fortune, we were not made to feel. We were not inspired to believe that power to perform, joy of achievement, is the lot to be supremely desired and supremely honored.

But if all the might of education were once thrown on the side of preparing for creation along every line of power, manual as well as mental, the lure of the power of purchase would surely undergo effective abatement. Until some programme of reform is launched that aims primarily at this revolution in the object of national worship, it will avail little in adjusting the rights of property to the highest general weal.

But, it may be thought, this is not progressive revolution which is being

advocated,—rather a degrading reversion to a social state where there is no distinction between manual drudgery and intellectual leadership. Well, to what extent should the distinction exist? Drudging there on the farm, too weary to read when night came, too exhausted to feel a thrill of fine emotion, how clearly did it appear at times, that just a throw of the switch of circumstance in my boyhood, and lo! I, too, might have been as ‘The man with the hoe.’ It is not fair; it is not fair that to a part of mankind falls all the physical drudgery, to the rest all choice social, aesthetic, and intellectual delights. It is not fair and it ought not to be.

Specialization has been woefully overdone. That is one of the clearest convictions to which we have been led by our farm experience. With the calmest judgment that I can command, I stand ready to maintain, that if I had, from my early years on to these latter days of mature manhood, given one half my time to labor with my hands and the other half to intellectual pursuits, I should now be a far stronger man than I am, and I should have effected far more for the good of the world. My intellectual labors have been both curtailed and warped by the one-sided life which society has forced upon me. This paper has been written in vain if the reasons for this curtailment and warping have not been clearly recognized. To be lacking in the qualities of robustness, hardihood, courage, promptness, resoluteness, masterfulness, fellowship, initiative, and the many other qualities of intellect and character which received such marked enhancement there on the farm, is, beyond any doubt, to fall short of one’s *highest* possible powers of achievement.

And it is also to fall short of one’s *soundest* powers of achievement. If one of the surest tests of an author’s weightiness is that he shall see his subject

‘whole,’ then it is clear that he must be whole. Lopsided capacities will inevitably end in lopsided productions.

As the ways of the world have gone, all this excessive specialization upward has been accompanied by excessive specialization downward. We have had authors in abundance who have been so far dissevered from the life of the toiling millions that their writings were sadly lacking in homespun solidity. And here were these millions so widely dissevered, by their excessive toil, from training for literature that so far as its benefit to them goes it might as well not have been. Is it not, then, high time that when men discuss specialization they bethink themselves carefully of its push downward; and that, even if compelled to admit, as probably we shall be, that there is no discernible escape from the necessity for this push in case of genius and exceptional talent, we should remember that for ordinary men and women of culture there is no estate which they can attain of so high a value as an all-round, poised, sturdy manhood and womanhood that is at home among all types of men and women, and masterful in all the elemental resources and activities.

Let the exceptional few, whom talent or genius has elected for extraordinary achievement, go their appointed way. They are not types of the race; nor is the training which may be permissible for them permissible for cultivated men and women generally. These latter are to be the comrades, the helpers and inspirers, of the common people; they are to live with them and for them as well as by them or upon them. And to live thus as they ought to live, they must educate themselves or be educated in the common tasks. ‘Back to the country’ is a good cry to be uttered to city people; but to the educated there is a better: it is, Back to your share of the tasks you are learning to shun or to stig-

matize; back to the toils which harden the muscles, quiet the nerves, make firm the will, beget courage and hardihood, and develop a common life between you and the plain people. Thus, and I might perhaps say, thus only, can you escape the false pretensions, the artificial restrictions, which prevent the educated classes from being true elder brothers to the toiling millions. Do a share of the fundamental work of these millions, and so shall you find a home in their hearts and they in yours.

In the quiet joy of talking our experiences over, to this conclusion my wife and I constantly recur. We realize how vain an expectation it is to dream of a society in which all would share in the wholesome labors we delight in. And yet, in our moments of deeper reflection, we perceive that there is a profound under-push in the direction of this very impossibility. Self-preservation is pushing the wealthier and more idle classes thitherward; self-realization drawing thitherward the poorer classes. Shortened hours of labor, it is true, have not brought the working classes to intellectual pastimes, but these shortened hours will bring their children more and more to such pastimes. Once the muscles of these people have been sufficiently released from excess of physical drudgery, the consequently heightened nervous powers will urge a larger and larger share of the younger generation on to general culture — certainly as large a share, proportionately, as has been brought to such culture among the moneyed classes. At least in this possibility lies one of our chief hopes of advancing democracy to fuller sway without revolutionary violence.

Much as I have pleaded for education through work, I believe thoroughly in education through the use of books, and I would strive for the day when every hand-worker should have such education in larger and larger measure. Much, for instance, as our farmer classes need vocational training, they need, far more, cultural training — the ability to draw breath in the enchanted air of the groves of Academe. It is this dainer air carried to the farm, which has in large measure lent to its tasks the enchantment my wife and I have found in them. But a legitimate enchantment it is — one to which all toiling farmers are destined by the push toward self-realization which will not cease till the drudgery of the farm is reduced by half and its intellectual and social delights are doubled.

For, mark you, in sheer necessity of self-preservation the over-educated in books, the over-supplied with luxuries, the over-driven with society, — who are so largely nervous wrecks, — will be driven to take up a share of the excessive physical toil as the farmers and other hand-workers push themselves partly out of it. As a race we began by means of our methods of education, our laws of property, and our systems of industry to put asunder those things which God hath joined together never to be permanently parted — hand and head. But everywhere in the sociological, the religious and educational fields is a stir, a low-murmuring on-coming movement which he who reads it aright discerns will bring the restoration of the perfect life of man — the blended life of thought and labor; labor trained to think, thought trained by labor — the whole life.

WHAT MR. GREY SAID

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

HE was the smallest blind child at Lomax, the State school for deaf and blind children. Even Jimmie Little, who looked like a small gray mouse, and who had always been regarded by the teachers as not much bigger than a minute, appeared large beside Stanislaus. He was so small, in fact, that Mr. Lincoln, the Superintendent, had declined at first to admit him.

'We don't take children under six,' he had said to Stanislaus's father when the latter had brought him to Lomax, 'and your little boy does n't look five yet.'

'He'll be five the twenty-second of March,' the father said.

'I'll be five ve twenty-second of March,' Stanislaus echoed. He was sitting holding his cap politely between his knees, swinging his fat legs with a gay serenity, while his blind eyes stared away into the dark. He had not been paying much attention to the conversation, being occupied with the working out of a little silent bit of rhythm by an elaborate system of leg-swingings: twice out with the right foot; twice with the left; then twice together. He had found that swinging his legs helped to pass the time when grown-ups were talking. The mention of his birthday, however, brought him at once to the surface. That was because Mr. Grey had told him of a wonderful thing which would happen the day he was five. Thereafter his legs swung to the accompaniment of a happy unheard chant:—

'I'll be five years old' (right leg out),
'I'll be five years old' (left leg out),

'I'll be five years old on my *birf-day!*'
(Both legs in ecstatic conjunction.)

Stanislaus's father, a sad-eyed man, who, though he spoke with no accent, was evidently of emigrant extraction, looked troubled.

'My wife's dead,' he said; 'an' I'm workin' in the coal-mines, an' you know that ain't no place for a little blind child. Every one told me sure you'd take him here.'

Mr. Lincoln hesitated. 'Well,' he said at length, 'I'll send for Miss Lyman,—she's the matron for the blind boys,—and if she consents to take him I'll make no objection.'

Miss Lyman appeared presently, and Mr. Lincoln explained the situation.

'But he is such a little chap,' he concluded, 'it seems hardly possible for us to take him.'

Here, however, Stanislaus gave over his leg-swinging and took it upon himself to remonstrate.

'I ain't little,' he said firmly. Slipping off his chair, he drew himself up very straight, and began patting himself all over. 'Feel me,' he urged, 'dest feel me, I'm weally big. Feel my arms,' he held these chubby members out to Miss Lyman. 'An' my legs —' he patted them — 'why vere aw-ful big!' His serious little mouth rounded itself to amazement at the bigness of his legs.

It was beyond human nature, or at least beyond Miss Lyman's nature, to resist the appeal of his eager voice and patting baby hands. Obediently she ran an inquiring touch over his soft

body, which was still plump babyhood, not having as yet thinned to boyhood.

'Why,' she said, turning gravely to Mr. Lincoln, 'he does *look* rather small, but when you *feel* him, you find he is really quite big.'

'Does he feel big enough for us to take?' Mr. Lincoln demanded.

'Oh, I think so!' she answered quickly, one arm slipping about the little boy's shoulders.

'An' I'll be five ve twenty-second of March,' Stanislaus threw in to overbalance the argument in his favor.

He snuggled himself confidingly against Miss Lyman, and fell to playing with the many jingling attachments of her chatelaine.

'I heard vese tinkly fings when you was comin' w-a-y a-w-a-y outside, 'fore you o-pened ve door,' he murmured softly.

'His mother's dead,' the man explained.

'Little sister's dead, too,' Stanislaus supplemented him. 'S'e token a awful bad cold so s'e could n't b'eave. I take awful bad colds, but I don't die, do I?' he demanded.

'Yes,' said the man, 'my baby's dead, too. I had a woman lookin' after both kids, but she let the baby git the pneumonia.'

'I fink I like you better van vat other lady,' Stanislaus confided to Miss Lyman.

'Of course we can take him,' Miss Lyman said hastily to Mr. Lincoln.

And thus it was that Stanislaus came to Lomax.

As has been said, he was the youngest child at school. This in itself was sufficient to set him apart from the thirty or so other blind boys, but there were other things that served to distinguish him as well. His thoughts, for instance, were so different; so unexpected and whimsical; so entirely off the beaten track. Witness Mr. Grey, for instance.

At his best Mr. Grey was a delightful person, but as he was of a retiring disposition, he never flowered into being save in a sympathetic atmosphere. Miss Julia, for example, never met Mr. Grey. She was one of the older teachers, whose boast it was that she never stood for any foolishness. In her not doing so, however, she was apt to go with a heavy foot over other folks' most cherished feelings. For which reason, sensitive people were inclined in her presence to retreat within themselves, sailing, as it were, with their lights blanketed. This was the reason, no doubt, why she and Mr. Grey never met.

Indeed Mr. Grey was of such an extremely shy nature that he had to be observed with the greatest delicacy. Looked at too closely, he was apt to go out like a blown candle. He lived apparently in an empty closet in the blind boys' clothes room. It is probable that he had taken up his abode there for the sake of being near Stanislaus, for as the latter was too small to be in school all the morning, he spent the rest of his time with Miss Lyman in the clothes room, where she sat and sewed on buttons, mended rips, and set patches, in a desperate endeavor to keep her army of blind boys mended up. When the other children were about, as they usually were on Saturdays, Mr. Grey kept discreetly to himself, and his presence in the closet would not have been suspected. On the long school mornings, however, when Miss Lyman sat quietly sewing, with Stanislaus playing about, no one could be more unbending than Mr. Grey. Stanislaus would go over to the closet and open it a crack, and then he and Mr. Grey would fall into pleasant conversation. Miss Lyman, of course, could only hear Stanislaus's side of it, but he constantly repeated his friend's remarks for her benefit.

From hints which Stanislaus let fall,

Miss Lyman gathered that there had once been a real Mr. Grey in the past, from which beginning the interesting personality of the closet had developed.

Mr. Grey's comments upon things and people, as repeated by Stanislaus, showed a unique turn of mind. He seemed to have a poor opinion of mankind in general, coupled with an excellent one of himself in particular; for, retiring as he was before strangers, in the presence of friends he blossomed into an incorrigible braggart. If any one failed to do anything, Mr. Grey could always have done it, and never hesitated to say so. There was, for instance, that time when Mr. Beverly, one of the supervisors, was thrown from his horse and rather severely bruised. When informed of the incident by Stanislaus, who always gave his friend the news of the day, Mr. Grey was very scornful.

'Gwey says,' Stanislaus, over by the half-open closet door, turned to announce to Miss Lyman, 'at he never had no horse to frow him yet — an' he's wid all kinds of horses. Horses wif four legs, an' horses wif five legs, —' Stanislaus had been learning to count lately, — 'an' horses wif six legs.'

Again, when Miss Lyman sighed over a particularly disreputable pair of Edward Stone's trousers, remarking that she really did not think she could patch those, she was met by the assertion, 'Gwey says he could patch 'em. He says he ain't erfraid to patch nobo-dy's pants. He could patch Eddy Stone's, a-a-n' he could patch Jimmie Nickle's, a-a-a-n' Sam Black's, an' — an' — this last all in a hurry, and as a supreme evidence of proficiency in the art of patching — 'he dest b'ieves he could patch Mr. Lincoln's pants!'

But this was more than Miss Lyman could stand. 'No he could n't either, for Mrs. Lincoln would n't let him,' she declared, stung to retort by such

unbridled claims on the part of Mr. Grey.

It is sad to relate also that Mr. Grey was a skeptic as well as a braggart, and had had, moreover, a doubtful past. This was revealed the morning after the Sunday on which Stanislaus had first encountered the Flood, the Ark, and Noah. After giving Mr. Grey on Monday morning a graphic account of the affair, — 'An' Noah him went into ve ark, an' token all ve animals wif him, an' ven all ve wicked people was dwown-ed, — Stanislaus appeared to listen a moment, after which he turned to Miss Lyman.

'Gwey says,' he reported, 'at he does n't b'ieve all ve wicked people was dwown-ed, 'cause he was a-livin' ven, an' he was a very wicked man, an' he did n't go into ve Ark, an' he was n't dwown-ed.'

Miss Lyman might have forgiven Mr. Grey's skepticism, but he showed a tendency to incite Stanislaus to a recklessness which could not be overlooked.

None of the children were allowed to leave the school grounds without permission, but time and again Stanislaus slipped out of the gate, and was caught marching straight down the middle of the road leading to the village. This was a particularly alarming proceeding because at this point in the road automobiles were apt to put on their last crazy burst of speed before having to slow down to the sober ten miles an hour of the village limits. Indeed, one day, he was returned to the school by a white and irate automobilist.

'What do you suppose this little scoundrel did?' the man stormed. 'Why, he ran out from the side of the road and barked at my car!'

'I was dest pertendin' I was a little puppy dog,' Stanislaus murmured softly.

'Pretending you were a puppy dog!'

roared the man. ‘Well, if I had n’t ditched my machine —! A *puppy dog*, indeed!’

Stanislaus was turned over to Miss Lyman for very severe chastisement. He shed bitter tears, and in the midst of them his instigator’s name came out.

‘G-gwey said he al’us barked at aut’-mobiles — dest barked an’ barked at ‘em — dest whenever he got weady,’ he sobbed.

‘If you ever do such a dreadful thing again, I shall give you the very worst whipping you ever had,’ Miss Lyman scolded. ‘Little blind boys have got to learn to be careful where they walk.’

To which Stanislaus made the astonishing reply, —

‘Gwey says he dest walked anywhere he got weady when he was little — ‘fore he got *his* eyes open.’

That was the first hint that Miss Lyman got of it. Afterwards she and Miss Cynthia — Stanislaus’s teacher — caught constant glimpses of a curious idea that dodged in and out of the little boy’s flow of talk. A queer, elusive, will-o’-the-wisp idea, caught one minute, gone the next, yet informing all the child’s dreams and happy castles of the future.

At first they compared notes on the subject.

‘What do you suppose Stanny has got into his head?’ Miss Lyman demanded of Miss Cynthia. ‘When I told him that Kent Woodward had a little sister, he said, “Has s’e got her eyes open yet?”’

‘Yes,’ agreed Miss Cynthia, ‘and when I happened to say that Jimmie Nickle was the biggest blind boy in school, he said he must be awful stupid not to have got his eyes open yet.’

But afterwards they both by common consent avoided the subject. This was because each dreaded that the other might confirm a fear that was shaping itself in their minds.

It is probable that these two loved Stanislaus better than any one else loved him in all the world. Certainly if his father cared more for him he did not take the trouble to show it, having seemingly washed his hands of the little fellow after turning him over to the school. It was partly his delightful trick of individualizing people in general, and his friends in particular, that had so endeared him to these two. ‘I al’us know when it’s you,’ he confided to Miss Lyman, as he played with her chatelaine, ‘cause I hear vese tinkly fings coming way and away, ‘fore you gits here.’ While to Miss Cynthia he said, ‘I al’us knows you by vat sweet smell.’ And often he surprised them by such remarks as ‘You don’t like wainy days, do you, Miss Lyman? I heard you tell Miss Cyn-fee-ia’ (he always had to break that difficult name into three syllables) ‘vat wainy days de-de-depwessed you —’ He got the big word out after a struggle. ‘I fink,’ he added, ‘vat wainy days de-depwess me too.’ Which last remark was simply an extra flourish of politeness on his part. Nothing ever really depressed him, and when he said, ‘Miss Cyn-fee-ia says s’e likes to laugh; I fink I like to laugh too,’ he came much nearer the truth. He did like to laugh, and he loved life and all it had to offer him. Each morning was a wonderful gift to him, and his days went by like a chain of golden beads strung together on a thread of delight.

It was because of his delight in life, and because they loved him, and could not bear that Fate should prick any of his rainbow bubbles, that both Miss Lyman and Miss Cynthia avoided the subject after they had once discovered what tragic little hope his mind was fostering.

Miss Julia, however, was different. Her sensibilities did not lead her into by-paths of pathos; therefore, when

she chanced upon Stanislaus's little secret, she joyfully proclaimed it.

'Well, if that little Stanislaus is n't the funniest child I ever *did* see!' she began one evening in the teacher's hall. 'Why if you'll believe me, he thinks that children are like kittens and puppies, and are all born blind, and after a while they get their eyes open just like cats and dogs. He thinks he is big enough now to have his eyes open 'most any day. Well, I did n't tell him any better, but I thought I should die laughing.'

Here Miss Lyman and Miss Cynthia rose with one accord, and left the teachers' hall. Upstairs in Miss Lyman's room they faced each other.

'You knew?' Miss Cynthia half-questioned, half asserted.

'How can I help knowing!' Miss Lyman cried passionately. 'He's *always* telling me what he's going to do when "I'm big an' can see." It *isn't* a foolish idea! It's a perfectly natural one. Some one has told him about puppies and kittens, and of *course* he thought children were the same way. It is n't foolish, it's —'

'You've got to tell him the truth,' Miss Cynthia interposed.

'I won't,' Miss Lyman declared. 'All his dreams and hopes are centred on that idea.'

'If you don't tell him, the other boys will find it out soon and laugh at him, and that will be worse.'

'Well, why have I got to tell him? Why don't you?'

'He loves you best,' Miss Cynthia evaded.

'I don't believe any one will have to tell him,' Miss Lyman took her up, hopefully. 'I believe it will just drop out of his mind as he gets older. He'll just cease to believe it without any shock, without ever really knowing when he found out it was n't so.'

But she reckoned without Mr. Grey.

He, it appeared, had fixed a date for the great event.

'Gwey says,' Stanislaus announced, 'vat he got *his* eyes open ve day he was five, an' he dest bets I'll get mine open ven too.'

Thereafter, all his dreams and plays were inspired by the magic words, 'When I'm five an' can see.' The sentence served as a mental spring-board to jump his imagination off into a world of wonder where he could see, 'dest — dest as good as big folks,' or 'dest as good as Gwey.'

Every day his fifth birthday drew nearer, and Miss Cynthia's eyes said, You've got to tell; and every day Miss Lyman avoided them.

At last it was the day before his birthday. He waked with the words, 'To-morrow is my birfday,' on his tongue, and scrambled out of bed, a little night-shirted figure of ecstasy. His dressing that morning — the putting on of his shoes, the scrubbing of his fingers, the rather uncertain brushing of his hair — all went off to the happy refrain of —

'To-mowwow is my birfday, my birfday, my birfday!'

Some deep wisdom kept him from letting the other boys suspect what Mr. Grey had foretold for his birthday, but when he came to Miss Lyman that she might look him over before he went to school, he pulled her down close to whisper, 'I'm goin' to look at *you* ve very first one of all.' And to seal the matter he deposited a kiss in the palm of her hand, and shut her fingers upon it.

'Keep vat till I come back,' he commanded, and went jauntily off to school, where in all probability he made the same engaging promise to Miss Cynthia, and sealed it with the same token. But if he did, one may be certain he hid the token safe away in her hand. He was always shy about kisses, not being quite sure but that they might be visible. You could certainly feel the things,

so why might n't they be seen as well, sticking right out on one's cheek for seeing people to stare at? For this reason, he refused them on his own account, 'cause vey might show'; and those that he gave were always bestowed in the palm of the hand, where the fingers could be closed hastily upon them.

Miss Lyman sat in the clothes room that morning, and sewed and waited. Her needle blurred, and her thread knotted, and the patches seemed more difficult than ever, and all because she had told herself that presently she must take a little boy up in her lap and shatter his dearest hope with truth. She had made up her mind that when he came from school that morning she would have to tell him. Therefore she sat and sewed, her whole being tense for the sound of his footsteps. She knew just how he would come — with a sudden scamper up the steps outside. He always ran as soon as his fingers were sure of the rail, because much of his time he was an engine, 'An' vats ve way twains come up steps.' Then he would whisk around the corner, fumble an instant for the door-handle, and burst in upon her.

But after all, none of these sounds came. Instead, there was suddenly the trampling of grown-up feet, the rush of skirts, and Miss Cynthia threw the door open.

'Oh, come — come quick!' she panted. 'Stanny is hurt — He ran away — Oh! I told him to come straight to you! But he ran away down the road, and a motor —'

Together they sped down the long corridors to the hospital. They had brought Stanny there and laid him on one of the very clean little beds. Such a tiny crushed morsel of humanity in the centre of the big bare room! But his hand moved and he found Miss Lyman's chatelaine as she bent over him.

'I knowed you was comin' by ve tinkly fings,' he whispered. Then — 'I was dest playin' it was my birfday an' I could see. . . . Gwey said to. . . . Is you — is you goin' to punish me vis time?' he quavered.

'No, lovey, no — not this time,' she faltered, for she had caught the look on the doctor's face.

'Gwey said he al'us dest barked an' barked at aut-mobiles. . . . Let me hold ve tinkly fings so's I will know you is vere.' And by and by he murmured, 'It'll be my birfday soon — weal soon now, won't it?'

'Very, very soon now,' she answered, and clinched her hand tight to keep her voice steady.

'Why,' he said, his restless fingers chancing upon her clinched ones, 'why, you is still got my kiss all tight in you hand. I'd fink it would be all melted by now.' A little startled moan cut him short. 'I hurts!' he cried. 'Oh, I *hurts!*'

'Yes,' she answered breathlessly, 'Yes, my darling, it will hurt a little.'

'Is it — is it 'cause my eyes is open-in?' he gasped.

'Yes, lovey, that's the reason.' Her hand held his tight. 'But it won't hurt long.'

'Gwey never — never said it would hurt like vis,' he sobbed.

The doctor stooped down and made a tiny prick in the baby arm, and after a little Stanislaus lay still.

'He may be conscious again before the end,' the doctor said, 'but I hardly think it is likely.'

He was not. He tossed a little, and murmured broken snatches of words, but he was too busy going along this new exciting path to turn back to the old ways, even to speak to his friends.

Miss Lyman sat beside him all through the bright afternoon, through the tender dusk, and through the dark. Late in the night, he stirred, and cried out with a little happy breath, —

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'My birfday! It's come!'
And by the time it was morning he
had gone.
Miss Lyman closed the eyes that had
opened so wide upon another world,

drew up all the curtains that the room
might be flooded with the dancing light
of his birthday morning, said a little
prayer, committing him to his angel,
and stole softly away.

LETTERS ON AN ELK HUNT

IV. MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY'S ELK

BY ELINORE RUPERT STEWART

CAMP CLOUDCREST,
Sept. 12, 1914.

DEAR MRS. CONEY,—

I find I can't write to you as often as I at first intended; but I've a chance to-day, so I will not let it pass unused. We are in the last camp, right on the hunting ground, in the 'midst of the fray.' We have said good-bye to dear Elizabeth, and I must tell you about her because she really comes first.

To begin with, the morning we left the Holts, Elizabeth suggested that we three women ride in the buckboard, so I seated myself on a roll of bedding in the back part. At first none of us talked; we just absorbed the wonderful green-gold beauty of the morning. The sky was clear blue, with a few fleecy clouds drifting lazily past. The mountains on one side were crested; great crags and piles of rock crowned them as far as we could see; timber grew only about half-way up. The trunks of the quaking aspens shone silvery in the early sunlight, and their leaves were shimmering gold. And the stately pines kept whispering and murmuring; it almost seemed as if they were chiding the

quaking aspens for being frivolous. On the other side of the road lay the river, bordered by willows and grassy flats. There were many small lakes, and the ducks and geese were noisily enjoying themselves among the rushes and water-grasses. Beyond the river rose the forest-covered mountains, hill upon hill.

Elizabeth dressed with especial care that morning, and very pretty she looked in her neat shepherd's plaid suit and natty little white canvas hat. Very soon she said, 'I hope neither of you will misunderstand me when I tell you that if my hopes are realized I will not ride with you much longer. I never saw such a country as the West, — it is so big and so beautiful, — and I never saw such people. You are just like your country; you have fed me, cared for me, and befriended me, a stranger, and never asked me a word.'

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy said, 'Tut, tut, 't is nothing at all we've done. 'T is a comfort you've been, has n't she, Mrs. Stewart?'

I could heartily agree; and Elizabeth went on, 'The way I have been received and the way we all treated Mrs. Holt

will be the greatest help to me in becoming what I hope to become, a real Westerner. I might have lived a long time in the West and not have understood many things if I had not fallen into your hands. Years ago, before I was through school, I was to have been married; but I lost my mother just then and was left the care of my paralytic father. If I had married then, I should have had to take father from his familiar surroundings, because Wallace came west in the forestry service. I felt that it would n't be right. Poor father could n't speak, but his eyes told me how grateful he was to stay. We had our little home and father had his pension, and I was able to get a small school near us. I could take care of father and teach also. We were very comfortably situated, and in time became really happy. Although I seldom heard from Wallace, his letters were well worth waiting for, and I knew he was doing well.

'Eighteen months ago father died, — gently went to sleep. I waited six months and then wrote to Wallace, but received no reply. I have written him three times and have had no word. I could bear it no longer and have come to see what has become of him. If he is dead, may I stay on with one of you and perhaps get a school? I want to live here always.'

'But, darlint,' said Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, 'supposin' it's married your man is?'

'Wallace may have changed his mind about me, but he would not marry without telling me. If he is alive he is honorable.'

Then I asked, 'Why did n't you ask about him at Pinedale or any of these places we have passed? If he is stationed in the Bridges reserve they would be sure to know of him at any of these little places.'

'I just did n't have the courage to.

I should never have told you what I have, only I think I owe it to you, and it was easier because of the Holts. I am so glad we met them.'

So we drove along, talking together; we each assured the girl of our entire willingness to have her as a member of the family. After a while I got on to the wagon with Mr. Stewart and told him Elizabeth's story so that he could inquire about the man. Soon we came to the crossing on Green River. Just beyond the ford we could see the game-warden's cabin, with the stars and stripes fluttering gayly in the fresh morning breeze. We drove into the roaring, dashing water, and we held our breath until we emerged on the other side.

Mr. Sorenson is a very capable and conscientious game-warden and a very genial gentleman. He rode down to meet us, to inspect our license and to tell us about our privileges and our duties as good woodsmen. He also issues licenses in case hunters have neglected to secure them before coming. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy had refused to get a license when we did. She said she was not going to hunt; she told us we could give her a small piece of 'ilk' and that would do; so we were rather surprised when she purchased two licenses, one a special, which would entitle her to a bull elk. As we were starting Mr. Stewart asked the game-warden, 'Can you tell me if Wallace White is still stationed here?' 'Oh, yes,' Mr. Sorenson said, 'Wallace's place is only a few miles up the river and can be plainly seen from the road.'

We drove on. Happiness had taken a new clutch upon my heart. I looked back, expecting to see Elizabeth all smiles, but if you will believe me the foolish girl was sobbing as if her heart was broken. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy drew her head down upon her shoulder and was trying to quiet her. The road along

there was *very* rough. Staying on the wagon occupied all my attention for a while. Several miles were passed when we came in sight of a beautiful cabin half hidden in a grove of pines beyond the river. Mr. Stewart said we might as well 'noon' as soon as we came to a good place, and then he would ride across and see Mr. White.

Just as we rounded the hill a horseman came toward us. A splendid fellow he was, manly strength and grace showing in every line. The road was narrow against the hillside and he had to ride quite close, so I saw his handsome face plainly. As soon as he saw Elizabeth he sprang from his saddle and said, 'Liz'beth, Liz'beth, what you doin' here?'

She held her hands to him and said, 'Oh, just riding with friends.' Then to Mrs. O'Shaughnessy she said, 'This is my Wallace.'

Mr. Stewart is the queerest man: instead of letting me enjoy the tableau, he solemnly drove on, saying he would not want any one gawking at him if he were the happy man. Anyway, he could n't urge Chub fast enough to prevent my seeing and hearing what I've told you. Besides that, I saw that Elizabeth's hat was on awry, her hair in disorder, and her eyes red. It was disappointing after she had been so careful to look nicely.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy came trotting along and we stopped for dinner. We had just got the coffee boiling when the lovers came up, Elizabeth in the saddle, 'learning to ride,' and he walking beside her holding her hand. How happy they were! The rest of us were mighty near as foolish as they. They were going to start immediately after dinner, on horseback, for the county seat, to be married. After we had eaten, Elizabeth selected a few things from her trunk, and Mr. Stewart and Mr. White drove the buckboard across the river

to leave the trunk in its new home. While they were gone we helped Elizabeth to dress. All the while Mrs. O'Shaughnessy was admonishing her to name her first 'girul' Mary Ellen; 'or,' she said, 'if yer first girul happens to be a b'y, it's Sheridan ye'll be callin' him, which was me name before I was married to me man, God rest his soul.'

Dear Elizabeth, she was glad to get away, I suspect! She and her Wallace made a fine couple as they rode away in the golden September afternoon. I believe she is *one* happy bride that the sun shone on, if the omen has failed everywhere else.

Well, we felt powerfully reduced in numbers, but about three o'clock that afternoon we came upon Mr. Struble and Mr. Haynes waiting beside the road for us. They had come to pilot us into camp, for there would be no road soon. Such a way as we came over! Such jolting and sliding! I begged to get off and walk; but as the whole way was carpeted by strawberry vines and there were late berries to tempt me to loiter, I had to stay on the wagon. I had no idea a wagon could be got across such places.

Mr. Struble drove for Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and I could hear her imploring all the saints to preserve us from instant death. I kept shutting my eyes, trying not to see the terrifying places, and opening them again to see the beauty spread everywhere, until Mr. Stewart said, 'It must make you nervous to ride over mountain roads. Don't bat your eyes so fast and you'll see more.' So then I stiffened my back and kept my eyes open, and I *did* see more.

It had been decided to go as far as we could with the wagons and then set camp; from there the hunters would ride horseback as far up as they could and then climb. It was almost sundown when we reached camp. All the hunters were in, and such a yowling as they

set up! 'Look who's here! See who's come!' they yelled. They went to work setting up tents and unloading wagons with a hearty good-will.

We are camped just in the edge of the pines. Back of us rises a big pine-clad mountain; our tents are set under some big trees, on a small plateau, and right below us is a valley in which grass grows knee high and little streams come from every way. Trout scurry up stream whenever we go near. We call the valley Paradise Valley because it is the horses' paradise. And as in the early morning we can often see clouds rolling along the valley, we call our camp Clouderest. We have a beautiful place: it is well sheltered; there is plenty of wood, water, and feed; and, looking eastward down the valley, snow-covered, crag-topped mountains delight the eye.

The air is so bracing that we all feel equal to *anything*. Mr. Struble has already killed a fine 'spike' elk for camp eating. We camped in a bunch, and we have camp stoves so that in case of rain or snow we can stay indoors. Just now we have a huge camp fire around which we sit in the evening, telling stories, singing, and eating nuts of the piñon pine. Then too, the whole country is filled with those tiny little strawberries. We have to gather all day to get as much as we can eat, but they are delicious. Yesterday we had pie made of wild currants; there are a powerful lot of them here. There is also a little blueberry that the men say is the Rocky Mountain huckleberry. The grouse are feeding on them. Altogether this is one of the most delightful places imaginable. The men are not very anxious to begin hunting. A little delay means cooler weather for the meat. It is cool up here, but going back across the desert it will be warm for a while yet. Still, when they see elk every day it is a great temptation to try a shot.

One of the students told me Professor Glenholdt was here to get the tip-end bone of the tail of a brontosaurus. I don't know what that is, but if it is a fossil he won't get it, for the soil is too deep. The students are jolly, likable fellows, but they can talk of nothing but strata and formation. I heard one of them say he would be glad when some one killed a bear, as he had heard they were fine eating, having strata of fat alternating with strata of lean. Mr. Haynes is a quiet fellow, just interested in hunting. Mr. Struble is the big man of the party; he is tall and strong and we find him very pleasant company. Then there is Dr. Teschall; he is a quiet fellow with an unexpected smile. He is so reserved that I felt that he was kind of out of place among the rest until I caught his cordial smile. He is so slight that I don't see how he will stand the hard climbing, not to mention carrying the heavy gun. They are using the largest caliber sporting guns,—murderous-looking things. That is, all except Mr. Harkrudder, the picture man. He looks to be about forty years old, but whoops and laughs like he was about ten.

I don't need to tell you of the 'good mon,' do I? He is just the kind, quiet good mon that he has always been since I have known him. A young lady from a neighboring camp came over and said she had called to see our *tout ensemble*. Well, I've given you it, they, us, or we.

We did n't need a guide, as Mr. Haynes and Mr. Struble are old-timers. We were to have had a cook, but when we reached Pinedale, where we were to have picked him up, he told Mr. Haynes he was 'too tam seek in de bel,' so we had to come without him; but that is really no inconvenience, since we are all very good cooks and are all willing to help. I don't think I shall be able to tell you of any great exploits I make

with the gun. I fired one that Mr. Stewart carries, and it almost kicked my shoulder off. I am mystified about Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's license. I know she would not shoot one of those big guns for a dozen elk; besides that, she is very tender-hearted and will never harm anything herself, although she likes to join our hunts.

I think you must be tired of this letter, so I am going to say good-night, my friend.

E. R. S.

CAMP CLOUDCREST,
Oct. 6, 1914.

DEAR MRS. CONEY,—

It seems so odd to be writing you and getting no answers. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy just now asked me what I have against you that I write you so much. I have n't one thing. I told her I owed you more love than I could ever pay in a lifetime, and she said writing such *long* letters is a mighty poor way to show it. I have been neglecting you shamefully, I think. One of the main reasons I came on this hunt was to take the trip for *you*, and to tell you things that you would most enjoy. So I will spend this snowy day in writing to you.

On the night of September 30, there was the most awful thunderstorm I ever witnessed, — flash after flash of the most blinding lightning, followed by deafening peals of thunder; and as it echoed from mountain to mountain the uproar was terrifying. I have always loved a storm; the beat of hail and rain, and the roar of wind always appeal to me; but there was neither wind nor rain, — just flash and roar. Before the echo died away among the hills another booming report would seem to shiver the atmosphere and set all our tinware jangling. We are camped so near the great pines that I will confess I was powerfully afraid. Had the lightning struck one of the big pines there would

not have been one of us left. I could hear Mrs. O'Shaughnessy murmuring her prayers when there was a lull. We had gone to bed, but I could n't remain there; so I sat on the wagon-seat with Jerrine beside me. Something struck the guy ropes of the tent, and I was so frightened I was too weak to cry out. I thought the big tree must have fallen. In the lulls of the storm I could hear the men's voices, high and excited. They, too, were up. It seemed to me that the storm lasted for hours; but at last it moved off up the valley, the flashes grew to be a mere glimmer, and the thunder mere rumbling. The pines began to moan, and soon a little breeze whistled by. So we lay down again. Next morning the horses could not be found; the storm had frightened them, and they had tried to go home. The men had to find them, and as it took most of the day, we had to put off our hunt.

We were up and about next morning in the first faint gray light. While the men fed grain to the horses and saddled them, we prepared a hasty breakfast. We were off before it was more than light enough for us to see the trail.

Dawn in the mountains — how I wish I could describe it to you! If I could only make you feel the keen, bracing air, the exhilarating climb; if I could only paint its beauties, what a picture you should have! Here the colors are very different from those of the desert. I suppose the forest makes it so. The shadows are mellow, like the colors in an old picture, — greenish amber light and a blue-gray sky. Far ahead of us we could see the red rim rock of a mountain above timber-line. The first rays of the sun turned the jagged peaks into golden points of a crown. In Oklahoma, at that hour of the day, the woods would be alive with songbirds, even at this season; but here there are no song-birds, and only the snap-

ping of twigs, as our horses climbed the frosty trail, broke the silence. We had been cautioned not to talk, but neither Mrs. O'Shaughnessy nor I wanted to. Afterwards, when we compared notes, we found we both had the same thought: we both felt ashamed to be out to deal death to one of the Maker's beautiful creatures, and we were planning how we might avoid it.

The sun was well up when we reached the little park where we picketed our horses. Then came a long, hard climb. It is hard climbing at the best, and when there is a big gun to carry, it is *very* hard. Then too, we had to keep up with the men, and we did n't find that easy to do. At last we reached the top and sat down on some boulders to rest a few minutes before we started down to the hunting ground, which lay in a cuplike valley far below us.

We could hear the roar of the Grovonte as it tumbled grumbly over its rocky bed. To our right rose mile after mile of red cliffs. As the last of the quaking asp leaves have fallen, there were no golden groves. In their places stood silvery patches against the red background of the cliffs. High overhead a triangle of wild geese harrowed the blue sky.

I was plumb out of breath, but men who are most gallant elsewhere are absolutely heartless on a hunt. I was scarcely through panting before we began to descend. We received instructions as to how we should move so as to keep out of range of each other's guns; then Mr. Haynes and myself started one way, and Mr. Struble and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy the other. We were to meet where the valley terminated in a broad pass. We felt sure we could get a chance at what elk there might be in the valley. We were following fresh tracks, and a little of the hunter's enthusiasm seized me.

We had not followed them far when

three cows and a 'spike' came running out of the pines a little ahead of us. Instantly Mr. Haynes's gun flew to his shoulder and a deafening report jarred our ears. He ran forward, but I stood still, fascinated by what I saw. Our side of the valley was bounded by a rim of rock. Over the rim was a sheer wall of rock for two hundred feet, to where the Grovonte was angrily roaring below; on the other side of the stream rose the red cliffs with their jagged crags. At the report of the gun two huge blocks of stone almost as large as a house detached themselves and fell. At the same instant one of the quaking asp groves began to move slowly. I could n't believe my eyes. I shut them a moment, but when I looked the grove was moving faster. It slid swiftly, and I could plainly hear the rattle of stones falling against stones, until with a muffled roar the whole hillside fell into the stream.

Mr. Haynes came running back. 'What is the matter? Are you hurt? Why did n't you shoot?' he asked.

I waved my hand weakly toward where the great mound of tangled trees and earth blocked the water. 'Why,' he said, 'that is only a landslide, not an earthquake. You are as white as a ghost. Come on up here and see my fine elk.'

I sat on a log watching him dress his elk. We have found it best not to remove the skin, but the elk have to be quartered so as to load them on to a horse. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and Mr. Struble came out of the woods just then. They had seen a big bunch of elk headed by a splendid bull, but got no shot, and the elk went out of the pass. They had heard our shot, and came across to see what luck.

'What iver is the matter with ye?' asked Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. Mr. Haynes told her. They had heard the noise but had thought it thunder. Mr.

Haynes told me that if I would 'chirk up' he would give me his elk teeth. Though I don't admire them, they are considered valuable; however, his elk was a cow, and they don't have as nice teeth as do bulls.

We had lunch, and the men covered the elk with pine boughs to keep the camp robbers from pecking it full of holes. Next day the men would come with the horses and pack it in to camp. We all felt refreshed; so we started on the trail of those that got away.

For a while walking was easy and we made pretty good time; then we had a rocky hill to get over. We had to use care when we got into the timber; there were marshy places which tried us sorely, and windfalls so thick that we could hardly get through. We were obliged to pick our way carefully to avoid noise, and we were all together, not having come to a place where it seemed better to separate. We had about resolved to go to our horses when we heard a volley of shots.

'That is somebody bunch-shooting,' said Mr. Struble. 'They are in Brewster Lake Park, by the sound. That means that the elk will pass here in a short time and we may get a shot. The elk will be here long before the men, since the men have no horses; so let's hurry and get placed along the only place they can get out. We'll get our limit.'

We hastily secreted ourselves along the narrow gorge through which the elk must pass. We were all on one side, and Mr. Haynes said to me, 'Rest your gun on that rock and aim at the first rib back of the shoulder. If you shoot haphazard you may cripple an elk and let it get away to die in misery. So make sure when you fire.'

It did n't seem a minute before we heard the beat of their hoofs and a queer panting noise that I can't describe. First came a beautiful thing

with his head held high; his great antlers seemed to lie half his length on his back; his eyes were startled, and his shining black mane seemed to bristle. I heard the report of guns, and he tumbled in a confused heap. He tried to rise, but others coming leaped over him and knocked him down. Some more shots, and those behind turned and went back the way they had come.

Mr. Haynes shouted to me, 'Shoot, shoot; why *don't* you shoot!'

So I fired my Krag, but next I found myself picking myself up and wondering who had struck me and for what. I was so dizzy I could scarcely move, but I got down to where the others were excitedly admiring the two dead elk that they said were the victims of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's gun. She was as excited and delighted as if she had never declared she would not kill anything. 'Sure, it's many a meal they'll make for little hungry mouths,' she said. She was rubbing her shoulder ruefully. 'I don't want to fire any more big guns. I thought old Goliar had hit me a biff with a blackthorn shilaley,' she remarked.

Mr. Haynes turned to me and said, 'You are a dandy hunter! you did n't shoot at all until after the elk were gone, and the way you held your gun it is a wonder it did n't knock your head off, instead of just smashing your jaw.'

The men worked as fast as they could at the elk, and we helped as much as we could, but it was dark before we reached camp. Supper was ready, but I went to bed at once. They all thought it was because I was so disappointed, but it was because I was so stiff and sore I could hardly move, and so tired I could n't sleep. Next morning my jaw and neck were so swollen that I hated any one to see me, and my head ached for two days. It has been snowing for a long time, but Clyde says he will take me hunting when it stops. I

don't want to go but reckon I will have to, because I don't want to come so far and buy a license to kill an elk and go back empty-handed, and partly to get a rest from Mr. Murry's everlasting accordeon.

Mr. Murry is an old-time acquaintance of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's. He has a ranch down on the river somewhere. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy has not seen him for years,—did n't know he lived up here. He had seen the game-warden from whom she procured her license, and so hunted up our camp. He is an odd-looking individual, with sad eyes and a drooping mouth which gives his face a most hopeless, reproachful expression. His nose, however, seems to upset the original plan, for it is long and thin and bent slightly to one side. His neck is long and his Adam's apple seems uncertain as to where it belongs. At supper Jerrine watched it as if fascinated until I sent her from the table and went out to speak to her about gazing.

'Why, mamma,' she said, 'I had to look; he has swallowed something that won't go either up or down, and I'm 'fraid he'll choke.'

Although I can't brag about Mr. Murry's appearance, I can about his

taste, for he admires Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. It seems that in years gone by he has made attempts to marry her.

As he got up from supper the first night he was with us, he said, 'Mary Ellen, I have a real treat and surprise for you. Just wait a few minutes, an' I'll bet you'll be happy.'

We took our accustomed places around the fire, while Mr. Murry hobbled his cayuse and took an odd-looking bundle from his saddle. He seated himself and took from the bundle—an accordeon! He set it upon his knee and began pulling and pushing on it. He did what Mr. Struble said was doing a doleful tune. Every one took it good-naturedly, but he kept doing the doleful until little by little the circle thinned.

Our tent is as comfortable as can be. Now that it is snowing, we sit around the stoves, and we should have fine times if Professor Glenholdt could have a chance to talk; but we have to listen to 'Run, Nigger, Run' and 'The Old Gray Hoss Come A-tearin' Out The Wilderness.' I'll sing them to you when I come to Denver.

With much love to you,
ELINORE RUPERT STEWART.

SNARERS OF THE SUN

BY GEORGE HODGES

THE phrase belongs to Mr. H. G. Wells, and is applied by him to the pioneers of progress. He uses it to describe the men who think new thoughts, and find new ways, and bring their neighbors out of old conventions and monoties into the sight of the new heavens and the new earth.

He begins with the paleolithic man who, first of all men, in the primeval forest, sharpened his spear to kill the mammoth. In *The World Set Free*¹ he traces a shining succession of such adventurous spirits,—always divinely discontented, always intent on solving some new equation in the everlasting problem of the earth and man. Even this problem did not satisfy their instinctive curiosity. They desired to get back to the causes of the world, and to learn the meaning of things. They would gain possession of the truth, and discover God. They were of the mind of the primitive hunter who hoped some time to snare the sun and spear it as it went down to its resting-place amid the distant hills.

'The world of every day,' says Mr. Wells, 'laughed at these eccentric beings, or found them annoying and ill-treated them, or was seized with fear and made saints and sorcerers and warlocks of them, or with covetousness and entertained them hopefully; but for the greater part heeded them not at all. Yet they were of the blood of him who had first dreamt of attacking the mammoth; every one of them was of his

blood and descent; and the thing they sought, all unwittingly, was the snare that will some day catch the sun.'

Among the books which in the past twelve months have dealt with the subject of religion, so many have concerned themselves with these snarers of the sun, that we may perhaps be warranted in finding here a common note of interest and significance. To any one who asks, What, in the main, are the recent religious books about? we may reply, An unusual number of them are about the men who have tried to change the thought and life of the world, and about the changes which they have been able to effect.

The religious writers of the past year have not themselves put the sun to any unexpected peril. No volume which bears the date of 1914 will be placed by any historian of religion at the beginning of a new chapter. No new men have come among us, as, for example, Eucken and Bergson came a few years ago, bringing dynamic and revolutionary ideas. The next thing, however, to the rare task of changing men's minds, is to appreciate and praise those who have been the pioneers of change in the past, and to make the way ready for further changes in the future. And this the recent books have done with significant unanimity. Such a book as Mr. Fuller's *Continuity of the Church of England*,² which incidentally praises the Province of Canterbury for its endeavors to silence Bishop Colenso, serves

¹ *The World Set Free*, by H. G. Wells. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

² *The Continuity of the Church of England*, by F. W. Fuller. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

chiefly to remind us that some rocks still remain from what was once a dam across the river of free thought. But Mr. Puller's book is made up of lectures which were delivered in Russia, where the calendar is still thirteen days behind our almanac.

It looked for a moment as if Dr. Stanton Coit might deserve a place among the pioneers. He rendered an excellent service a good while ago in connection with the beginnings of social settlements in this country. A remembrance of this constructive work, together with an appreciation of his unfailing altruistic enthusiasm, prepared the way for his book, *The Soul of America*.¹ Dr. Coit proposed to found 'The Church of the Republic,' and announced his intention to spend the first four months of 1915 in the United States for the purpose of establishing a national religious society. It seemed like the beginning of a new religion. We were invited to merge all of our existing churches in the worship of America.

It is still possible to found a new religion in this country. Brigham Young did it. Within our own experience, before our own eyes, Mrs. Eddy has done it. But Brigham Young was the leader of a pilgrimage; he carried his disciples across a desert and settled them in a new land, by the Dead Sea of Utah. And Mrs. Eddy was a worker of miracles. It appears that a new religion must have a dramatic beginning. The Bab, to take another example of a modern founder, was put to death.

One would indeed imagine that a religion would be greatly commended to the general mind by being reasonable and respectable; but these were the qualities of organized Christianity in England in the eighteenth century, and they resulted in a phenomenal indifference. That was the time when Bishop

Butler began his *Analogy* by taking for granted that religion was generally derided; and Montesquieu returned from a visit to London saying that he had thought that there was less religion in France than in any other country in the world, but that he found still less in England; and the suggestion was made in a letter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu that the time had perhaps come to revise the creed and the commandments by taking the word 'not' out of the commandments and introducing it into the creed. Dr. Coit's new religion is eminently respectable and reasonable; but these are its fatal defects.

Moreover, the first four months of 1915 will be found to be the worst of all times in which to preach a gospel of nationalism. It will inevitably be confused with the doctrines of Treitschke and Bernhardi. This is no fault of Dr. Coit; he had no foreknowledge of the present frightful application, or misapplication, of his idea of a National God; but it is his misfortune. It prevents, or at least delays, the effective setting of his particular snare to catch the sun.

In spite of the interest of recent religious writers in the pioneers of progress there is not among their books any very notable biography. There is nothing which adequately corresponds with Mr. Wilfrid Ward's *Life of Newman*, or with the *Autobiography of George Tyrrell*, or even with such accounts of past leaders as the *Life of Luther* by Professor McGiffert, or that by Professor Preserved Smith. The only men whose names appear in the titles of the more important religious books of the past year are Dante and John Woolman. But Bishop Boyd Carpenter's *Spiritual Message of Dante*² is a study of the poem rather than of the man; and Mr.

¹ *The Soul of America*, by Stanton Coit. New York: The Macmillan Co.

² *The Spiritual Message of Dante*, by W. Boyd Carpenter. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

Teignmouth Shore's *John Woolman, His Life and Our Times*¹ is not so much a biography as a 'study in applied Christianity.'

It is pleasant to find Dante and John Woolman thus brought together, Catholic and Quaker, from Italy and from New Jersey. They would have understood each other, after they had reckoned up the five centuries which separated them. They were both snarers of the sun, and they had essentially the same method. The message of Dante, as Bishop Carpenter reads it, was that the supreme victory is gained by love. 'Love is stronger than death, and, if our faith be right, it is mightier than sin.' The life of John Woolman was an endeavor to carry this message into immediate effect, especially in its application to negro slavery. He found, like Dante, that it gave him peace and satisfaction in the midst of trouble. It is difficult to imagine John Woolman guided by Virgil, and still more difficult to imagine him seeing the divine light reflected in the eyes of Beatrice, but in his own way, out of his narrower experience, he entered into the same paradise of spiritual felicity.

Instead of composing biography, and devoting large books to great men, a number of recent writers have followed the order of the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. The pioneers are marched by in procession. The historians are informed and friendly persons who point them out as they pass, and tell us briefly who they are and what they did. Thus we have Hulme's *Renaissance and Reformation*,² Vedder's *Reformation in Germany*,³ Jourdan's

¹ *John Woolman, His Life and Our Times*, by W. Teignmouth Shore. London: Macmillan & Co.

² *The Renaissance, the Protestant Revolution and the Catholic Reformation in Continental Europe*, by Edward Maslin Hulme. New York: The Century Co.

³ *The Reformation in Germany*, by Henry C. Vedder. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Catholic Reform in the Early XVI Century,⁴ and Jones's *Spiritual Reformers in the 16th and 17th Centuries*,⁵ and then, omitting a hundred years, Storr's *Development of English Theology in the Nineteenth Century*,⁶ Harris's *A Century's Change in Religion*,⁷ and Weinel and Widgery's *Jesus in the Nineteenth Century and After*.⁸

Thesesixteenth and seventeenth-century men were chiefly concerned about the failure of the church. They were engaged in the everlasting contention between the prophets and the priests. In this contention the priests represent the church. They administer the institution, conducting the services, continuing the traditions, keeping the old order, defending the ancient orthodoxy, maintaining and advancing the organization. The prophets are progressives. They are the captains of the opposition. They declare that the church has lost its moral leadership, and cares only for ritual, not for righteousness. They come into plain sight in the person of Amos, who stands on the steps of the king's chapel and denounces the existing situation until the priest Amaziah drives him away. They speak with the great voice of Isaiah, who declares that the Lord is weary of ceremonies and sacrifices, that incense is an abomination to Him, that He hates the whole calendar of holy days, and that in his

⁴ *The Movement towards Catholic Reform in the Early XVI Century*, by George V. Jourdan. London: John Murray.

⁵ *Spiritual Reformers in the 16th and 17th Centuries*, by Rufus M. Jones. London: Macmillan & Co.

⁶ *The Development of English Theology in the Nineteenth Century*, by Vernon F. Storr. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

⁷ *A Century's Change in Religion*, by George Harris. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

⁸ *Jesus in the Nineteenth Century and After*, by Heinrich Weinel and Alban G. Widgery. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

sight solemn meetings and even prayers are only so much additional insult and iniquity. 'Wash you,' he says, 'make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well.'

Or they declare that the church has lost its intellectual leadership. The world of thought moves on, but the church stands still. There is new truth to which the ecclesiastical authorities will not give so much as a hearing, being willfully blind to it, hostile to it. It is the intention of the church officials to keep the religious mind where it was, in the first century, or the third, or the fifteenth, in agreement with Athanasius, or Augustine, or Aquinas, or anybody else whose name begins with the first letter of the alphabet. Against examination, even against discussion, they oppose the barrier of authority. Knowledge increases, old philosophies become obsolete, new sciences widen out the horizon of the world, new needs, new aspirations, new ideas possess the minds of men, and the church, unwilling to accept them, and unable to encounter them in argument, deals with the discoverers and pioneers as it dealt in Jerusalem with Stephen — stones them or burns them.

The 'Failure of the Church,' which was dealt with in a vigorous article in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is an ancient and perennial subject. There are sixteen books about it in the Old Testament — beginning with Isaiah and ending with Malachi. The chief defect of the article was in the fallacy of finality. The church is always failing — and succeeding. The conservatives, in every department of life, are always open to the attack of the progressives, and are always eventually defeated. The better way of living and the better way of thinking prevail. Nevertheless, in the contention, the conservatives compel the progressives

to prove their point; they successfully resist the individual eccentricities and the revolutionary enthusiasms of their adversaries; they defend society against anarchy. In the course of time, maintaining what is abidingly good in the old, they take over what is good in the new. They keep the ancient order, into which, very slowly and cautiously, they bring the modern spirit.

The old text, 'The gates of hell shall not prevail against it,' is open to a modernist interpretation; for the word 'gate' means counsel, as the place where in the oriental city the elders and sages met, and the word 'hell' is translated, not from *gehenna*, the place of evil, but from *hades*, the place of departed spirits. Against the progress of the church the ancient ideas of departed philosophers and fathers shall not prevail! But neither shall the new ideas, even of the youngest critics, prevail against it.

This is the confidence in the staying power of the church to which one is brought by the recent accounts of the old revolutions.

The situation in the time of the Renaissance seemed to imply the final failure of the church. Professor Hulme has described it in a book whose distinction of literary style is matched by the accuracy of its scholarship. The University of Idaho is to be congratulated upon its possession of a teacher who so happily combines minuteness of observation with wideness of vision. He has made a long list of obscure names fascinatingly interesting. The procession passes, and the interpreter not only tells us what it was all about, and what the various regiments did, but what part in the great war was played by several hundred individual heroes, each of whom, for the moment, stands out vital and dramatic. The writer is detached from the old partisan prejudices. He describes Luther and Loyola

with equal sympathy and discrimination. No other single volume gives so fair an account of the whole period of the Renaissance, the Protestant Revolution, and the Catholic Reformation.

At the height of the Renaissance, the church, as Professor Hulme describes it, seemed wholly out of accord, not only with the age, but with all good ages. Its leadership in the papacy was divided among rival popes, and discredited by a prevailing paganism. It was concerned, not with morals, but with money. It was opposed to most of the contemporary revivals; sympathetic, in a pagan way, with the revival of literature and of art, but against the revival of the nation, and the revival of the individual, and the revival of science, and the revival of conscience. It had no faith in Roger Bacon's great word, 'The truth is ever growing, by God's grace.' It was occupied with logic, taking isolated sentences of Augustine or Aristotle or of the Bible, and deducing conclusions from them by the process of syllogism, at a time when men were beginning to move out from the beaten track and the enclosed circle of logic into the actual world, under the guidance of research. The church was so committed on the one side to a pagan secularism over against the new conscience, and on the other side to an obscurantist logic over against the new learning, that its continuance seemed impossible.

Mr. Jourdan shows how the forces of reform took shape in humanism. He deals with the effort to influence the church from within. His principal heroes are those ever-companionable persons who appear in Seebohm's *Oxford Reformers*, a delightful and informing book which has recently been reprinted in 'Everyman's Library.' Of Colet and Erasmus and More no right-minded reader will grow weary. These friends would save the church by better instruction. Colet lectures in Ox-

ford on the Epistles of St. Paul, and munificently founds a school in London. Erasmus edits the Greek Testament, and points out errors in the Vulgate. They are of the spirit of Lorenzo Valla, their Italian contemporary, who founded the science of historical criticism by proving the 'Donation of Constantine' to be a forgery, and denying the tradition that the Apostles' Creed was written by the twelve apostles. Erasmus and More would save the church by the grace of humor: Erasmus by the *Praise of Folly*, More by the *Utopia*; a work which others were undertaking, not quite so pleasantly, in the *Letters of Obscure Men* and the *Ship of Fools*.

The humanists failing to change contemporary religion from within, Luther and his companions went outside. They were of the same mind with the *Atlantic* essayist on the 'Failure of the Church,' who has resigned his official ministry that he may preach more freely on the corners of the streets. It is true that in so doing they abandoned an ancient form of organization only to erect another organization of their own devising. The idea needs the organization as the soul needs the body. They did, however, introduce into religion a change somewhat like that which was effected by the apostles. The apostles found that they could get along without the Jewish Church. It seemed incredible, and the Bible seemed to be against it; but they tried it, and succeeded. The reformers found that they could get along without the Catholic Church. They discovered to their satisfaction that the Christian religion is not bound up with any particular method of administration. This had been suspected before, and a good many holy heretics and saintly schismatics had tried to prove it, but not very successfully. Luther proved it. The papacy itself had been an innovation on the

ancient order; the popes had changed the church. Protestantism was only another change; in a different direction, quite as natural and providential, quite as human and divine. There appearing no probability that Leo X would ever catch the sun, or even desire to do so, Luther set another snare.

Professor Vedder shows how Luther's snare was ineffective. The German Reformation did not attain either moral, or social, or ecclesiastical, or theological success. Luther's peasant birth did not prevent him from applauding the oppressors of the plain people; and it was found that he had liberated the minds of men from the tyranny of a superstition concerning the church only to bring them into submission to a superstition concerning the Bible. 'With an inconsistency almost incredible and quite inexplicable, the reformers upheld the right of private judgment for themselves, when they differed from Rome, and then banished or burned those whose private judgment differed from their own.' Professor Vedder calls it incredible and inexplicable, but this is true only as the same adjectives may be applied to the imprecatory psalms. The right to compel one's neighbors was a principle as universally accepted at that time as the ancient right to hate one's enemies. The Puritans saw no inconsistency in defaming and defying the law of ecclesiastical uniformity in England and then establishing it in Massachusetts. Nevertheless the Protestants, like the Puritans after them, had opened a door which they could not shut.

No door, Catholic or Protestant, could confine the spiritual reformers to whom we are introduced by Dr. Rufus Jones. Hans Denck and his 'inward word,' Caspar Schwenckfeld and his 'middle way,' Coornhut and the Collegiants, were individualists. The strangeness of their names as they

appear at the top of the pages — Bunsterlein and Entfelder, John Everard and Giles Randall, Rous, Vane, and Sterry — indicates their remoteness from the organized life of their time. They were non-conforming persons who asked no spiritual assistance of the church. They were kinsfolk of Lysander, concerning whom Miss Burr, in her *Religious Confessors and Confessants*,¹ quotes from Plutarch. 'In the days of Socrates,' says Plutarch, 'Lysander consulted the oracle at Samothrace, and was told by the priest to confess the worst actions of his life. "Is it thou who commandest this," he asked, "or the gods?"' The priest replied, "It is the gods." "Then at once retire," said Lysander, "that I may answer the gods."

Even the reformers reprobated these independent men, and were appalled by the impatient and uncalculating consistency with which they carried the principles of the reformation to what seemed to them their logical conclusions. The imprudence of John Brown, and the consternation with which he was regarded by conservative opponents of slavery, illustrate the situation. 'Their movement,' says Dr. Jones, 'involved an entire shift from the historical idea of the Church as an authoritative and supernatural instrument of salvation, to a Church whose authority was entirely vital, ethical, spiritual, dynamic.' 'This church of the spirit,' he adds, 'is always being built. Its power is proportional to the spiritual vitality of the membership, to the measure of apprehension of divine resources, to the depth of insight and grasp of truth, to the prevalence of love and brotherhood, to the character of service which the members exhibit . . . Its only weapons are truth and light. . . . It

¹ *Religious Confessors and Confessants*, by Anna Robeson Burr. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Co.

does not dogmatically decide what facts must be believed, but it sees and announces the spiritual significance of the facts that are discovered and verified. It was thus in their thought a growing, changing, ever-adjusting body — the living body of Christ in the world.' These men were of one blood with those of whom Dr. Jones has already written in his *Studies in Mystical Religion*. To become acquainted with them, under his sympathetic guidance, is itself a spiritual exercise.

In the nineteenth century the apostles of change in religion were still regarded by conservative persons as conspirators against the faith, but they were no longer treated as criminals. The radical might lose his place, but not his head. Tolerance was being slowly and cautiously transferred from the vices to the virtues. Even Newman wrote an essay on the 'Development of Christian Doctrine.' Mr. Storr's book extends only to 1860, the year of the publication of *Essays and Reviews*, following the portentous appearance in 1859 of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. The law of evolution thus set forth took the idea of change out of the category of accident and individual revolt and solidly established it as a normal principle of life.

Meanwhile, the biblical critics were busily at work examining the fundamental documents, Hebrew and Christian. Strauss was writing his *Life of Jesus*, and thus stimulating the discussion of which Mr. Widgery, basing his book on that of the German Weinel, gives a clear account. His admirable record of the modern interpretations of the person of Christ proceeds from the negations of the Enlightenment to Loisy and Arthur Drews. The most significant quality of the book is its unfailing fairness in its presentation of diverse opinions. The author takes for granted the honesty of the heretics,

and examines their writings, looking patiently and expectantly for new illumination of eternal truth. Such an attitude is itself an evidence of change in religion.

Mr. Widgery expresses his own mind when he says, 'It is not that theological reflection makes Jesus central for religion; he is central by his intrinsic worth; theology has but to accept the fact and present it in the light of advancing knowledge and in relation to changing practical problems. In his attitude and teaching thus considered we find the highest that has been offered to men for the satisfaction of their religious needs. No religious need has yet manifested itself to which he does not give the best satisfaction open to mankind; and at present it is impossible to conceive in what direction we should have to look for something higher, even if there be anything higher.'

Professor Miller in his admirable little book, *Our Knowledge of Christ*,¹ in which the reverence of faith is blended with the freedom of the scholar, says the same thing: 'It was never easier than now to come to the conclusion that in Jesus — not in his teaching merely, but in himself, in his Person — we have the highest personal manifestation of the spiritual life that the world has yet seen.' 'The modern question,' he adds, 'is not, "Is Jesus like God?" but rather, "Is there a God of the same quality of life as that possessed by Jesus?"' God is the *x*, the unknown quantity which we are seeking to determine, and it seems most reasonable to hold that Jesus is the known factor through which we are enabled to solve the problem.'

Some of the changes which have actually been accomplished in religion within the past few generations are in-

¹ *Our Knowledge of Christ : An Historical Approach*, by Lucius Hopkins Miller. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

dicated by Dr. Harris in his review of the past hundred years. 'A hundred years ago,' he says, 'beliefs were sharply defined. It was a theological age. Creeds were long and explicit. A Christian must be sound in the doctrines. The leading church in New England was called the Orthodox Church. Heterodoxy was a term of reproach. Religious practices were as sharply defined; Sabbath observance, social life, amusements, family life, religious experience were precisely indicated.' To-day the boundaries between the sacred and the secular, and between the natural and the supernatural are no longer so exactly drawn.

And not only is the point of view different, but the emphasis of interest is different. 'Personal salvation was the keynote of religion, and was thought of as salvation from everlasting punishment.' This is a fairer statement than that of the author of *Religious Confessions and Confessants*, when she says, 'Two hundred years ago, a callous, organized selfishness was preached as the highest life a person could live.' She is quite right, however, and in agreement with Dr. Harris, when she adds, 'To-day, no creed, no church, puts the career of passive egotism before that of active social service.'

A hundred years ago conversion, justification, sanctification were preached in most pulpits. 'The candidate for admission (to church membership) was required to mark the day, the hour, when he passed from death unto life.' At that time 'the authority of the Bible was recognized by all. Whatever could be proved from chapter and verse was final. Doctrines were substantiated by proof-texts taken at random from the New and Old Testaments. The Bible in every part was inspired, inerrant.'

Church attendance was universal under pain of disapprobation, not only of ecclesiastical authority, but of public

opinion. 'The Sabbath or Lord's Day was devoted solely to religion. All work was prohibited according to the directions of the Fourth Commandment.' And play, too. Already, however, there was some abatement of the earlier rigor of observance. It was back in 1656 that 'Captain Kemble of Boston sat for two hours in the public stocks for his "lewd and unseemly behavior," which consisted in his "kissing his wife publicquely on the Sabbath Day upon the doorstep of his house," when he had just returned from a voyage and absence of three years.'

The minds of devout people were equally clear as to amusements. 'The theatre was a school of immorality, card-playing was a device of Satan, dancing was denounced.' 'Some churches,' says Dr. Harris, 'had in their by-laws such statements as this: "Dancing, card-playing, attendance at the theatre, traveling, and going to the post-office on Sunday are inconsistent with a Christian profession."

Dr. Harris notes the waning of Calvinism and the gradual mitigation of hell. Only thirty years ago five professors in the Andover Theological Seminary were put on trial for the alleged offence of teaching 'that those who had not heard of Christ in this life, the heathen, the generations before Christ, might after death have knowledge of Him and repent and be saved.' Their accusers held that such an admission would 'cut the nerve of missions.'

Even within a generation this theology has become so obsolete as to make the sober maintenance of it seem incredible. And so with other doctrines, once debated with extreme bitterness as affecting the very existence of religion, now abandoned or forgotten. Dr. Harris's interesting book ends with a chapter on 'The Enlargement of the Faith.'

'What was wrong with us?' asks Mr.

Cohu in his *Vital Problems of Religion*.¹ Why did we hold as dogmas propositions which we ought to have rejected as contradicting the love of God and man? And why were we so desperately alarmed when some of them were disputed by men of religion and others were disproved by men of science? He says that it was because we had 'identified official theology with religion, and the Bible with God's actual Word,' — like the orthodox persecutors of Saint Paul.

'What has the future in store for us and for our children?' asks Professor Tyler, in his *Place of the Church in Evolution*.² 'Toil and struggle,' he says, 'effort and pain, weariness and discouragement, and much seeming defeat, vision, inspiration, and overcoming; the Valley of Humiliation, and then the far-off heights of the Delectable Mountains of complete attainment.— We know not what we shall be, but progress is sure and along sure lines; and we have good reason to believe that it is steadily accelerating.'

It is accelerating by reason of our increasing desire to estimate truth not by logic but by life, and to bring religion into closer contact with our daily conduct. We are realizing as never before the significance of the great saying, 'He that doeth the will of God shall know the doctrine whether or not it be of God.' Mr. Arthur Carey in his *New Nerves for Old*³ underlines the sentence, 'There is only one way of learning to understand the meaning of a principle, and that is to act upon it in practical life.' This he applies, not only to physical health, with which his useful book

¹ *Vital Problems of Religion*, by J. R. Cohu, with an introduction by the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

² *The Place of the Church in Evolution*, by John Mason Tyler. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Co.

³ *New Nerves for Old*, by Arthur A. Carey. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

is mainly concerned, but to that spiritual health whose attainment is the satisfaction of religion. The idea runs like a line of light through every page of Professor Peabody's book, *The Christian Life in the Modern World*.⁴ His discussion of the 'practicability of the Christian life' in the modern family, in the business world, in the making and the using of money, in the modern state, and in the Christian Church, lifts the reader out of all that ancient confusion of perplexed dogmas, where brothers fought each other in the thick mist, into the clear sunlight.

This is the region not only of an enlarging conception of social duty but of what Professor Youtz calls *The Enlarging Conception of God*.⁵ Over against the old idea that 'the church is not an institution for the discovery of truth, but a body for the preservation and dissemination of truth once for all delivered,' he maintains that 'the great creeds are "High Places" where men have found the Living God, and the revelation of spiritual reality.' They are inspiring precedents for all men who in their own generation are endeavoring, like the creed-makers of the old time, to state the truth in contemporary language and in connection with contemporary thought.

Thus we come to Professor Eucken's question, *Can We Still Be Christians?*⁶ and we answer it, as he does, 'We not only can but must be Christians.' And we agree readily enough to the one condition which he sets, 'that Christianity be recognized as a progressive historic movement still in the making.' He insists, with all the prophets, that it must be 'shaken free from the numbing in-

⁴ *The Christian Life in the Modern World*, by Francis Greenwood Peabody. New York: The Macmillan Co.

⁵ *The Enlarging Conception of God*, by Herbert Alden Youtz. New York: The Macmillan Co.

⁶ *Can We Still Be Christians?* by Rudolf Eucken. New York: The Macmillan Company.

fluence of ecclesiasticism and placed upon a broader foundation.' His personal estimate of the 'numbing' effect of that influence is based on his own environment. The religious situation seems rather different from that with which we are acquainted in this country. The Lutheranism of Germany as seen by Professor Eucken, and the Congregationalism of England as seen by the writer of the *Atlantic* article on the 'Failure of the Church,' appear to us in America curiously belated and unrepresentative; like a back current along the margin of a river which is flowing to the sea.

But even under the most encouraging conditions the building of foundations broad enough for the increasing experiences of man keeps the ecclesiastical architects busy. The recent books show how slow is the process of construction — but how sure. 'Here,' says Eucken,

'lies the task of our time, and the hope of the future.'

The hero of Mr. Wells's book, *The World Set Free*, sits on the side of a lofty mountain and watches the sun go down. On the morrow he is to undergo an operation whose deadly peril he well knows. 'You, old sun,' he says, 'searing these poor old eyes for the last time of all, beware of me. You think I die—and indeed I am only taking off one more coat to get at you. I have threatened you for ten thousand years, and soon, I warn you, I shall be coming, when I am altogether stripped and my disguise thrown away. Very soon now, old sun, I shall launch myself at you, and I shall reach you, and I shall put my foot on your spotted face, and shall tug you about by your fiery locks. . . . Well may you slink down behind the mountain from me. Well may you cower.'

OUR IRRESPONSIBLE STATE GOVERNMENTS

BY WALKER D. HINES

I

THE American people disagree widely and variously upon innumerable subjects of public concern, but they are practically unanimous in the belief that our state legislatures pass a great mass of unnecessary laws, and that many of the necessary laws are crudely drawn, inconsistent with one another, badly adapted to the ends in view, and largely ineffective. There is a correspondingly unanimous conviction that the affairs of the state governments are

managed in a thoroughly unbusiness-like way; and that there is a widespread disregard of state laws and a general laxity in their enforcement. With a fatalistic resignation we expect the worst from our state legislatures and are prepared for the worst from our state administrative officers; and it is far too rare that we receive the agreeable surprise of beholding efficient work in either department.

The writer believes that to an important extent these unsatisfactory conditions are due to the fact that our scheme

of state government carries the idea of divided responsibility to such an extreme that no public official is or can be held responsible in an effective sense for making the law or for enforcing the law; that this condition reacts upon the public and renders its supervision of those in public life less vigilant and intelligent; and that these things tend to produce public officers without training, talent, or sustained purpose for efficient public service.

II

Let us take first the legislative department. Its functions in the protection and promotion of the public interest are complex and difficult. There are needed an intelligent understanding of the various subjects upon which legislation is required or proposed; a knowledge of the history of former laws and their operation and of the effect of existing laws; sound judgment as to whether additional legislation is necessary; and originality in devising the best form of legislation. Vigilance is requisite in scrutinizing proposed legislative measures to see whether they are in the public interest, and initiative and persistence are needed to push through those measures which ought to be passed and to oppose those measures which are contrary to the general welfare. Thus the situation calls for wide information, hard study, originality, initiative, and persistence, in order to carry on in an efficient way the business of governing the state. Always there is the general public interest to be guarded and this is far more important than any temporary or local interest of any particular community.

In considering the machinery which our state constitutions provide for dealing with this situation, let us look at the lower house of the state legislature, consisting, say, of one hundred and fif-

ty members. Not one of these members is primarily charged with studying or protecting the general public interests. Each member has the same measure of duty in this respect as every other member. It is a case where the protection of the public interest is 'everybody's business'; and therefore it generally becomes in practice 'nobody's business.' It is ordinarily impossible to place the blame on any particular member for any important act which proves to be contrary to the public interest. Generally he is able to share that blame equally with every other member of the majority which acted or failed to act.

But in the rare cases where some member can be singled out as having a noticeable responsibility, that responsibility is exclusively to his local constituency and not to the state at large; his action may have been highly prejudicial to the state as a whole, but if he can satisfy his own constituency, perhaps through securing in another direction some local benefit, he suffers no embarrassment on account of his failure to discharge his duty to the general public. Such a condition tends to reduce to the minimum any motive to protect the general public interest, and to raise to the maximum the motive to secure local benefits for the restricted constituency upon which the member is dependent for support.

Every student of public or private affairs involving collective action appreciates that leadership is indispensable to the obtaining of results in any assemblage; but our system provides no leadership. Of course, as to any particular measure some leadership arises, but ordinarily it is merely the leadership of some aggressive member who happens to be interested in the particular measure, and is not a comprehensive and continuous leadership in the public interest. In national affairs party leadership upon party measures as-

sumes a more tangible and responsible form; but in state legislatures the most important measures are frequently not party matters, and party leadership has very restricted operation. Therefore in state legislatures such leadership as exists is ordinarily fragmentary and accidental, and is not the product of either the constitution or tradition. Public sentiment ordinarily fails to try to hold any such legislative leader responsible for results; and in any event his responsibility is not to the state whose interests he is shaping, but to the locality which he represents.

Under such conditions legislation affecting the public interest is shaped (or in a haphazard way shapes itself) in one house, and then goes to the other house, where it finds a similar division of responsibility, or lack of responsibility, and a similar raising of local interests above the interests of the state as a whole.

It cannot fairly be said that the evils referred to are substantially cured by the fact that measures have to pass two houses, rather than one. On the contrary, these evils are frequently intensified thereby, because the mere splitting up of responsibility between the two houses makes each house even less attentive to the public interest than it would be if it had the sole responsibility. The house that passes a measure first has the feeling that its action is not final, and therefore need not be deliberate and thorough. The sanction thus given to the measure sometimes emboldens the second house to accept it without full and independent consideration. At other times, the second house resents 'being put in a hole' by being forced to take the responsibility of rejecting a measure already passed by the first house, and lets the measure go through. But whatever the outcome, a member of either house can share his responsibility (in the rare instances

where it can be located at all) with members of the other house; and any shred of responsibility that finally sticks to him is confined entirely to his own constituency, who will probably disregard the matter altogether, being more interested in some other subject of purely local concern.

In addition to all the adverse factors already mentioned, still another division of responsibility confronts us. This arises from the fact that the governor has (in many states) the power of veto, and the legislature is not responsible for what the governor does. May not the care-free spirit with which a legislature passes doubtful measures be induced in many instances by the feeling that it is not taking final action, but is merely 'putting things up to the governor'? And is it not a natural sequence to this spirit that the governor shall decline to veto measures which the representatives of the people have 'put up to him' in this manner?

As an illustration of the operation of these various unfavorable influences, reference may be made to the frequent complaint that in many instances states have made improvident grants of power to corporations, and have been reckless in failing to put adequate restrictions upon corporate activities. To whatever extent this evil exists, it is traceable largely to the scattering of responsibility and to the absence of definite leadership designed to protect and promote the general welfare. It is probably true that at times corporate powers of wide and uncontrolled character have been granted simply because they were asked for, and because no person officially connected with the government of the state felt charged with any substantial duty, or possessed the necessary training and ability, to consider the effects upon the public as a whole and to insist upon adequate protection of the public interest.

III

Another condition of great importance is that the legislature has no part in enforcing the laws. Its task is finished when the law is passed. We all know how easy it is for one to frame a suggestion which he does not have to carry into effect; and how likely it is that suggestions so framed will prove ineffectual. Why should the average human being exert himself to scrutinize closely the efficiency of a rule he formulates, when another department will have to worry if the rule does not work? And parenthetically it may be asked, why should the executive department worry very seriously when it can largely escape blame by pointing to the legislature's defective workmanship? If the occasion arises (and it rarely does) when the public tries to fix the blame for such a condition, the two departments can engage indefinitely in the pleasant pastime of tossing the ball of responsibility back and forth.

But an even more important consequence of this detachment of the legislature from any duty with regard to law-enforcement is that this condition is largely responsible for the enormous multiplication of unnecessary laws. When a man becomes a legislator he naturally wishes to make a showing. The only practicable way in which he can make a showing is by doing the only thing which his department has the power to do,—that is, to make laws. Hence we see the average legislator bent on getting a law through, not because the law is necessary, not because it will be workable, but because it will be another law and one of which he can claim to be the author.

We frequently hear the complaint that, when any public evil develops, the remedy provided is the unnecessary passage of another law instead of the more thorough enforcement of existing

laws. This is the natural result of our system. The legislative department conceives the idea that the only way in which it can identify itself with the correction of the evil is to pass some new laws, and hence it adopts that course. The enforcement of existing laws belongs to another department and affords no scope for the ambitions of the legislators.

Thus we have a system without constitutional leadership in either house; with responsibility split up until it reaches the vanishing point; with no member, even the most active, feeling any concern except for his own small body of constituents; with each house able to shift the responsibility to the other; with both houses able to shift the responsibility to the governor; and with the governor able to pass it back to the two houses. The legislature has no special concern as to whether its laws will be workable, and every member is anxious to pass a law because that is the only function which he has a chance to exercise.

IV

Do not these conditions go far to explain the extraordinary attitude which we exhibit toward our state legislatures? We elect legislators largely without regard to their qualifications, and at the end of each session we indulge in a great outburst of general indignation because the legislature has produced the results we anticipated. Many years ago one of our legislatures, which was no better and no worse than its predecessors or successors, or its brother legislatures in other states, achieved its adjournment *sine die* after a session in which the members' pay of five dollars per day had appeared to be the paramount consideration. The universal sigh of relief was expressed by one of the principal newspapers in the

state under the moving headline: 'From Per Diem to Perdition.' A similar sentiment, with infinite variety of expression, usually surges through a state when its legislative session ends.

The public distrust and despair as to legislatures are evidenced by the adoption of various expedients to ameliorate the legislative curse as far as possible. One might assume that the making of laws to promote the public interest under changing conditions is a matter so important that the legislature ought to be free to assemble at any time to consider these subjects. But such is the dread of legislative sessions that in many states legislatures are forbidden to assemble (except at the call of the governor in extraordinary emergencies) more than once every two years, and in one state the period is four years. Again, in many states the legislature is compelled to adjourn, regardless of the state of its business, at the end of a fixed period, frequently ninety days. Again, legislatures, through their inefficiency and the lack of experience on the part of their members, notoriously fail to pass their measures until the last days of the session, with the result that laws are completed hurriedly and are even more crude than if they had received attention earlier in the session. Therefore there are serious proposals to prohibit the introduction of measures in the latter part of the session. All these restrictions are mere futile treatments of symptoms of a deep-seated disease — the dissipation of responsibility.

v

For the sake of simplicity the executive department has been spoken of above as if it were a homogeneous department, with a head having the duty and the power to enforce the laws; but this is not the case in our state governments. The usual constitutional provi-

sion that the governor 'shall see that the laws shall be faithfully executed' is a mere passing counsel of perfection. Perhaps it is a survival of a time when the head of the executive department was the head in substance as well as in form. Ordinarily the governor has no power to enforce the laws and no substantial control over the officers who do have that power.

Frequently the state officers charged with the administration of the state's own business affairs, such as the heads of the various administrative departments, are wholly independent of the governor and of each other, and each is free to follow his own tendencies. These conditions, together with the aimlessness and irresponsibility of state legislatures, largely account for the impressive extravagance in public expenditures and for the rapid increase in the burdens of taxation.

When we come to the all-important function of making the individuals and business concerns in the state comply with the laws of the state, we find that, with a few exceptions, no state officer representing the state as a whole has any definite function or power, because the enforcement of the laws ordinarily rests with the various county authorities. Law enforcement in a state is generally an exclusively local matter. A law of vital concern to the state as a whole is enforced or not in a particular community according to the degree of interest and efficiency manifested by the local authorities elected in that community.

Law enforcement is not an easy job. It requires vigilance, aggressiveness, and industry, in detecting and locating the offenders and in preparing cases so that prosecutions will be prompt and successful. Yet we rarely find any well-considered scheme of county government whereby the responsibility for the conduct of these important functions

is so centralized as to obtain effective results. The detection of offenses is largely accidental. The responsibility for instituting prosecutions is widely scattered. Frequently the local prosecuting attorney is in the comfortable position of being able to initiate such prosecutions as appeal to him, and to blame the grand jury, or some other functionaries, for not initiating prosecutions which do not appeal to him. The preparation and conduct of a prosecution when initiated are generally under the control of a prosecuting attorney without effective supervision by any department of the state government. Such methods may be adequate with respect to crimes of violence, which are obvious and arouse the community's instinct of self-protection, but ordinarily they are inadequate with respect to much of the important legislation of the state. In these conditions we find some of the reasons why so little respect is commonly paid to state laws.

Another phenomenon which is widely observed is that frequently, when a law of special importance is passed, the legislature is likely to create some new board or commission to enforce that law. The result is that our state and local governments are plastered over with all sorts of expensive boards with anomalous and sometimes conflicting functions. Is not this condition largely due to the fact that the executive department is so poorly organized, and the responsibility therein is so divided and dissipated, that the public and the legislature assume, quite correctly, that the new law will not be vigorously enforced through existing channels? This anticipated inadequacy of the executive department (sometimes aided by the desire of people in public office to create more offices for their friends and supporters) seems to be the basic reason for the creation of so many boards and commissions.

VI

It has been the endeavor of this article to point out the facts as to divided responsibility. It is believed that those facts are responsible to a large extent for the enormous mass of legislation and for its defects, and for the inefficiency and wastefulness of state administration, and for the very general condition of disregard of state laws. It is believed also that this dividing of responsibility leads to other serious consequences.

It is the opinion of the writer that the American people have come to assume an attitude of indifference and hopelessness toward the state governments. Legislatures are expected to prove failures. Governors and other state officials are expected to be inefficient. The work of local officers is rarely taken very seriously, and is expected to be spasmodic and fragmentary. The public rarely has any disposition to locate responsibility for inefficiency in affairs of general interest, because the inefficiency is so general and the search for responsibility is so hopeless. Is it not fair to say that our scheme of divided responsibility has been a school for the encouragement of political inefficiency, and for the promotion of petty local interests at the expense of the general welfare, and has supplied an atmosphere devoid of stimulus to efficient work?

Are not these conditions largely responsible for the principle of 'rotation in office,' whereby, as soon as an office-holder gets an inkling of experience as to public affairs, a strong presumption seems to arise that he ought to be retired to private life? Is not this because our governmental system tends to prevent the accomplishment of results by the man in office, and tends to make the public feel that nothing will or can be accomplished, and that it makes very

little difference who holds the office, and hence that a new man will be no worse and perhaps better? Apparently the public reconciles itself to the view that public officers will not attain success in their essential function of promoting the general welfare, and therefore the public turns its thoughts — as do many of the officers themselves — to the secondary and incidental question, who will get the salaries; and with a praiseworthy sense of equity the public wishes to pass the pay around among as many different people as possible.

It is generally agreed that public office does not attract the average man of ability and force; that comparatively few such men seek it; and that almost none of them stay in it. Is it not reasonable to conclude that the conditions already mentioned play an important part in producing this result? A man of ability and honest purpose may strongly desire to accomplish results in the public interest by faithful public service; but neither in the legislative department nor in the executive department of our form of state government does he ordinarily find a basis for the hope that he can really do things in the public interest, either as a leader or as a part of an efficient organization. The authority of each department falls short of the complete power of initiation and accomplishment, and such restricted power as it has is weakened by the splitting up of responsibility. Ordinarily a man is expected to get out of office before he has had a chance to get to be a really useful public servant. The chances of success are so small, and those of failure so large, that the average man of ability strongly prefers to turn his talents in other directions, no matter how earnest his desire may be to perform valuable public service.

This condition, where nobody has the duty or the power to follow any-

thing through from start to finish, and where every man's work is incomplete because of the divided power and the scattered responsibility, brings into public life a large proportion of officers who have no special qualifications and who are not supposed to need any. They enter the work without experience or knowledge of the state's general interests, and in many cases fail to acquire that experience and knowledge. They feel perfectly free to express decided opinions and act upon them without investigation, being sustained by the comforting feeling that their part of the work is not complete and final, and that in any event they cannot be held personally responsible, as a practical matter, for what results. This develops the type, so well known, of the fearless and volatile statesman who is willing on short notice to advocate almost anything, because whatever happens is not likely to happen to him; and whose boldness is generally all the greater because he has not the information necessary to enable him to see the dangers that lurk in what he is proposing.

Public men of this type become in turn the instructors from whom the people get most of their information and expressions upon public affairs. So we have a vicious circle: a poorly disciplined and poorly directed public sentiment producing a slipshod type of public servant, and this public servant in turn producing a still less effective public sentiment; the scattered responsibility in our scheme of government serving at every point to perpetuate the untrained public sentiment, and to perpetuate a succession of untrained public servants.

One of the principal activities of our public life at the present time is the institution and carrying on of investigations into the shortcomings of public officers. These investigations yield pro-

lific results in showing inefficiency in public service, but rarely produce tangible improvements in that service. Is it not fair to say that these consequences are the natural product of the influences above pointed out?

Doubtless any reader of this article will think of many instances where men of ability have appeared in public life and have succeeded in rendering distinguished public service. Certainly the writer does not contend that the contrary is true. His point merely is that such successes are in spite of our scheme of government, rather than on account of it; and that it is desirable to make changes which will promote success, rather than obstruct it. Our governments for all time must rest principally upon the efforts of average men who are not prodigies of ability or force and who are not geniuses in winning and keeping popular enthusiasm. Therefore our form of government should be such as to bring out the best that is in the average man, and to encourage him in the direction of efficiency, and to train the public to expect and demand efficiency, rather than to operate in the opposite direction.

The political boss is an ever-present menace in American politics. Could any system develop him more completely than our system of divided responsibility? Can there be any place where the 'invisible' government of the boss can succeed to a greater extent than in a form of government where it is almost impossible to locate any visible signs of responsibility; and where the public officer can do the boss's bidding and yet be reasonably sure of escaping responsibility, or of passing it on to somebody else, or of making his peace with his constituents by securing some local benefit for them?

The thought is frequently advanced, as if it must end all discussion on the subject, that all our governmental evils

are due to lack of interest on the part of the public in selecting efficient public servants; that there can be no remedy except more intelligent public interest; and that that remedy is too utopian to hope for. But to a substantial extent that lack of intelligent interest is due to the steady operation of the adverse influences above described. Our scheme of divided responsibility is calculated to baffle and discourage the most alert and intelligent constituency which could be imagined. Adequate understanding and effort on the part of the people in selecting their public servants are very difficult of accomplishment under the most favorable conditions. Our system, instead of promoting the attainment of that goal, appears to erect obstacles at every point and to intensify every tendency in the opposite direction.

VII

If to a substantial extent the foregoing criticisms of our present scheme of government are justified, the question remains, what improvement is practicable. It is a far too ambitious task for any individual to bring forward a scheme of government, and certainly the present writer does not propose to do so. But it does seem appropriate to suggest certain steps as worthy of consideration.

Any change in the direction of providing a constitutional leadership in the legislature, responsible to the state as a whole, will be worthy of serious consideration. The plan of giving the governor himself this leadership is probably best, because thereby the serious disadvantages of separating the law-making function from the law-enforcing function will be substantially overcome. It is open to serious question whether a legislature of a single house would not be an improvement

over a legislature of two houses. It is reasonably clear that to make the governor the real, instead of merely the nominal, head of the executive department would be a wise step. Perhaps there will be little disagreement that county government ought to be centralized to the point where there will be a definite single-headed responsibility for the enforcement of law in each county, such responsibility covering comprehensive and continuous work in the detection of offenders, in the preparation of cases against them, in the initiation of prosecutions, and in the prompt and effective conduct of such prosecutions.

Perhaps it is also worthy of consideration whether this central county responsibility ought not to be in some way put under the supervision of the executive head of the state, so that he can measure local results and aid in coördinating these activities throughout the state, to the end that the state laws whose enforcement is of vital importance to the people of the state as a whole shall be more adequately enforced in every part of the state.

Naturally the question arises, whether the disadvantages of the present system, serious as they are, justify a departure from the theory of keeping separate the legislative and executive departments.

First let it be pointed out that that theory would not be violated at all by providing a constitutional and responsible leadership in the legislative department answerable to the state as a whole; or by making the governor the real, instead of merely the nominal, executive head of the state, with control over all other state administrative officers; or by centralizing the executive power in each county in some way to secure responsibility and efficiency; or by making such centralized county power subject to the governor's super-

vision. All of these steps could be carried out without impairing the separation of the two departments, and the result would probably be to strengthen each of them as a separate department and make it really responsible to the state as a whole for the general public welfare.

It is conceded that the proposition to give to the head of the executive department the constitutional leadership in the legislature would involve a departure from the principle that the executive and legislative departments should be kept separate. But it is suggested that there is a serious question whether there is any adequate reason for keeping these two departments separate. It is fair to inquire whether the blending of these two departments would not be in the direction of strengthening representative government, making it more responsive to the popular will and at the same time more efficient. And, along with all this, would not such a course accomplish a better training of the public, so as to give it the ability and the purpose to locate responsibility, to reward effectiveness, and to punish inefficiency? Popular government promises to be increasingly more complicated and difficult, and to call for a higher order of training on the part of the public itself, and also on the part of the public's representatives. It is a fair question whether the accomplishment of these important results would not be promoted by blending the executive and legislative departments.

The objection generally urged to any move in the direction of combining the executive and legislative departments is that it would violate Montesquieu's principle that the legislative and executive departments should be separate. It is true that this dictum of Montesquieu was generally accepted and adopted in this country; but it is proper to

inquire whether we are, or ought to be, bound to carry out his view for all time to come.

Viscount Bryce, in his *American Commonwealth*,¹ traces the development of Montesquieu's principle and shows that its adoption in America was the out-growth of Montesquieu's distrust of the absolutism of France and his admiration for the more liberal institutions of England. Montesquieu took the British constitution as his model and pointed out its merits as he understood them. Bryce shows that that model was in a process of change and growth at that very time, and that Montesquieu misconceived its status then, and still more misconceived its trend. The result was that Montesquieu ascribed to the British system a completeness of separation between the executive and legislative departments which did not exist, and which, to the extent that it did exist, was rapidly disappearing.

Montesquieu admired the British system because of its greater democracy and liberality during the period of which he wrote. That system has since become more democratic and more liberal, and the legislative and executive departments are largely blended into one. Our state constitutions crystallized into lasting form Montesquieu's conception of the British constitution, then in a process of evolution. Why should we necessarily adhere to this conception of an eighteenth-century philosopher and refuse to take advantage of the evolution and improvement that are manifest in the British constitution?

To-day, there is much emphatic criticism of the executive's usurpation of the powers of the legislature. The claim is made that a strong and aggressive executive forces his will upon the legislature, which abdicates its constitution-

¹ Chapter xxv. 'Comparison of the American and European Systems.'

al functions and, without deliberation, registers the dictates of the executive. The suggestion may be made that the defects incident to such a practice would be intensified by a constitutional blending of the executive and legislative departments. The writer believes that the contrary would be true, because to a very great extent the present predominance of the executive is due to the weakness of the legislature, and this weakness in turn is due to the enfeebling effects of the scattering of responsibility. If the legislative and executive functions should be exercised by the same department of the government, — the leaders of the legislative assembly being the executives, — the legislature, through its increase of responsibility, would be strengthened in purpose and in personnel and would show a degree of originality and deliberation which at present is generally wanting.

As to the suggestion, not advocated, but mentioned as worthy of consideration, that one legislative chamber be substituted for two, the answer will probably be made that a second chamber is necessary to correct the errors of the first. But is it not possible that a single chamber, realizing that its results will be final, will act with so much greater deliberation that its decisions will be more wise and sound than a decision arrived at by the present method? If the present method makes each house careless of the result, can it be said that we achieve better results by putting together two careless and irresponsible considerations than we would achieve by a single deliberation made in the light of the fact that the deliberation is final, and that responsibility therefore will rest exclusively upon those who participate in it, without the opportunity to divide it with another tribunal?

A consideration of the highest impor-

tance in all these matters is the reflex action upon the public itself. In the last analysis the public must be the government, and public sentiment will control. Is it not worth while to adopt a scheme of government which will accomplish most in the direction of educating the public itself in the functions of government? Will not this purpose be promoted by a plan under which the public will be able to locate responsibility for governmental action, and by degrees will come to fix that responsibility and distribute rewards and punishments accordingly?

Probably many students of these questions feel that, no matter how serious may be the evils due to the scattering of governmental responsibility, we should encounter even greater evils through the concentration of governmental power. In its last analysis, this fear rests upon the view that the people cannot be trusted with power, and that their use of it ought to be hampered at least to the extent exemplified by our state constitutions. The writer's answer to that view is that, whether one thinks the people ought to be trusted with power or not, the fact is that in the ultimate sense the people have full and complete power

and will exercise it. If this view be correct, the common interest would be promoted by the removal of obstacles to intelligent and efficient action. Certainly no interest can prosper permanently through unintelligent or inefficient governmental activity.

The writer fully appreciates the impracticability of attaining, or even approximating, perfection in any form of government; he understands that much fault-finding exists with governmental results in other countries where methods similar to those here suggested prevail to a greater or less extent; and that the political habits of a century and a half cannot be reconstructed by a constitutional amendment, because all progress in government is a matter of evolution. But in spite of all these considerations it is believed that unnecessary obstacles to improvement ought to be removed. It is believed to be worthy of consideration whether the changes here suggested would not remove serious obstacles and bring substantial improvement, gradually eliminating many long-standing evils and gradually increasing the wisdom and efficiency of public servants together with the wisdom and efficiency of public sentiment.

INVOCATION

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS STAFFORD

O THOU whose equal purpose runs
In drops of rain or streams of suns,
And with a soft compulsion rolls
The green earth on her snowy poles;
O Thou who keepest in thy ken
The times of flowers, the dooms of men,
Stretch out a mighty wing above —
Be tender to the land we love!

If all the huddlers from the storm
Have found her hearthstone wide and warm;
If she has made men free and glad,
Sharing, with all, the good she had;
If she has blown the very dust
From her bright balance to be just,
Oh, spread a mighty wing above —
Be tender to the land we love!

When in the dark eternal tower
The star-clock strikes her trial hour,
And for her help no more avail
Her sea-blue shield, her mountain-mail,
But sweeping wide, from gulf to lakes,
The battle on her forehead breaks,
Throw Thou a thunderous wing above —
Be lightning for the land we love!

THE HOUSE ON HENRY STREET

III. EDUCATION AND THE CHILD

BY LILLIAN D. WALD

I

PERHAPS nothing makes a profounder impression on the newcomer to our end of the city than the value placed by the Jew upon education; an overvaluation, one is tempted to think, in view of the sacrifices which are made, particularly for the boys, — though of late years the girls' claims have penetrated even to the Oriental home.

One afternoon a group of old-world women sat in the reception room at the settlement while one of the residents sang and played negro melodies. With the melancholy minor of 'Let My People Go,' the women began crooning a song that told the story of Cain and Abel. The melody was not identical, but so similar that they thought they recognized the song as their own; and when a discussion arose upon the coincidence that two persecuted peoples should claim this melody, the women, touched by the music, confessed their homesick longing for Russia — for Russia that had dealt so unkindly with them.

'Rather a stone for a pillow in my own home,' said one woman on whom life had pressed hard. 'Would you go back?' she was asked. 'Oh, no, no, no!' emphasizing the words by a swaying of the body and a shaking of the head. 'It is not poverty we fear. It is not money we are seeking here. We do not expect things for ourselves. It is the chance

for the children, education and freedom for them.'

The passion of the Russian Jews for intellectual attainment recalls the spirit of the early New England families and their willingness to forego every comfort that a son might be set apart for the ministry. Here we are often witnesses of long-continued deprivation on the part of every member of the family, a willingness to deny themselves everything but the barest necessities of life, that there may be a doctor, a lawyer, or a teacher among them. Submission to bad housing, excessive hours, and poor working conditions is defended as of 'no matter because the children will have better and can go to school — maybe college.' Said a baker who showed the ill-effects of basement and night work and whose three rooms housed a family of ten, 'My boy is already in the high school. If I can't keep on, the Herr Gott will take it up where I leave off.'

A painful instance was that of a woman who came to the settlement one evening. Her son was studying music under one of the most famous masters in Vienna, and she had exiled herself to New York in order to earn more money for him than she could possibly earn at home. Literally, as I afterwards discovered, she spent nothing upon herself. A tenement family gave her lodgings (a bed on chairs) and food, in return for scrubbing done after her day's work in

the necktie factory. The Viennese master, not knowing his pupil's circumstances, or, it is possible, not caring, had written that the young man needed to give a concert, an additional demand which it was utterly impossible for her to meet. She had already given up her home, she had relinquished her wardrobe, and she had sold her grave for him.

One young lad stands out among the many who came to talk over their desire to go through college. He dreamed of being great and, this period of hardship over, of placing his family in comfort. I felt it right to emphasize his obligation to the family; the father was dead, the mother burdened with anxiety for the numerous children. How reluctant I was to do this he could not realize; only fourteen, he had impressed us with his fine courage and intelligence, and it was hard to resist the young pleader and to analyze with him the commonplace sordid facts. He had planned to work all summer, to work at night, and he was hardly going to eat at all. But his young mind grasped, almost before I had finished, the ethical importance of meeting his nearest duties. He has met the family claims with generosity, and has realized all our expectations for him by acquiring through his own efforts education and culture; and he evinces an unusual sense of civic responsibility.

Those who have had for many years continuous acquaintance with the neighborhood have countless occasions to rejoice at the good use made of the education so ardently desired, and achieved in spite of what have seemed overwhelming odds. New York City is richer for the contributions made to its civic and educational life by the young people who grew up in and with the settlements, and who are not infrequently ready crusaders in social causes. A country gentleman one day lamented

to me that he had failed to keep in touch with what he was pleased to call our humanitarian zeal, and recalled his own early attempt to take an East Side boy to his estate and employ him. 'He could not even learn to harness a horse!' he said, with implied contempt of such unfathomable inefficiency. Something he said of the lad's characteristics made it possible for me to identify him, and I was able to add to that unsatisfactory first chapter another, which told of the boy's continuance in school, of his success as a teacher in one of the higher institutions of learning, and of his remarkable intelligence in certain vexed industrial problems.

Such achievements are the more remarkable because the restricted tenement home, where the family life goes on in two or three rooms, affords little opportunity for reading or study. A vivid picture of its limitations was presented by the boy who sought a quiet corner in a busy settlement. 'I can never study at home,' he said, 'because sister is always using the table to wash the dishes.'

Study rooms were opened in the settlement in 1907, where the boys and girls find, not only a quiet restful place in which to do their work, but also the needed 'coaching.' The school work is supplemented by illuminating bulletins on current topics, and the young student is provided with the aid which in other conditions is given by parents or older brothers and sisters. Such study rooms are now maintained by the Board of Education in numerous schools of the city, — 'Thanks to the example set by the settlement,' the superintendent of the New York school system reported.

It is easy to excite sympathy in our neighborhood for people deprived of books and learning. One year I accompanied a party of Northern people to the Southern Educational Conference.

We were all much stirred by the appeal of an itinerant Southern minister who told how the poor white natives traveled miles over the mountains to hear books read. He pictured vividly the deprivation of his neighbors, who had no access to libraries of any kind. When I returned to the settlement and related the story to the young people in the clubs, without suggestion on my part they eagerly voted to send the minister books to form a library; and for two years or more, until the Southerner wrote that he had sufficient for his purpose, the clubs purchased from their several funds one book each month, suited to different ages and tastes, according to their own excellent discrimination.

II

It was logical that my first acquaintance with the public-school system of New York should have come about because of a sore on the head of a small boy. I had been down town only a short time when I met Louis. An open door in a rear tenement revealed a woman standing over a washtub, a fretting baby on her left arm, while with her right she rubbed at the butcher's aprons which she washed for a living.

Louis, she explained, was 'bad.' He did not 'cure his head,' and what would become of him, for they would not take him into the school because of it? Louis, hanging the offending head, said he had been to the dispensary a good many times. He knew it was awful for a twelve-year-old boy not to know how to read the names of the streets on the lamp-posts, but 'every time I go to school Teacher tells me to go home.'

It needed only intelligent application of the dispensary ointments to cure the affected area, and in September I had the joy of securing the boy's admittance to school for the first time in his life. The next day, at the noon

recess, he fairly rushed up our five flights of stairs in the Jefferson Street tenement, to spell the elementary words he had acquired that morning.

It had been hard on Louis to be denied the precious years of school, yet one could sympathize with the harassed school-teachers. The classes were overcrowded; there were frequently as many as sixty pupils in a single room, and often three children on a seat. It was, perhaps, not unnatural that the eczema on Louis's head should have been seized upon as a legitimate excuse for not adding him to the number. Perhaps it was not to be expected that the teacher should feel concern for one small boy whom she might never see again, or should realize that his brief time for education was slipping away and that he must go to work fatally handicapped because of his illiteracy.

The predecessor of our present superintendent had apparently given no thought to the social relationship of the school to the pupils. The general public had no accurate information concerning the schools, and, indeed, seemed to have little interest in them. We heard of flagrant instances of political influence in the selection and promotion of teachers, and later on we had actual knowledge of their humiliation at being forced to obtain through sordid 'pull' the positions to which they had a legitimate claim. I had myself once been obliged to enter the saloon of N—, the alderman of our district, to obtain the promise of necessary and long-delayed action on his part for the city's acceptance of the gift of a street fountain, which I had been indirectly instrumental in securing for the neighborhood. I had been informed by his friends that without this attention he would not be likely to act.

Louis set me thinking and opened my mind to many things. Miss Brew-

ster and I decided to keep memoranda of the children we encountered who had been excluded from school for medical reasons, and later our enlarged staff of nurses became equally interested in obtaining data regarding them. When one of the nurses found a small boy attending school while desquamating from scarlet fever, and, Tom Sawyer-like, pulling off the skin to startle his little classmates, we exhibited him to the President of the Department of Health, and I then learned that the possibility of having physicians inspect the school-children was under discussion, and that such evidence of its need as we could produce would be helpful in securing an appropriation for this purpose.

I had come to the conclusion that the nurse would be an essential factor in making effective whatever treatment might be suggested for the pupils, and, following an observation of mine to this effect, the president asked me to take part, as nurse, in the medical supervision in the schools. This offer it did not seem wise to accept. We were embarking upon ventures of our own which would require all our faculties and all our strength. It seemed wiser to be free from connections which would make demand upon our energies for routine work outside the settlement. Moreover, the time did not seem ripe for advocating the introduction of both the doctor and the nurse. The doctor himself, in this capacity, was an innovation. The appointment of a nurse would have been a radical departure.

In 1897 the Department of Health appointed the first doctors; one hundred and fifty were assigned to the schools for one hour a day at a salary of \$30 a month. They were expected to examine for contagious diseases and to send out of the classrooms all those who showed suspicious symptoms. It proved to be a perfunctory service and only superfi-

cially touched the needs of the children.

In 1902, when a reform administration came into power, the medical staff was reduced and the salary increased to \$100 a month, while three hours a day were demanded from the doctors. The Health Commissioner of that administration, an intelligent friend of children, now ordered an examination of all the public-school pupils, and New York was horrified to learn of the prevalence of trachoma. Thousands of children were sent out of the schools because of this infectious eye trouble, and in our neighborhood we watched many of them, after school hours, playing with the children for whose protection they had been excluded from the classrooms. Few received treatment, and it followed that truancy was encouraged, and, where medical inspection was most thorough, the classrooms were depleted.

The President of the Department of Education and the Health Commissioner sought for guidance in this predicament. Examination by physicians with the object of excluding children from the classrooms had proved a doubtful blessing. The time had come when it seemed right to urge the addition of the nurse's service to that of the doctor. My colleagues and I offered to show that with her assistance few children would lose their valuable school time and that it would be possible to bring under treatment those who needed it. Reluctant that the democracy of the school should be invaded by even the most socially minded philanthropy, I exacted a promise from several of the city officials that if the experiment were successful they would use their influence to have the nurse, like the doctor, paid from public funds.

Four schools from which there had been the greatest number of exclusions for medical causes were selected, and

an experienced nurse, who possessed tact and initiative, was chosen from the settlement staff to make the demonstration. A routine was devised, and the examining physician sent daily to the nurse all the pupils who were found to be in need of attention — using a code of symbols in order that the children might be spared the chagrin of having diseases due to uncleanliness advertised to their associates.

With the equipment of the settlement bag and, in some of the schools, with no more than the ledge of a window and the corner of a room for the nurse's office, the present system of thorough medical inspection in the schools, and of home-visitation, was inaugurated. Many of the children needed only disinfectant treatment of the eyes, collodion applied to ringworm, or instruction as to cleanliness; and such were returned at once to the class with a minimum loss of precious school time. Where more serious conditions existed, the nurse called at the home, explained to the mother what the doctor advised, and, where there was a family physician, urged that the child be taken to him. In the families of the poor, information as to dispensaries was given, and where the mother was at work and there was no one free to take the child to the dispensary, the nurse herself did this. Where children were sent to the nurse because of uncleanliness, the mother was given tactful instruction, and, when necessary, a practical demonstration on the child himself.

One month's trial proved that, with the exception of the major contagious and infectious diseases, — a very small proportion, — the addition of the nurse made it possible to reverse the object of medical inspection from excluding the children from school to keeping the children in the classroom and under treatment. An enlightened Board of Estimate and Apportionment voted

\$30,000 for the employment of trained nurses, — the first municipalized school nurses in the world, — now a feature of medical school supervision in many communities in this country and in Europe.

The first nurse was placed on the city pay-roll in October, 1902, and this marked the beginning of an extraordinary development in the public control of the physical condition of children. Out of this innovation New York City's Bureau of Child Hygiene has developed. In the year 1914 this bureau employed 650 trained nurses, and there is every expectation that the number will be increased to meet the community's growing demand for their services. Indeed, the nurse has played so important a part in the public-health movements of this generation, that fuller reference to her activities must be reserved for another chapter.

Poor Louis, who all unconsciously had started the train of incidents which led to this practical reform, had long since moved from his Hester Street home to Kansas, and was able to write us, as he did with enthusiasm, of his identification with the West.

III

The first public school established in New York City (Number 1) is on Henry Street. Number 2 is a short distance from it, on the same street, and Number 147 is at our corner. Between their sites are several semi-public and private educational institutions, and from School No. 1 to School No. 147 the distance is not more than three quarters of a mile.

It is not unnatural, therefore, that the school should loom large in our consciousness of the life of the child. The settlement at no time would, even if it could, usurp the place of school or home. It seeks to work with both or to supplement either. The fact that it

is flexible and is not committed to any fixed programme gives opportunity for experimentation not possible in a rigid system, and the results of these experiments must have affected school methods, at least in New York City.

Intelligent social workers seize opportunities for observation, and almost unconsciously develop methods to meet needs. They see conditions as they are, and become critical of systems as they act and react upon the child or fail to reach him at all. They reverse the method of the school-teacher, who approaches the child with preconceived theories and a determination to work them out. Where the school fails, it appears to the social workers to do so because it makes education a thing apart, — because it separates its work from all that makes up the child's life outside the classroom. Great emphasis is now laid upon the oversight of the physical condition of children from the time of their birth through school life; but the suggestion of this extension of socialized parental control did not emanate from those within the school system.

Cooking has been taught in the public schools for many years, and the instruction is of great value to those who are admitted to the classes; but appropriations have never been sufficient to meet all the requirements, and the teaching is given in grades already depleted by the girls who have gone to work, and who will perhaps never again have leisure or inclination to learn how to prepare meals for husband and children, — the most important business in life for most women.

The laboratory method employed in the schools never seemed to us sufficiently related to the home conditions of vast numbers of the city's population; and therefore, when the settlement undertook, according to its theory, to supplement the girls' education, all the essentials of our own housekeeping —

stove, refrigerator, bedrooms, and so on — were utilized. But neither were single bedrooms and rooms set apart for distinct purposes entirely satisfactory in teaching domestic procedure to the average neighbor; and the leader finally developed out of her knowledge of their home conditions the admirable system of 'Housekeeping Centres' sustained and administered by a committee of men and women on which the settlement has representation.

A flat was rented in a typical Henry Street tenement. Intelligence and taste were exercised in equipping it inexpensively and with furniture that required the least possible labor to keep it free from dirt and vermin. Classes were formed to teach housekeeping in its every detail, using nothing which the people themselves could not procure, — a tiny bathroom, a gas stove, no 'model' tubs, but such as the landlord provided for washing. Cleaning, disinfecting, actual purchasing of supplies in the shops of the neighborhood, household accounts, nursing, all the elements of home-keeping, were systematically taught. The first winter that the centre was opened the entire membership of a class consisted of girls engaged to be married, — clerks, stenographers, teachers; none were prepared and all were eager to have the homes which they were about to establish better organized and more intelligently conducted than those from which they had come. When one young woman announced her betrothal, she added, 'And I am fully prepared because I have been through the Housekeeping Centre.'

Six centres have been established by the committee in different parts of the city. Dr. Maxwell, Superintendent of Schools, always sympathetic and ready to fit instruction to the pupils' needs, has encouraged the identification of these housekeeping centres with the schools. Whenever an enter-

prising principal desires it, the teachers of the near-by housekeeping centre are made a part of the school system. Perhaps we may some day see one attached to every public school; and I am inclined to believe that, when institutions of higher learning fully realize that education is preparation for life, they too will wonder if the young women graduates of their colleges should not, like our little girl neighbors, be fitted to meet their great home-making responsibilities.

Out of the experience of the originator of the housekeeping centres, 'Pennylunches' for the public schools have been inaugurated, and now provide a hot noonday meal for children. The committee now controlling this experiment has inquired into food-values, physical effects on children, relation to school attendance, and so on.

The schools in a great city have an additional responsibility, as many of the pupils are deprived of home training because of extreme poverty or the absence of the mother at work, and a measure of failure may be traced to an imperfect realization of the conditions under which pupils live, or to a lack of training on the part of some of the teachers. The Home-and-School Visitor, whose duties are indicated in her title, is charged to bring the two together, that each may help the other; but there are few visitors as yet, and the effect upon the great number of pupils in attendance (over 800,000) is obviously limited.

We are not always mindful of the fact that children in normal homes get education apart from formal lessons and instruction. Sitting down to a table at definite hours, to eat food properly served, is training, and so is the orderly organization of the home of which the child so soon becomes a conscious part. There is direction toward control in the provision for privacy, beginning with

the sequestered nursery life. The exchange of letters, which begins with most children at a very early age, the conversation of their elders, familiarity with telegrams and telephones, and with the incidents of travel, stimulate their intelligence, resourcefulness, and self-reliance.

Contrast this regulated domestic life with the experience of children — an enormous percentage in New York — who may never have been seated around a table in an orderly manner, at a given time, for a family meal. Where the family is large and the rooms small, and those employed return at irregular hours, its members must be fed at different times. It is not uncommon in a neighborhood such as ours to see the mother lean out of the fourth- or fifth-story window and throw down the bread-and-butter luncheon to the little child waiting on the sidewalk below — sometimes to save him the exertion of climbing the stairs, sometimes because of insufficient time. The children whose mothers work all day and who are locked out during their absence are expected to shift for themselves, and may as often be given too much as too little money to appease their hunger. Having no more discretion in the choice of food than other children of their age, they become an easy prey for the peddlers of unwholesome foods and candies (often with gambling devices attached) who prowl outside the school limits.

Even those students who are better placed economically, or who have the perseverance to go on into the higher schools, may have had no experience but that of a disorganized tenement home. Emil was an instance of this. He supported himself while attending school by teaching immigrants at night. We invited him to a party at one of our country places and instructed him to call in the morning for his railroad ticket. He failed to appear until

long after the appointed hour, not realizing that trains leave on schedule time. Apparently he had never consulted a time-table or taken a journey except with a fresh-air party conducted by someone else. Next morning he returned the ticket, and I learned that he had not reached the farm because he did not know the way to it from the station. Somewhat disconcerted to learn that he had taken fruitlessly a trip of something over an hour's duration, I asked why he had not telephoned to the farm for directions. This seventeen-year-old boy, in his third year in the high school, had not thought of a telephone in the country. Moreover, he had never used one anywhere.

Happily there is a growing realization among educators of the necessity of relating the school more closely to the children's future, and it is not an accident that one of the widely known authorities on vocational guidance has had long experience in settlements.

IV

A friend has recently given to me the letters which I wrote regularly to her family during the first two years of my life on the East Side. I had almost forgotten, until these letters recalled it to me, how often Miss Brewster and I mourned over the boys and girls who were not in school, and over those who had already gone to work without any education. Almost every one has had knowledge at some time of the chagrin felt by people who cannot read or write. One intelligent woman of my acquaintance, born in New York State, ingeniously succeeded for many years in keeping the fact of her illiteracy secret from the people with whom she lived on terms of intimacy, buying the newspaper daily and making a pretense of reading it.

We had naively assumed that elemen-

tary education was given to all, and were appalled to find entire families unable to read or write, even though some of the children had been born in America. The letters remind me, too, of the efforts we made to get the children we encountered into school,—day school or night school, public or private,—and how many different people reacted to our appeals. The Department of Health, to facilitate our efforts, supplied us with virus points and authority to vaccinate, since no unvaccinated child could be admitted to school. We gave such publicity as was in our power to the conditions we found, not disdaining to stir emotionally by our 'stories' when dry and imperfect statistics failed to impress.

Since those days, New York City has established a school census and has almost perfected a policy whereby all children are brought into school; but throughout the state there are communities where the compulsory education law is disregarded. The Federal Census of 1910 shows in this Empire State, in the counties (Franklin and Clinton) inhabited by the native-born, illiteracy far in excess of that in the counties where the foreign-born congregate.

Wonderful advance has been made within two decades in the conception of municipal responsibility for giving schooling to all children. Now the blind, the deaf, the cripples, and the mentally defective are included among those who have the right to education. When in 1893 I climbed the stairs in a Monroe Street tenement in answer to a call to a sick child, I found Annie F—— lying on a tumbled bed, rigid in the braces which encased her from head to feet. All about her, white goods were being manufactured, and five machines were whirring in the room. She had been dismissed from the hospital as incurable, and her mother carried her at intervals to an uptown orthopedic dis-

pensary. A pitiful, emaciated little creature! The sweatshop was transfigured for Annie when we put pretty white curtains at the window upon which she gazed, hung a bird-cage, and placed a window-box full of growing plants for her to look at during the long days. Then, realizing that she might live many years and would need, even more than other children, the joys that come from books, we found a young woman who was willing to go to her bedside and teach her.

Nowadays, children crippled as Annie was may be taken to school daily, under the supervision of a qualified nurse, in a van that calls for them and brings them home. One of these schools, established by intelligent philanthropists, is on Henry Street: the instructors are engaged and paid by the Department of Education. There are also classes in different sections of the city equipped for the special needs of cripples, to give them industrial training which will provide for their future happiness and economic independence.

Educators have only recently realized the existence of large numbers of pupils within the schools who are unequal to the routine class-work because of mental defects. It was one of our settlement residents, a teacher in a Henry Street school, who first startled us into serious consideration of these children. In the year 1899 she brought to us from time to time reports of a colleague whose attention was fixed upon the 'poor things' unable to keep up with the grade. She had, our resident declared, 'ideas' about them. We sought acquaintance with her, and we felt it a privilege to learn to know the noble enthusiasm of this young woman for those pupils who, to teachers, must always seem the least hopeful.

The Board of Education permitted her to form the first class for ungraded pupils, in School Number 1, in 1900, and

the settlement gladly helped develop her theory of separate classes and special instruction for the defectives, not alone for their sakes, but to relieve the normal classes which their presence retarded. We provided equipment not yet on the School Board's requisition list, obtained permission for her to attend children's clinics, secured treatment for the children, and finally, and not least important, made every effort to interest members of the School Board and the public generally in this class of children.

The plan included the provision of a luncheon. For this we purchased tables, paper napkins, and dishes. The children brought from home bread and butter, and a penny for a glass of milk, and an alert principal made practical the cooking lessons given to the older girls in the school by having them prepare the main dish of the pupils' luncheon — incidentally the first to be provided in the grade schools. Occasionally the approval of the families would be expressed in extra donations, and in the beginning this sometimes took the form of a bottle of beer. Every day one pupil was permitted to invite an adult member of his family to the luncheon, which led naturally to an exchange of visits between members of the family and the teacher.

Among the pupils in this first class was Tony, a Neapolitan, impossible in the grade class because of emotional outbursts called 'bad temper,' and an incorrigible truant. When defects of vision were corrected the outbursts became less frequent, and manual work disclosed a latent power of application and stimulated a willingness to attend school. Tony is now a bricklayer, a member of the union in good standing, and last spring he and his father bought a house in Brooklyn.

Another was Katie. Spinal meningitis when she was very young had left her

with imperfect mental powers. Careful examination disclosed impaired control, particularly of the groups of smaller muscles. She has never learned to read, but has developed skill in clay-modeling, and sews and embroiders very well. She makes her clothes and is a cheerful helper to her mother in the work about the house. Last Christmas she sent to the school warm undergarments which she had made, to be given to the children who needed them. Her intelligent father feels that but for the discriminating instruction in the ungraded class her powers would have progressively deteriorated and Katie 'would be in darkness.'

The teacher who thus first fixed our attention upon these defective children has long been a member of the settlement family. She has carried us with her in her zeal for them, and we have come to see that it is because the public conscience has been sluggish that means and methods have not been more speedily devised toward an intelligent solution of this serious social problem.

From the small beginnings of the experimental class in Henry Street a separate department in the public schools was created in 1908, and this year (1915) there are 3000 children throughout the city under the care of specially trained teachers who have liberty to adapt the school work to the children's peculiar needs. All these ungraded classes are under the direction of Miss Farrell, who first awakened our interest in them.

Looking back upon the struggles to win formal recognition of the existence of these children, who now so much engage the attention of educators and scientists, we realize that our colleague's devotion to them, her power to excite enthusiasm in us, and her understanding of the social implications of their existence, came from a deep-lying principle that every human being, even the

least lovely, merits respectful consideration of his rights and his personality.

Much is required of the public-school teachers, and many of them rise to every demand; but naturally, in so great a number, there are some who do not recognize that theirs is the responsibility for discovering the children who are not normal. Harry sits on our doorsteps almost every day, ready to run errands, and harmless as yet. Obviously defective, a 'pronounced moron,' he was promoted from class to class, and when one of his settlement friends called upon the teacher to discuss Harry's special needs, the teacher, somewhat contemptuous of our anxiety, observed that 'all that Harry needed was a whipping.'

From one half of one per cent to two per cent of children of school age are, it is estimated, in need of special instruction because of the quality or the imperfect functioning of their mental powers. The public school has the power, and should exercise it, to bring within its walls all the children physically and mentally competent to attend it. If children are under intelligent observation, departures from the normal can in many instances be recognized in time for training and education according to the particular need. Long-continued observation and record of the child are essential to intelligent treatment of abnormalities concerning which there is even now very little accurate information. Cumulative experience and data, such as can be obtained only through the compulsory attendance at school of the multitudes of children of this type, will finally give a basis for scientific and humanitarian action regarding them.

Up to a certain period the child's helplessness demands that every opportunity for development be given him, but that is not the whole of society's responsibility. The time comes when

the child's own interests and those of the community demand the wisest, least selfish, and most statesmanlike action. Society must state in definite terms its right to be protected from the hopelessly defective and the moral pervert, wherever found. This constitutes the real problem of the abnormal. At the adolescent period those unfit for parenthood should be guarded — girls and boys — and society should be vested with authority and power to accomplish segregation, the conditions of which should attract and not repel.

Because so much needs to be said upon it, if anything is said at all, I am loath to touch upon the one great obstacle to the effective use of all the intelligence and the resources available for the well-being of these children, the most baffling impediment to their and the community's protection, namely, the supreme authority of parenthood, be it never so inefficient, avaricious, or even immoral.

v

The breaking up of the family because of poverty, through the death or disappearance of the wage-earner, was, until comparatively recent years, generally accepted as inevitable.

In the first winter of our residence on the East Side we took care of Mr. S—, who was in an advanced stage of phthisis; and we daily admired the wonderful ability of his wife, who kept the home dignified while she sewed on wrappers, nursed her husband, and allowed nothing to interfere with the children's daily attendance at school. When her husband died it seemed the most natural thing in the world to help her to realize her own wishes and to approve her good judgment in desiring to keep the family together. The orphan asylum would doubtless have taken the children from her, leaving her childless as well as widowed, and with

no counterbalancing advantage for the children to lighten her double woe. A large-minded lover of children, who gave his money to orphans as well as to orphanages, readily agreed to give the mother a monthly allowance until the eldest son could legally go to work. It was our first 'widow's pension.'

Our hopes in this particular case have been more than realized. The eldest boy, it is true, has not achieved any notable place in the community; but his sisters are teachers and most desirable elements in the public-school system of the city, — living testimony to the worth of the mother's character.

In no instance where we have prevented the disintegration of the family because of poverty have we had reason to regret our decision. Of course the ability of the mother to maintain a standard in the home and control the children is a necessary qualification in any general recommendation for this treatment of the widow and orphan, and competent supervision is essential to insure the maintenance of these conditions.

At the famous White House Conference on Children, held at the invitation of President Roosevelt, there was practical unanimity on the part of the experts who gathered there, that institutional life was undesirable and that wherever possible family life should be maintained. Testimony as to this came from many sources; and keeping the family together, or boarding the orphan with a normal family when adoption could not be arranged, became the dominant note of the conference.

The children, in this as in many other instances, led us into searching thought many years ago. Forlorn little Joseph had called upon me with a crumpled note which he reluctantly dragged from a pocket. It was from the admitting agent of an orphanage, explaining that Joseph could not be taken into the in-

stitution until his head was 'cured'; and it gave some details regarding the family, the worthiness of the mother, and her exceeding poverty. The agent hoped that I might relieve her by expediting Joseph's admission.

I tried to make the child's daily visit to me interesting. The treatment was not painful, but the end of each visit — he came with patient regularity every day — left me as dolorous as himself. One day I tried, by promise of a present or of any treat he fancied, to bring out some expression of youthful spirit — all unavailingly. 'But you must wish for something,' I urged; 'I never knew a boy who did n't.' For the first time the silent little lad showed enthusiasm. 'I wish you would n't cure my head, so I need n't go to the orphan asylum.'

Unscrupulous parents, I am well aware, often try to shift the responsibility for their children upon public institutions, but there are many who share Joseph's aversion to the institutional life, and we early recognized that the dislike is based upon a sound instinct and that a poor home might have compensating advantages compared with the well-equipped institution.

There have been great changes in institutional methods since I first had knowledge of them, and much ingenuity has been shown in devising means to encourage the development of individuality and initiative among the orphans. The cottage plan has been introduced in some institutions to modify the abnormal life of large congregations of children. But at best the life is artificial, and the children lose inestimably through not having day by day the experiences of normal existence. Valuable knowledge is lost because the child does not learn from experience the connection between the cost of necessities and the labor necessary to earn them. It was somewhat pathetic, at another conference on child-saving, to hear one

of the speakers explain that he tried to meet this need by having the examples in arithmetic relate to the cost of food and household expenditures.

The lack of a normal emotional outlet is of consequence, and as a result astute physiognomists often recognize what they term the 'institution look.' Maggie, an intelligent girl, who has since given abundant evidence of spontaneity and spirit, spent a short time in an excellent orphanage. She told me the other day, and wept as she told it, that she had felt no unkindness there, but remembered with horror that when they arose in the morning the 'orphans' waited to be told what to do; and that feeling was upon her every hour of the day. In fact Maggie stirred me to make arrangements to take her out of the institution because, when I brought her for a visit to the settlement, she stood at the window the entire afternoon, wistfully watching the children play in our back yard, and not joining them because no one had told her that she might.

One is reluctant to speak only of the disadvantages of institutional life, for there are many children rescued from unfortunate family conditions who testify to the good care they received, and who, in after life, look back upon the orphanage as the only home they have known. For some children, doubtless, such care will continue to be necessary, but the conservative and rigid administration can be softened, and the management and their charges delivered out of the rut into which they have fallen, and from the tyranny of rules and customs which have no better warrant than that they have always existed.

Perhaps these illustrations are not too insignificant to record. Happening to pass through a room in an asylum when the dentist was paying his monthly visit, I saw a fine-looking young lad about to have a sound front tooth

extracted because he complained of toothache. No provision had been made for anything but the extraction of teeth. An offer to have the boy given proper treatment outside the institution was not accepted, but it needed no more than this to insure better dentistry in his case and in the institution in future. The reports stated that corporal punishment was not administered. When a little homesick lad displayed his hands, swollen from paddling, a request for an investigation, and that I be privileged to hear the inquiry, put a stop, and I am assured a permanent one, to this form of discipline. These are the more obvious disadvantages of institutional life for the child. The more subtle and dangerous are the curbing of initiative and the belittling of personality.

An intelligent observer of the effects of institution life on boys, a Roman Catholic priest, established a temporary home in New York to which they could come on their release from the institution until they found employment and suitable places to board. His insight was shown by his provision for the boys during their brief sojourn with him of a formal table service, and weekly dances to which girls whom he knew were invited. As he astutely observed, the boys often went into common society, or society which made no demands, because, from their lack of experience, they felt ill at ease in a circle where any conventions were observed.

Where life goes by rule there is little spontaneous action or conversation, but the children occasionally give clues to their passion for personal relationships. In an institution which I knew, the children were allowed to write once a month to their friends. More than one child without family ties took that opportunity to write letters to an imaginary mother, to send messages of affection to imaginary brothers and

sisters, and to ask for personal gifts. They knew, of course, that the letters would never leave the institution.

An unusual instance of intense longing for family life and the desire to 'belong' to some one was given by Tillie, who had lived all her life in an orphan asylum. Sometimes she dreamed of her mother, and often asked where she was. When she was ten years old the wife of the superintendent told her that her mother had brought her to the asylum, but that all she could remember about her was that she had red hair. From that day the child's desire to reestablish relations with her mother never flagged. In the files of the asylum a letter was discovered from an overseer of the poor in an upstate town, saying that the woman had wandered there. At Tillie's urgent request he was written to again, and after a search on his part it was learned that she had been declared insane and taken to the hospital at Rochester. The very day that Tillie was released from the orphan asylum she secured money for the trip and went to Rochester. The officials of the hospital received her kindly and took her into the ward where, although she had no memory of having seen her, she identified her mother — doubtless by the color of her hair. The mother, alas, did not recognize her. Two years later the girl revisited the hospital and found her mother enjoying an interval of memory. Tillie told me that she learned 'two important things' — that she had had a brother, and my name. How I was connected with the fortunes of the family the poor bewildered woman could not explain, and I have no recollection of her. Tillie followed these clues as she has every other. She has learned that the brother was sent West with orphans from an Eastern institution, and that he has joined the army. The devoted girl is making every effort to establish a home to which she can

bring the mother and brother, utterly regardless of the burden it will place on her young shoulders.

We must turn to the younger countries for testimony as to the wisdom of the non-institutional care of dependent children. In Australia the plan for many years in all the provinces has been to care for them in homes, and in Queensland and New South Wales the laws permit the children to be boarded out to their own mothers. It is encouraging to note the increasing number of responsible people in America who are ready to adopt children. It may not be possible to find a sufficient number of suitable homes to provide for all who are dependent; but once the policy of decentralization is established, other methods will be evolved to avoid large congregations of boys and girls. Two of my colleagues and I have found much happiness in assuming responsibility for eight children. Quite apart from our own pleasure in taking to ourselves these 'nieces' and 'nephews,' we believe that we shall be able to demonstrate convincingly the practicability of establishing small groups of children, without ties of their own, as a family unit. Our children live the year round in our country home, and are identified with the life of the community; and we hope to provide opportunity for the development of their individual tastes and aptitudes.

Education and the child is a theme of widest social significance. To the age-old appeal that the child's dependence makes upon the affections has been added a conviction of the necessity for a guarded and trained childhood, that better men and women may

be developed. It is a modern note in patriotism and civic responsibility, which impels those who are brought in contact with the children of the poor to protect them from premature burdens, to prolong their childhood and the period of growth. Biologists bring suggestive and illuminating analogies, but when one has lived many years in a neighborhood such as ours, the children themselves tell the story. We know that physical well-being in later life is largely dependent upon early care, that only the exceptional boys and girls can escape the unwholesome effects of premature labor, and that lack of training is responsible for the enormous proportion of unskilled and unemployable among the workers.

The stronghold of our democracy is the public school. This conviction lies deep in the hearts of those social enthusiasts who would keep the school free from the demoralization of cant and impure politics, and restore it to the people, a shrine for education, a centre for public uses.

The young members of the settlement clubs hear this doctrine preached not infrequently. Last June the City Superintendent, addressing a class graduating from the normal school, made an appeal for idealism in their work. He spoke of the possibilities in their profession for far-reaching social service, and named as one who exemplified his theme the young principal of a great city school, once one of our settlement boys.

[In the June issue of the *Atlantic*, Miss Wald's topic will be, 'Children and Work.' —THE EDITORS.]

MY FRIEND THE TURK

BY H. G. DWIGHT

I. DOUML DOUML

CONSTANTINOPLE, in September, reminded me of the Balkan War. It was all flags and soldiers and tooting and drumming, and nobody had any idea what was going on, and the most baroque stories ran about from mouth to mouth in the true Mediterraneo-Asiatic fashion. Only the suspense was of a different color this time. There was so new a feeling in the air that I, who am an insatiate snapshooter, locked up my camera. Time was when it amused me to get arrested, and the story of my prisons would outdo Silvio Pellico. But that innocent time is no more. I firmly resolved that I would do nothing to irritate the police if they would do nothing to irritate me. They looked much more determined than I remembered them. They were also much less polite toward foreigners. That was what the flags were about, really. Incidentally they meant the Sultan's birthday, — the birthday of Papa Thankyou, as some people irreverently call him. He came to the throne late in life, after many years of hardship and humbling at the hands of his iron elder brother; and I suppose it seemed so wonderful to him to have enough money and to see everybody bow to him, that he kept saying what was in his simple Turkish heart: 'I remained grateful.' He has remained grateful ever since, and his courtiers rather laugh at him for it, poor dear, while they are secretly glad that he is like that, and the most manageable of Papas. So for

his birthday present they gave him the Capitulations.

I was just too late for the demonstration in honor of this strange beast, which many people insisted on calling 'catipulation' — or 'catipoulationne,' if you will pronounce it, as they did, in a French manner. Most of them took it to be a town in France which had been taken by the Germans, and rejoiced accordingly. Luckily I was not too late to hear an English friend of mine interview one of the demonstrators on the subject, a wiry Laz lighterman of the harbor, who reported that he and his brothers in the guild had been told to come on such and such a day to such and such a place and carry a flag. Why were they to carry flags, we inquired? How, he replied, should he know? It was the order. Some said it was to frighten the bakers, who had been baking short weight.

Another friend of mine, who first knew of the great event by the flags in his quarter, went to find out what they meant. The first man he asked said they celebrated the fall of the Moratorium, the two foreign words being equally vague to the lay Turkish mind. A second said that the Italians had taken Paris! The third did pronounce the unpronounceable word; but there was fair ground to question whether he had any more idea of what a Capitulation might be than you, intelligent Western reader. Because you are Western and intelligent it is not for me to take your time by giving you an account of those old treaties which the

Turks suddenly found means to abrogate. I may say, however, that they made it possible for foreigners to establish their own post-offices in Turkey, to live there without being taxed or tried like the people of the country, and otherwise to multiply states within the state. And I, for one, cannot find it in my heart to blame the Turks, really, for seizing so good a chance to take their own affairs into their own hands.

Meanwhile the drumming went on and on, — such drumming as can go on only in that land of drums, where half the people cannot read and where notices are given out by the same night watchmen who cry the news of fires. For fires, though, they don't drum. So that eternal pounding, generally at night, sounded all the hollower and more fateful. It began again one evening when I was sitting in a coffee-house. Two Turks sat at the next table. '*Douml douml douml!*' exclaimed one of them. 'What is this *douml douml*? We heard *douml douml*, and Bulgaria went. And then we heard *douml douml*, and Crete went. And then we heard *douml douml*, and Tripoli went. And then we heard *douml douml*, and Macedonia went. And now we hear *douml douml* and Constantinople will go — and I'm going too,' he added, getting up, suddenly remembering that it was not well to discuss the affairs of the empire before too many ears. For there were listeners abroad in the land, and they got more than one coffee-house politician into trouble. But the *douml douml* went on, night after night, calling for soldiers, calling for blankets, calling for winter underclothes, calling for men between twenty and forty of those who are able to carry pianos on their backs, calling for masons and carpenters and stovemen, calling even — and very insistently — for people who could speak German.

It was no wonder, for never in my

life did I see so many Germans, outside of Germany — or New York — or Venice in the mating-season. A lot of them wore uniforms and swaggered about in motor cars, preferably in those requisitioned from English residents. The fat scion of a certain great Turkish house whispered to me that the soldiers did not love the German officers too much. For your Turk, while enduring past endurance and obedient to the death, is a very human creature, if slow-moving in mind and body; and while he does his best to understand a foreign accent and even to gulp down those prepared mixtures known to him as German soup, it goes against his grain to be cuffed, or haply to be shot, for failing to salute with sufficient promptness. There were more Germans out of uniform than in, however, looking very intelligent and highly competent and rather mysterious. And the Goeben and the Breslau, or, if you like, the Yavouz Selim and the Midilli — which, being interpreted, are the Grim Selim and the Mitylene — strutted up and down the Bosphorus, under Turkish flags to be sure, but with German eagles emblazoned on their bows and dozens of German sailor-caps moving about their decks. Even when the sailors began masquerading as Turks, the way they wore their fezzes betrayed them when their faces did not.

What did it all mean? For even after the Turks allowed their front door — the Dardanelles — to be banged and bolted in everybody's nose, we were still simple enough to wonder which way the Turkish cat would jump. For the moment it meant neutrality, if you please, — a kind of neutrality which forbade the British naval mission supposed to be instructing the Turkish navy to board any Turkish ship. So the British naval mission, on the day before a certain festive naval review of which the chief figure was the Goeben-

Selim, quietly packed its Gladstone bags and departed, having contrived to get itself recalled in a manner which I hope is true. It ought to be, because a parson told me he suggested it. The naval mission expected to go, sooner or later, but wanted to be recalled before it was dismissed, and had no sure means of stating its case in a hurry to the Admiralty, mails and cables being very closely watched in those uncertain days. The parson accordingly proposed this cryptic telegram: 'Two Timothy four six seven wire twenty-one.' Which a properly brought-up Admiralty was able to read: 'For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.' And to answer in the sense of the last verse: 'Do thy diligence to come before winter. Eubulus greeteth thee, and Pudens, and Linus, and Claudia, and all the brethren.'

I must confess it sounds a little too good to be true — for even a parson may be gifted with imagination.

II. THE CAT JUMPS

I shall always remember the gray October morning when I heard, through a window framed by yellowing rose leaves, of the raid in the Black Sea. I said nothing to the other people in the house. Again I said nothing when I was called away from the lunch table and told that certain English friends of the house were leaving at once for De-deh Aghach, the Bulgarian port on the Ægean which had become the side door of Constantinople. Then the news came a third time, and not to me. And we all shared an impression of something grave and irreparable and portentous beyond all discerning.

The Germans chose their moment very well. They chose the feast of *Kourban Baïram*, the greatest of all

Mohammedan, or of all Sunnite, feasts, when the ceremonies of pilgrimage culminate at Mecca and when in Constantinople the Sultan, after the early morning sacrifice, holds a great levee of the grandees of the empire. The Germans chose their moment perhaps even better than they knew, for when the first day of *Kourban Bairam* falls on a Friday there is held to be something peculiarly significant about it. On this Friday, at all events, when the news came out of the previous day's attack on the Russians, the levee was said to be unwontedly impressive. It might well be, since not a few of those present must have asked themselves whether they would ever again do homage to the Sultan in Dolma Ba'hcbeh Palace. It was also said that more than one voice was raised in that august assembly against the commission of acts of war without the knowledge of the country. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that very few in the country had been in the secret, and that very many of them were greatly perturbed. None of the confidence with which they went into the Balkan War was visible. The Bulgarians had cured them of that. Silence and grave faces were everywhere, and an anxious questioning whether the irreparable might not yet be repaired, as the motors scurried back and forth between embassies and ministries. On Saturday night, however, the Russian Ambassador broke off negotiations and went away.

The only alternative, of course, would have been for the Germans to go away. But there were too many of them, and by that time only cannon could have driven them away. The Goeben showed me that, out of all her lighted portholes. Without any haste, perfectly at home, she sauntered softly down the Bosphorus that evening, the big gray naughty cat, licking her lips and purring audibly after her pounce in the Black Sea.

On Sunday night the other two ambassadors left. I went to see them go; for the departure of recalled ambassadors at the outbreak of an extension of a world war is not, thank heaven, a thing that happens every day. Also, I wanted to see how the Turks would take it. They took it as they usually take things, gravely, without a sign of the popular feeling shown in Vienna and Berlin last August when the English and French ambassadors went away. What was equally characteristic was the lack of any adequate arrangements at the station, and the consequent delay of the diplomatic train for nearly an hour beyond the time at which it was scheduled to leave. Which only heightened, perhaps, the sense that bore down upon me anew, of how untheatrically life does dramatic things. Sirkeji station never looked dirtier, or less like the proper setting for a historic rupture, while any stage super would have shown more interest in his rôle than the gray-coated police on guard.

The same need not be said of the crowd that filled the station. They were mostly English and French residents, with their wives, their children, and their hand-bags, all dying to get across the frontier and all doubtful whether the Turks would let them. The Turks did not, that night, in spite of the promises they had made to the contrary. It suddenly occurred to them that they might lose some of the money the refugees owed them for income taxes. Great, therefore, was the resultant confusion,—the greater because the police, politely enough but firmly, first tried to clear the station, without completely succeeding, and then tried to keep out the arriving ambassadors and their official families. The three or four minor dignitaries present who might have known who anybody was, kept discreetly to themselves on the outer platform. It accordingly devolved up-

on the attachés of the American Embassy to be masters of ceremonies. Not all of them spoke Turkish, and they had difficulty in rescuing their own chief from the claws of the gray-coats. That I saw with my own eyes. I also saw M. Bompard and Sir Louis Malet push their own way into the station. The young men of their suites, several of them bearing historic names in France and England, likewise bore such loads of luggage as assuredly they had never staggered under before in their lives. I don't suppose that it did the young men any harm, or that they really minded. It merely underscored the general muddle.

When the last person who held a ticket for the diplomatic train was seated in it, the station doors were left unguarded, and those who had been shut out before rushed back, hoping against hope that they might still be allowed to leave by the promised second train. One poor French lady, who seemed to have no friends, ran up and down distractedly, showing her passport to everybody and sobbing that it was in order. The police were now drawn up in line facing the train, on the farther side of the platform railing. She clutched the arm of one of them, through the bars, imploring him to let her board the train. He looked around once and then showed no further consciousness of her existence. A French secretary's wife, taking pity on her, tried to comfort her and to explain that only officials and those related to them were leaving by this train. 'But I also am French!' cried the unhappy one on the wrong side of the bars. When at last the train began to move, she fainted away. She at least, poor terrified creature, showed a sensitiveness to a situation! But at that moment of sudden silence, as the light from compartment windows flickered down the platform, I think no one there, not even in the impassive line of

gray-coats drawn up at attention, can have been without some sense of an irrevocable severing, and of all that dark old imperial town had known of human ebb and flow, and of something strange in the air past all account — as of a stirring of the wind of destiny. And when the tail lights of the train went out in the Seraglio cut and we turned to go home, it seemed to me like having turned a corner. The rising buzz of talk was now all about war. We heard that the Russians had crossed the frontier of the Caucasus and that shots had been exchanged at the Dardanelles.

III. HOLY WAR ALLA FRANCA

My fainting French lady got away. The American Ambassador saw to that, vowing that if the promised train did not leave, he would leave himself. It is not my business to be a press agent, but I must confess to an ingenuous welling of patriotic pride, and to a suspicion of something new in the annals of diplomacy, when the staffs of the Embassy, the Consulate General, and the dispatch boat, headed usually by the chief in person, turned up at Sirkeji many successive mornings and nights, — at hours when other official people were enjoying their beauty sleep or dressing for dinner, — to see that the Turks kept their word and that the refugees departed in what peace they might. The flight of I know not how many hundred of these was further sweetened by presents of Turkish Delight. And altogether the representatives of our country in troubled Stamboul must have heard such pretty speeches and read such grateful letters as will make their ears burn for the rest of their days.

At the same time it must be granted that very little of this could have happened, and that so many Englishmen and Frenchmen of military age would never have got away, if the Turks had

chosen to be less magnanimous, — especially when the Germans were at their elbow to point out the true way of treating belligerents. If there was policy in it, a policy foreseeing the day when peace would be reestablished and when money would again be required from France and England, the fact remains that your Turk, after all, is not so black as he is painted. And while he has done and will yet do many incredibly stupid things, I cannot in my inmost heart help feeling sorry for him.

Among other memorable days of that memorable period I recollect very vividly the one, a fortnight after the outbreak of hostilities, when I heard, rather in the manner of *The Ring and the Book*, at a belligerent dinner-table, the day's story of the launching of the Holy War. Every one had some item to contribute about the gathering at the mosque of the Conqueror; or the solemn reading of *fetwas*, the justificatory questions and answers that had lain twenty-four hours in the sanctuary of the relics of the Prophet; or the mingling of Turkish and Austrian and German flags; or the marching to the Sublime Porte, the Seraglio, and the two friendly embassies; or the various speeches; or the final breaking of belligerent windows and the wrecking of a technically belligerent hotel, to say nothing of the destruction, earlier in the day, of the Russian war memorial of 1878. The last items were the ones that most impressed our imaginations on that uncanny November night. We all knew something of other holy wars. The owner of several of the broken windows was of our number; and at the end of the evening another American and I walked home with him, that his very adequate fists might have the moral support of our neutrality in case any one should attempt to interfere with him or with the important dispatch case he carried. I may add that no one did so, although, to the

several police and military patrols we passed, the hour must have seemed somewhat unusual for promenades with dispatch cases on lonely quays. And the next day the window-breaking part of the Holy War was publicly disavowed, and the owner of the dispatch case received profuse apologies from high quarters, being furthermore begged to remain in Constantinople and continue his business without fear of molestation. Nor was his altogether an exceptional instance, if one may judge from a proclamation which I saw later. The proclamation, issued to the people of Palestine, closed with these remarkable words: 'The goods, the life, the honor, and especially the individual rights of the subjects of the states at war with us are also under the guarantee of our national honor. I therefore shall not allow the least aggression toward these. . . . May God give success to Islam.'

Allah indeed is great, if Islam can be addressed in words such as these on the subject of holy war. The Germans must have counted not a little on that old bogey which they pulled out of the dust of the Turkish cupboard. It looked grim enough when it was first pulled out, as I have just borne witness. But it has quite lost its first grimness, for reasons to which I have also borne witness. A real holy war, against all Christendom, Islam might perhaps rise and wage with enthusiasm. But a holy war of tenderesses strange to European battlefields, against a fraction only of Christendom, waged in unnatural alliance with another fraction of Christendom, of which a lesser fraction lately wrested away a bleeding member of Islam — that is a holy war which Islam can scarcely be expected to comprehend. The case was rather amusingly put by an old Turkish servant of friends of mine, whom the proclamation of holy war threw into great doubt and distress

of mind. He had long eaten the bread of his Christian masters, as he expressed it, and he loved their children like his own. Yet if his caliph commanded him to up and slay them — He went away one day exceeding sorrowful, not knowing how to harmonize his two allegiances. But he came smiling back the next morning, having settled the matter overnight in a coffee-house. This holy war, it appeared, was holy war not *alla turca* but *alla franca* (those old Italian terms are still current in Turkish). Therefore there was no need for him to refuse his master's bread!

That damaging little word, I fancy, must have gone around more than one coffee-house. It betrays in its own way the changing air that has blown over Turkey since the days when ambassadors of unfriendly states were thrown, at the outbreak of war, into the Seven Towers. I think it is unfair for us of the West not to recognize the fact. I am even unfashionable enough to think there is something to be said in favor of the young man who more than any other Turk is supposed to be responsible for this new holy war. Enver Pasha may be vain and ambitious. Most men, and especially most men under thirty-five, are. It is also likely enough that he has made mistakes. His entire career, nevertheless, from the time when, as a subaltern in Smyrna, he quelled an incipient riot, to his recent reorganization of the army and wholesale retirement of elderly or incompetent officers, proves him to have the courage of his convictions. He has never failed in decision or independence of judgment. How common are such men in any land? And no one can seriously criticize him for doing what seems to him best to raise the fallen fortunes of his country. If his personal sympathies happen to be German, it cannot be said that England or France or Russia has done very much to win them.

This is not the place for me to go into the long and complicated story of international intrigue in Constantinople during the past generation. But I may point out one perfectly legitimate reason why German influence has prevailed, if only for a moment: Germany possesses no territory which once belonged to the Turks, and does not rule one Mohammedan subject.

The real trouble, of course, with Enver Pasha and his patriotic Young Turks is that their fundamental thesis is untenable — except for themselves. When they perorate about the sacred soil of their fathers and weep over their lost provinces, it is affecting because they really mean it. But no one not a Turk can sympathize with them very deeply. For their lost provinces were as little Turkish as anything could be, and if the sacred soil of their fathers exists anywhere it is hardly in the empire they rule. If time and antiquity of sentiment count for anything, the soil of that empire is far more sacred to the Greeks, to the Armenians, to the Kurds, to the Arabs, to all the other people who were there centuries before the Turks broke out of the East. No amount of oratory or patriotism can change that cold indestructible fact. And therein, my poor Turks young and old, whom I truly love, lies your tragedy. You are squatters in fields which are not your own, and your own have been too long lost for you to find again. Time was, perhaps, when you might, by killing or forcibly converting the men whose lands you invaded, have made those lands your own. But that time is past. It is too late now to convert or to destroy a nation. Your only chance is to build up a civilization superior to those about you. Are you equal to it? I fear the empire that bears your name cannot remain yours for ever, because there are too few of you in it, and you have there too few rights. To raise the

cry of Turkey for the Turks is mere blindness and chauvinism. Nothing, in the long run, can come of it, — until you, or what is left of you, in some corner of what was once your stolen empire, form a compact and practically homogeneous people.

IV. THRACE

It is unnecessary to recount the increasingly sombre changes in the color of Constantinople whereby a sketcher in sketch-books was drawn to muse with sympathy on his native land. His native land, to be sure, is one where you may not say what you mean, or wear what you choose, or build a wall around your garden, without getting into more trouble than such eccentricities are worth. But it is a land where at least you don't have to think twice before putting a lump of sugar into your coffee or throwing away a pair of shoe-laces; where such money as is coming to you comes; where you may post or receive letters in the English language; where no censor decorates with big black splotches the little mail that dribbles through to you; where the police do not look at you askance and strangely for carrying a notebook and sometimes scribbling in it; where your house is not searched and researched at all hours of day and night for wireless telegraphy; and where you do not have to burn most of your papers and hide the rest for fear of getting your friends into trouble.

A land so rich in the lesser liberties of life was not to be reached, however, without much visitation of police and consular offices, without argument as to whether a neutral had or had not the right to transport baggage from one part of the town to another, and without my being held up at last so long on an open drawbridge that I expected to miss my train. Even then it

was doubtful whether there would be a train to miss, for the Bulgarians had been doing something on their side of the border. Also, Enver Pasha had complained that it was much too easy for people to get away and carry out news. Every few days the trains were accordingly suppressed, without notice. Mine happened not to be suppressed, and I caught it, — after the police had added another *visa* to my already richly colored passport and had looked through my luggage. The man who did the latter found nothing to be concerned about except some filmpacks that had come by post from England and had never been opened. He tore off the envelope of one, and then tore into the pasteboard case of the filmpack. He was a little alarmed by the visible darkening of the films, until reassured by a more experienced associate. So he carefully wrapped up the filmpack for me again. But I confess I had the bad manners to throw it into his wood-box.

I have always loved to go into or out of Stamboul by train, for the quaint water-side quarters through which you pass, half shut in by the battered old Byzantine walls, but giving you every now and then, through unexpected breaches, a glimpse of the Marmora and its sails and its islands swimming afar. On this cold gray November morning it all took a tinge from the day and from my mood, and I could not help wondering what dark unhappy things would happen there before I came again. We whistled through a last breach in the land wall, continued to skirt the Marmora for a little, then turned inland and climbed the bare heights of Chatalja. They were scarred with trenches, some the old ones of the Balkan War, others freshly and much more scientifically dug. I saw soldiers at work in one. Other soldiers, in big gray coats and hoods, guarded every bridge and culvert on the line.

A policeman came through the train, tall, dark, grave, handsome, asking every one his business and where he was going. In my compartment were three Turks whom he looked at and passed by. I did n't quite make them out — or two of them, at least. They might have been provincial magnates, going home after a visit to town. The more talkative of the two used one French word to every six Turkish, invariably addressing the others as *mon cher* — and even me, when he discovered that I was not an English refugee. The third was very Young Turk, — too young even to be a soldier, he confided to me. It filled him with despair, for he was waiting for the chance to become a hero. They all got out at Chatalja, the station of which is outside the lines. I wondered what they would do there with their *mon chers*.

For some distance beyond, the country was much broken and overgrown with scrubby trees, — one reason why it took the Bulgarians so long to get from Lüleb Bourgas to Chatalja. Then the land flattened out into an empty wilderness of rain, vaguely marked at long intervals by some charred relic of the Balkan War or by a raw new wooden station. No one would ever suspect the vicinity of a great capital, that had been a great capital for two thousand years. On all the side tracks, it is true, were long freight trains — of which many cars were marked in huge red letters, INFLAMMABLE or EXPLOSIBLE. It was easy to guess what was in them, brought from Austria and Germany through a benevolently neutral Bulgaria.

In the corridor I made the acquaintance of two French priests. They, like many other priests and nuns on board, had just been expelled from the country; and their schools, like all those belonging to the belligerent powers, had been seized by the Turks. They told

me how their premises had been searched eleven times in fifteen days for wireless, and how in the end they had been turned out. The one of them who had spent the longer time in the country had much to tell me that was interesting about his experiences and about his friends among the Turkish journalists and politicians of the capital. I remember most vividly how he exclaimed: 'Poor Turks! They will never arrive anywhere, for they lack continuity' — *l'esprit de suite*. 'They have honesty, they have force, but it is not enough. You must have knowledge, conceptions. While they' — His expressive eyebrows completed his meaning.

During the afternoon we changed cars, the Constantinople train going on to Sofia and the Danube, while we turned south toward the Aegean. Another policeman asked the usual questions, the answers to which he noted in the usual book. This time my companions were a vivacious Greek lady and a couple of Englishmen. It was after dark when we reached Demotica, the frontier town. There new functionaries appeared, intent upon examining our bags and our purses for letters or gold. None of the former, and only £10 of the latter, might we carry away.

One of my Englishmen had £40, for which he displayed a permit from the Minister of Finance. He was asked to step out and interview the chief of the station police. The other Englishman caught the eye of the inspector. 'Your friend Ali Effendi told me to give you his regards,' he said in Turkish. The inspector looked a little vague. 'He also asked me to give you this,' continued the Englishman, handing the inspector an envelope. The inspector took it and salaamed courteously. 'And

which are your bags?' he inquired of neutral me, turning his back on his enemy the Englishman — whose pockets were full of sovereigns and who after all had only given the fellow a dollar!

Our Greek lady looked a little coy and opened everything she had before the inspector was ready for her, even to a lunch basket in which sat a plump cold fowl. She lifted it up for the inspector to glance under it.

Meanwhile the other Englishman returned from the station with his £40, saying that he had seen a pile of gold on a table. A good deal of it came from the coin necklaces of peasant women in the third-class cars. The police would chop off ten coins, hand them back to the unhappy owner, and confiscate the rest.

At last the train started slowly, stopped, started on. The Greek lady threw open a window and solemnly spat out of it — at the country of which she was free. Then she began to laugh, so immoderately that for a moment we thought her mad, — and still more when she insisted that each one of us should lift her cold fowl. It was as heavy as lead. 'No wonder!' she cried. 'It is stuffed with gold! Ah, those Turks!'

As for myself, I could not help remembering the French priest and his exclamation, 'Ces pauvres Turcs! Ils n'arriveront jamais à rien.' Is it true? I wondered.

Just then we stopped again; I found myself looking at a new kind of soldier, who looked up out of the penumbra of light cast by the window — not very tall, but very straight, very slim, very trim, very fair, and with an assured twinkle in the eyes of which I seemed to ask my question. Bulgaria!

THE BRITISH CABINET

BY ALFRED G. GARDINER

I

Two features of the situation in England deserve attention, not only because of their importance, but also because of their unexpectedness. One is the entire absence of emotionalism, and especially of any tendency to jingoism, on the part of the public; the other is the remarkable and continued confidence shown in the Government. Both proceed in some measure from one cause. The menace is so overwhelming as to leave no room for the ordinary extravagances of popular feeling or party prejudice. (Apart from the licensed perversity of Mr. Bernard Shaw, only one sentiment prevails. The country is satisfied that it is fighting for its existence against the most powerful enemy that ever assailed it, and satisfied also that the Government is free from complicity in the crime that is deluging Europe with blood. With the practical good sense that comes with a supreme emergency, it avoids alike the sort of popular frenzy that characterized the progress of the Boer War and the censorious attitude usually adopted toward a government in war-time.

But there is another and more positive reason why the Government commands the confidence of the country. John Bright used to say that war always destroyed the government that waged it, and the present war may be no exception to the rule. But at the end of nearly eight months of unexampled trial, Mr. Asquith's Administration is more firmly seated than at any moment

in its history. Pitt himself never possessed such a widespread authority over the public mind as Mr. Asquith and his colleagues exercise to-day. There are, of course, departmental criticisms on such subjects as the contracting methods of the War Office and the administration of the Press Bureau. But these criticisms do not touch the central faith of the country in its rulers. That is absolute, unquestioning, and wholly unprecedented. It is as marked on the Conservative side of politics as on the Liberal. Conservative members openly acknowledge their satisfaction that their party is not in power. One of the most representative of them said to me the other day, 'Imagine — at the Treasury, — at the Admiralty, — as Prime Minister.' And at each name his hands made a gesture of horror.

If there is an element of surprise in the general satisfaction, it must be remembered that the memories of the South African War are still fresh in the public mind. The history of that war was a record of almost uninterrupted disappointments: military failure, financial blundering, false estimates of difficulties, false methods of handling them—all culminating in the humiliating scandals revealed by the War Stores Commission. The experience of that war was undoubtedly a valuable preparation for the struggle that was to come fifteen years later. It sent the nation to school, chastened its spirit, spread abroad a popular distrust of the cant of imperialism, and led to a searching revision of the military system of

the country. England entered on the European war with a vastly better equipment and in a much saner spirit than could have been the case without the lessons of South Africa. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that the smooth working of the military and financial machine which so astonished the country at the beginning of the war was largely due to the alarms of 1911, which prepared the Government for the handling of the situation three years later.

But when every consideration of this sort has been admitted, the efficiency of the Government remains a matter of universal agreement. The boldness of its measures, the promptness with which they were put into operation, the far-seeing scope of its preparations, and the sense of unity and momentum behind its action, have impressed the nation profoundly and given it a feeling of security which events have done nothing to weaken. The extent to which England has provided, not only the material and financial resources of the Allies, but their intellectual energy and initiative, is well understood, and there is in no quarter any disposition to refuse to the Government the main credit for the satisfactory course of the campaign.

The capacity of the Asquith Administration in the parliamentary and legislative sphere had, of course, long been recognized, with enthusiasm on the one side, grudgingly and of necessity on the other. But success in the parliamentary sense did not predicate success in the wholly different tasks of war — might indeed foreshadow unfitness for those tasks. And yet familiarity with the dominating personalities of the Cabinet could hardly warrant any disquiet on the subject, for those personalities have throughout been conspicuous as men of action, and of swift adaptability to new conditions and new problems. It is no reflection on the

general level of the Cabinet, which is unusually high, to say that its force, inspiration, and direction proceed mainly from five only of the twenty members. These five are the Prime Minister, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Churchill, and Lord Kitchener. One might be tempted to add a sixth in the person of Mr. Harcourt, were it not that his achievement always seems incommensurate with the sense of latent power that he conveys. He made his first speech in Parliament as a minister of the Crown, and expectation has waited on him patiently for some demonstration of his father's masterful influence; but it has waited so long in vain that it is disposed to leave his doorstep. But, though he has made little impression on the country and indeed seems indifferent to popular *récit*, he carries into the Cabinet a personal force and a subtlety of mind that are never negligible. He may be paired with Lord Haldane, — an old foe of his in the days of the Boer War, — who with equal subtlety of mind and much more activity in public also just fails, in spite of his enthusiasm for the doctrine of 'efficiency,' to be a first-rate influence on events.

II

From the five members who constitute the driving power of the Government, Lord Kitchener may be momentarily detached. He is the soldier, *sans phrase*, who has been introduced into the Cabinet for the emergency and on entirely technical grounds. The remaining four divide themselves temperamentally into two widely different groups. Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey are typical products of the Balliol of Jowett's great day, — contemptuous of display and rhetoric; avoiding all demagogic appeals to popular emotion with a sort of academic horror of vulgarity; given to understatement rather

than overstatement of their case; distrustful of the idealist, and placing their feelings under a ruthless intellectual discipline; commanding respect for their high qualities of character rather than affection for the warmth of their human sympathies. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill, on the other hand, are as popular as music-hall artists; they are men who love the platform and delight in intimate intercourse with the crowd, who draw their inspiration direct from the democracy, rejoice in action rather than in speculation, respond much more readily to emotional impulse than to theory, and approach every issue with an empirical courage that is indifferent to tradition.

It will be obvious, from this contrast, that while Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey are the steadyng power of the combination, their two colleagues are the sails that give it volition. It is not the least of Mr. Asquith's merits that he has been able to attach to himself and to retain the loyalty of men of such startlingly different habits of mind from his own. The fact is largely due to his remarkable freedom from the vices of egotism and personal ambition. No one ever came to power with less individual assertiveness, or in a more personally disinterested spirit. His temperament is naturally easy-going and a little flaccid. He does not care who gets the popular applause so long as the work is done; but he would rather that it was not himself, for he has as little passion for the mob as Coriolanus, or, to take a modern example, the late Lord Salisbury. To some extent, no doubt, his reticence is due to a certain shyness, which often assumes a protective shield of cold indifference. That, behind the rather frigid public exterior, he cultivates the sensibilities, is known to his friends and has more than once been revealed to the public. He is the only man I have seen break down in the

House of Commons under the stress of emotion. It was on the occasion when he announced the final failure of his efforts to bring about a settlement in the memorable coal strike of 1911. And no one who heard his noble tribute to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman could doubt either his sympathy or the candor of his mind. For during the Boer War his relations with Sir Henry had been extremely strained, and when he took office under him, he shared the general distrust of the Liberal Imperialists in regard to one whose simplicity of manner hid from them the essential greatness of his character, and whose loyalty to a very plain faith was easily mistaken for a phlegmatic obstinacy.

It is the accident of events that has made Mr. Asquith the pilot during the most stormy period of British politics for, certainly, a century. He is himself, by temperament, the least adventurous of statesmen. His quality is intellectual rather than imaginative, and he is congenitally indisposed to pluck the peach before it is ripe. At no time in his career has he forced issues on the public. He is content to leave the pioneering work to those who like it, and prefers to make his appearance when the air has been warmed. It would be wholly wrong to assume from this that he is an opportunist, or that he is governed by the motions of the weather-cock. Nothing, indeed, could be further from the truth. It is simply that he is neither an adventurer, nor a political gambler, nor an idealist; but a plain politician, interested only in practicable things and a little indifferent to dreams, even though they are on the point of becoming realities. But once engaged, his mind works with unrivaled power. All the resources of the most capacious intellect that has been placed at the service of Parliament since Gladstone disappeared are brought into play with an economy of method, a startling

clearness of thought, and a passionless detachment of spirit that give him an unrivaled mastery of the House. 'Bring me the sledge-hammer,' whispered Campbell-Bannerman, on one occasion, to his neighbor on the government bench; and Mr. Asquith was brought. His approach to the dialectical battle is like the massive advance of an army corps, just as Mr. Lloyd George's approach is like the swift onset of a cavalry brigade. He has himself expressed his agreement with Pitt, that the highest virtue of statesmanship is patience, and few men have shown a more abundant supply of the virtue in trying situations. His tolerance of the Ulster conspiracy more than once tested the faith of his supporters. In the midst of the passions aroused by the passage of the Parliament Act I saw him for nearly an hour vainly endeavoring to speak while Lord Hugh Cecil and the young Tories howled at him like wolves; and throughout all that unparalleled insult he stood with a certain cold scorn, but without one word of anger escaping his lips. He would not stoop even to characterize such an outrage.

But there is one thing that moves him to passion. He has the soul of the lawyer,—the reverence for the bond, for constitutional precedent, for international law, for the sacred word of nations. He touches greatness most when he is asserting some abstract principle of government, as, when replying at the Albert Hall to some airy remark of Mr. Balfour to the effect that a certain question of taxation was only a trifle, he said, 'A trifle! But it was for trifles like these that Pym fought and Hampden died.' And no one who heard that tremendous impeachment of Germany on the day after the declaration of war can doubt the fierce passion for fundamental things that blazes beneath this drilled and disciplined exterior.

Mr. Asquith, indeed, is a man whom

the emergency always finds greater than the need. His natural tendency to *laissez-faire*—his habit of never forcing a thing until it becomes imminent—gives the impression of want of force, of lack of fire and flame, of intellectual indifference to the issue. But in the moment of crisis he envelops a situation with a sudden and masculine authority that has had no parallel in the House of Commons in this generation. It was so in the case of the famous Curragh camp episode. A position had been allowed to develop of the gravest menace, not only to the Government, but to the authority of Parliament over the army. The War Secretary had to resign, the head of the General Staff had refused to continue in office, and the Government seemed in imminent peril. Then, without, I believe, consulting any one, Mr. Asquith came down to the House and announced that he himself would take the war secretaryship. It was a master stroke that changed the situation in a moment, and the scene that followed—the thrilling shout of triumph on the one side, the visible rout on the other—was as memorable as anything in the annals of Parliament. Among the many German miscalculations in regard to England there was none more disastrous than the misunderstanding of Mr. Asquith. He is slow to anger, but, his indignation once aroused, there is in him a concentrated passion and a sense of power that give extraordinary impetus and weight to his onset. And in their open repudiation of law and honor among nations, the Germans in his eyes outraged the very ark of the covenant.

III

If Mr. Asquith's intellectual mastery of the House is supreme, Sir Edward Grey's influence is not less remarkable as a triumph of character. In many re-

spects his equipment is undistinguished. He has traveled little; it is jocularly said that he made his first visit to Paris when he accompanied the King there a short time ago. He is not a linguist; he is wholly insular in his tastes, almost unknown in society, much more devoted to fishing than to politics; speaks little, and then in the plainest and most unadorned fashion; is indifferent to the currents of modern life, and turns for his literature to the quietism of Wordsworth, Walton, and White's *Selborne*; is rarely seen in the House, and then seems to stray in, as it were, like a visitor from another planet. And in spite of all this he exercises an almost hypnotic influence on Parliament. The detachment of his mind, the Olympian aloofness and serenity of his manner, the transparent honesty of his aims, his entire freedom from artifice and from appeals to the 'gallery,' all combine to give him a certain isolation and authority that are unique. His speech has the quality of finality. Mr. Asquith wins by sheer mental superiority; Mr. Lloyd George wins by the swiftness and suppleness of his evolutions; Sir Edward Grey wins by his mere presence, and the sense of high purpose and firmness of mind which that presence conveys. It is a favorite jest of his enemies that no man can be quite so wise as Sir Edward Grey looks. Like some other products of the Balliol system, he is more advanced in his views and more popular in his sympathies than his manner and speech convey; but in his conduct of foreign affairs he has adopted a reticence toward Parliament which has been resented, — notably in the case of the Russian agreement of 1907, which was published some days after the Parliamentary session had closed, and also in regard to the nature of the military 'conversations' with France, first disclosed to Parliament in the speech of August 3 last.

It was a disaster that in the fateful days which led up to the war Germany was represented in England by Count Metternich, whose supple and disquieting manner, so full of Machiavellian suggestion, clashed unpleasantly with the direct and simple habit of Sir Edward Grey. Neither could understand the other. Sir Edward could not get behind that elusive exterior, and Metternich could not understand that such plainness as Sir Edward Grey's was anything but a cunning disguise. A change came when Baron Marschall von Bieberstein superseded Metternich, and a little later (on the Baron's death) when Prince Lichnowsky came, with his gentle manner and obvious frankness of purpose. It seemed then, especially with the successful coöperation during the Balkan Wars, that the danger point in the relations of the two countries was passed; and Sir Edward Grey was clearly moving with strong hope toward an understanding with Germany. His efforts for peace during the last fatal week of July are on record; and no one who saw him in the House during that tremendous time, when the Chamber seemed darkened with impending doom, can doubt either his surprise at the sudden blow or his passionate desire to save Europe from the coming disaster. When some one met him after his speech of August 3, and rather ineptly offered his congratulations on what Mr. Balfour had called the most momentous speech made in Parliament for a hundred years, he turned away with the remark, 'This is the saddest day of my life.' I am told that at the Cabinet council next morning more than one minister broke down under the dreadful strain, and that Sir Edward Grey was among them. But, indeed, there were more tears shed in England in those tragic days than ever before. And they were not tears of weakness, but of unspeakable grief.

If Mr. Asquith is the brain of the Cabinet and Sir Edward Grey its character, Mr. Lloyd George is its inspiration. No matter what the wave that rolls in, he is always on its crest. He is light as a cork, swift as a swallow, prompt as a tax-collector. There is the magic of genius about this glancing, wayward, debonair Welshman, who, with nothing but his own native wit and dauntless courage, — his sling and his stone, as it were, — has stormed the seats of the mighty and changed the whole current of British politics. For ten years the fiercest battle in modern political annals has raged around his crest. All the forces of wealth, influence, society, and privilege have been mobilized for his suppression; for with a true instinct they have seen in his agile mind, his far-reaching aims, and his unrivaled influence over the democracy, the supreme peril to the dominion of the aristocratic order in the sphere of public affairs. And at the end of the breathless struggle, when the country is fighting for its very existence, his fiercest foes are thanking heaven for Lloyd George, and the city bankers are suggesting, half in jest, but half in earnest, that his services should be rewarded with a dukedom. The secret of this unprecedented career is not obscure. He is the first real expression of the supremacy of the democracy. Other men have interpreted democracy from without, philosophically, objectively; but here is one who comes hot from his very heart, uttering its thoughts in its own language, feeling its agonies and aspirations with passionate sympathy, making them vivid and actual with the glow of his mind and the swift imaginative illumination of a poetic temperament. All his thought and action comes from his direct experience of life. No man of distinction ever carried less *impedimenta*, or was more free from the dominion of the past or of other minds.

He lives by vision, not thought; by the swiftness of his apprehension, not by the slow correlation of fact and theory. If he wants to introduce a shipping bill, he takes a voyage to study the life of the sailor at first hand; if he wants to know about coal-mining, he goes down a coal-mine; if he wants to know what is wrong with casual labor, he mixes with the crowd at the dock-gates in the early morning, to hear with his own ears and see with his own eyes. It is this directness and actuality, this independence of all theory and doctrine, that give him his astonishing volition. He is not encumbered with precedent, but leaps to his own conclusion and flashes to his own goal careless of all the criticisms of the learned. He takes his sympathies for his counselors and leaves political doctrine to the schoolmen. It follows that he is least convincing and least convinced when his case rests on a statement of theory. For example, he has made the most brilliant series of speeches delivered during the past fifteen years; but though the fiscal issue has been one of the prominent subjects of discussion, I cannot recall one really weighty contribution that he has made to the Free Trade case.

There is, of course, a peril in this empiricism. It is the source at once of the glamour that invests his movements and the nervous expectancy with which those movements are watched. But he has two safeguards. The first is his real passion for the common people. With all his success and all his wanderings into high places, his heart is untraveled. It turns unfailingly to the little village from which he sprang, between the mountains and the sea, and to the old shoemaker uncle who watched over his childhood and taught himself French that he might pave the way of the boy to the law, and who still lives to marvel at the man who has made a sounding-board of the world. That love

of the people, sincere and abiding, is his saving grace. And, in the next place, he is not unconscious of the quality which is at once his strength and his weakness. He has no petty vanity; and though he does not go to textbooks, he goes to men. On every subject as it arises he gathers round him the best expert minds available; thrashes out the problems over the breakfast table, in committee, on the golf links, everywhere; and with his easy accessibility to ideas arrives at conclusions which are at once informed and practical.

It is this practice which makes the giddy and daring path he has followed so secure, and so triumphant. And it is this practice also which, during this crisis, has made him the idol of his former enemies. The nation was confronted with the menace of an incalculable financial disaster. A timid man, hedged round with academic restraints, would have brought the city to ruin. Mr. Lloyd George seized the situation with the imaginative courage of a creative mind. The old foundations had gone. He had to extemporize new ones on the spot; and, with that instinct for the men who matter which is so conspicuous a feature of his genius, he converted what might have been a disaster into a triumph which has won a cheer even from the ranks of Tuscany.

Like Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Churchill, too, is essentially a man of action, though in his extraordinarily various equipment the gifts of abstract speculation and philosophic detachment are not wanting. No one absorbs the atmosphere of a situation more readily than he does, or exhales it with more intellectual conviction, or with a more assured grasp of underlying principles. But though he has a rare power of appeal to the popular mind, his sympathies are not engaged, and his interest in life is essentially the interest of a man of action and adventure. He brings

into public life the spirit of the eternal boy, curious, eager, intense, egoistic. His career has been an astonishing hand-gallop through every realm of experience,—war, literature, journalism, pleasure, travel, politics,—and it is a source of unceasing wonder that with this furious activity of living he has been able to accumulate such stores of ordered thought, such an air of statesmanlike authority, such mastery of the whole instrument of political life. But through this versatility there runs the outlook and spirit of the soldier, and he translates all the terms of politics into the strategy of the battlefield. His vision is picturesque and dramatic; and if, in the drama of his mind, he sees himself a colossal figure touching the skies, it cannot be denied that his gifts are equal to his ambitions. He is more admired than trusted, for his amazing energy and impetus are felt to be the instruments of a purpose which is wayward, personal, and autocratic. But if on questions of policy he is regarded with some disquiet, in the executive field the powers of his mind, the swiftness and directness of his vision, and the spaciousness of his understanding are invaluable; and it is recognized that the wonderful preparedness of the fleet for the great emergency that has come, is—next, of course, to the work of Lord Fisher—due mainly to his breathless years of activity at the Admiralty. Perhaps the most important feature of that activity was the ruthlessness with which he swept away the less efficient admirals who obstructed the path of the Jellicoes and Beattys. The mortality was frightful. They went by the dozen, and as they went, the agonies of the old brigade became more hoarse and more incoherent. It is this rough handling of the ark that is the source of the attacks on Mr. Churchill which have proceeded from Conservative quarters even during the progress of the war, and its

triumphant vindication of what he and Lord Fisher have done.

The part which Lord Kitchener has played has, of course, been purely administrative. His introduction to the Cabinet marked a new departure which was disliked by Liberals, but which was justified by the wholly unprecedented situation. Lord Kitchener is a legend of strength and efficiency. The extraordinary dominion he has over the popular mind was in itself an asset of the first importance. If Kitchener was there, it was all right. If Kitchener wanted more men — well, more men there must be. It would be an interesting study to examine the growth of the legend and the materials out of which it has been fashioned. There are those who regard it as an interesting myth. Certainly the main credit for the extraordinary smoothness and rapidity with which the Expeditionary Force was dispatched belongs, not to Lord Kitchener, whose arrival on the scene was too late to influence the arrangements, but to the war machine created by Lord Haldane, who, for his reward, has been openly assailed in the Conservative press as a pro-German who ought to be out of office if not in the Tower.

IV

There is no space here to deal with the other members of the Cabinet, but something needs to be said on the remarkable coherence that has distinguished it. That coherence is due to the confidence in Mr. Asquith and the spirit of loyalty that is universal in regard to his leadership. But for this fact, there can be no doubt that the Cabinet would have collapsed like a house of cards at the shock of the crisis. It came with such appalling suddenness, the decision had to be so instant, and it had to be made by a cabinet so passionately averse to war, that the survival of

the Ministry is still a matter for wonder. At first, I believe, it is true to say that none but the inner Cabinet were clear on the subject; and even so late as Sunday, August 2 — a day of almost incessant meetings — the dissentients were, if not in a majority, at least so numerous and so powerful that a coalition cabinet seemed inevitable. But as the position of Belgium became more clear, the opposition weakened, and in the end only two members of the Cabinet, Lord Morley and Mr. Burns, resigned. They were accompanied in their retirement by Mr. C. P. Trevelyan, one of the under-secretaries. It was a surprisingly small disruption in the presence of a crisis of such magnitude, and it left the position of the Government practically unaffected. This conveys no reflection upon the respect universally entertained for the two dissentients. Neither of them has since made any public utterance on the subject, and we can only speculate upon the motives of their action; but in both cases I think it will be found that the cause of disagreement is to be looked for in events anterior to the immediate crisis rather than in the facts of the crisis itself. In the case of Lord Morley, a very powerful factor in his decision had undoubtedly no relevance to the duty of the country in the matter. He was the oldest member of the Cabinet, and for a long time his sensitive temperament had chafed under the strain and irritations of office. When, to the general surprise, he took a seat in the House of Lords, he did so, as he said in a letter to Spence Watson, for two reasons: because he found the pressure of life in the House of Commons made the fulfillment of the duties of his office too severe a task; and because, as he was childless, there was no question of a hereditary peerage. It is probable that in any case he would have found himself unequal to the strain of office dur-

ing a prolonged struggle, and it was natural that, with his lifelong devotion to the cause of humanity in its widest and least insular aspects, he should not desire to close his public career amid the tumult of universal war. The reasons which operated in the case of Mr. Burns are less apparent, and not least apparent to those who know him best. That he was definitely opposed to intervention is certain; but it is equally certain that there were collateral causes, and among them the indisposition, as the first representative of labor who had ever sat in a British cabinet, to be associated with the conduct of a great war. Since his retirement he has put himself entirely at the service of the Government in those external tasks of administration created by the war, for which his long experience at the Local Government Board have peculiarly fitted him.

It cannot be doubted that the survival of the Asquith Ministry, practically intact, has been a fact of enormous value to the cause of the Allies. There was at the beginning of the war much speculation as to the advisability and probability of a coalition cabinet; but this passed away with the progress of events and the evidence of the extraordinary efficiency of the Government. There were no thinkable alternatives on the other side to the men filling the chief offices, and it would not have been possible for the Conservatives to accept simply a number of the less important positions. Nor, indeed, did they desire office. Freedom from responsibility left them free to criticize, and free also from the odium which the conduct of a war usually brings upon a government, however efficient and successful it may be. It is just to them to say that they have exercised their freedom with great restraint. The truce which the war has brought about in party politics has been so far, on the whole, very fairly

observed. There has been no attempt to create difficulties for the Government, and there has been a general, even generous, recognition of their success. Moreover, although there has been no official intercourse between the front benches, there has been much unofficial consultation. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the last Tory Administration, has accepted Mr. Lloyd George's invitation to place his experience at the service of the Treasury; and although he has preserved full freedom to criticize, he has, with that touch of magnanimity which makes him so agreeable a figure in the public life of the country, cordially and even enthusiastically indorsed the measures which his successor in the chancellorship has adopted.

As to the attitude of the House generally, it is one of almost unquestioning acceptance of the decisions of the Government. There has never been such a reign of absolutism in the land since the days of the Stuarts; and the British people, like Warren Hastings, may well express astonishment at its own moderation, — at the obedience with which it has surrendered liberties which it had thought were the breath of its existence, at its whispering humbleness in criticism, at its acceptance of an iron discipline of the press, at the unmurmuring instance with which it gives whatever the Government asks, without so much as requesting details. 'We used to have more bother to get a vote for £1000 through committee than we have now to get a vote for £300,000,000,' said one of the Government whips to me, after Mr. Asquith had asked for the last vote of credit. It would be a mistake to argue from this strange spirit of compliance that the country has undergone any loss of its tradition. It only means that it is overshadowed by a peril that has blotted out temporarily all the ordinary separa-

tisms of society, and that there is a universal disposition to avoid any spirit of nagging or querulousness, and to trust the Government absolutely with the fate of the country.

But this restraint will disappear the day that the peril is safely passed. Then an internal struggle of unexampled magnitude will begin. Already behind the stage of the war there is widespread activity and preparation. Among those classes of society (represented in the press by the *Morning Post* and the *Spectator*) which for nearly a decade have been vainly resisting the avalanche of social legislation that has proceeded from the Government, there is a strong belief — perhaps it would be truer to say a strong hope — that one result of the war will be a powerful reaction in domestic affairs.

The hope, quite frankly, turns upon conscription, or, as it is more discreetly called, national service. Militarism, it is felt, is a thoroughly mischievous thing in Prussia; but it would have great virtues at home. The particular virtue aimed at is internal rather than external. With the overwhelming triumph of the voluntary system, the case for compulsory service and military necessity has vanished, and the peculiar needs of the empire are opposed to conscription. But it is felt that universal service, which has resulted in such subservience to the landed interest in Prussia, would be an effective bulwark in England against the rising tide of democracy and the new tendencies toward social unrest and equalitarianism. If the war and the alarms to which it has given rise leave behind a militarist state, it is felt that it will not have been in vain. The country came very near witnessing a military dictation a year ago, and during the later phases of the Home Rule crisis, the Conservatives (having lost the absolute veto of the House of Lords

as their stand-by) quite openly treated the army as their ultimate line of defense against the authority of the House of Commons. 'A nation in arms' would make that defense invulnerable.

Over against these anticipations, however, there are many considerations to be set. The Labor party has supported the Government with great loyalty, but it has supported it in order to destroy militarism in Prussia and not in order to establish it in England. There is, in spite of the hostile feelings aroused by the war, a singular absence of any real popular antagonism to the German people; there is a very widely and deeply held belief that the struggle is, incidentally, for the liberation of that people, as well as of the peoples of Europe generally, from the domination of the Prussian militarists. Much, of course, will depend upon the character of the settlement and the internal results of the war in Germany; much, also, upon the after-effects of the war with its incalculable economic consequences. But democratic opinion has received a great impulse from the events of the past eight months, and especially from the striking experiments in collectivism which the necessities of the war have imposed upon the country. Not least important among the factors that are being released and that are not likely to work for reaction, is the moral result of the experience through which three million young men, the industrial flower of the nation, are passing in the trenches and camps of France and Belgium.

The direction in which the new forces that are coming to birth will flow will be governed largely by the fate of the Government. That it will survive the war is now generally regarded as certain; but its prospects after the war are beyond the range of profitable speculation. There is this, however, to be re-

membered: it possesses in its ranks the most remarkable political strategist that any party has produced in modern politics, and it would not be a very hazardous thing to say, in the phraseology that has become so familiar in these days, that, after the war as before the war, the initiative will be with Mr. Lloyd George,—that is, assuming that he retains hold on democratic opinion. The outbreak of the war canceled the great land campaign which he had been organizing as the next task of the Government. Already the development of that campaign had been seriously hindered by the prolonged struggle over the Home Rule Act. The opposition to that act was not wholly due to a disinterested passion for Unionism, but,

on the English side of the Irish Channel, was in some measure motived by the hope of destroying the Government on an issue more favorable to the Opposition than the defense of the indefensible land system.

For the time being, the land question has vanished with all the other problems of domestic politics; but after the war its urgency will not be less pressing, and it is certain that the Government will endeavor to revive it as the capital task of Liberalism. But the path will be encumbered by so much wreckage from the war and so many new issues, that the Opposition are warranted in hoping that the day of reckoning for English landlordism will be indefinitely postponed.

CAMPAINING UNDER BOTHA

BY CYRIL CAMPBELL

I

It is not surprising that the magnitude of the operations in both the European theatres of war should overshadow the campaign which is at present in progress in the German colony of Southwest Africa. Nevertheless the task which lies before General Botha's troops is no light one: it is no petty colonial expedition, as can be judged from the fact that with the exception of a Rhodesian contingent and a few frontiersmen, South Africa has sent practically no troops to the help of the mother country. This has been made the subject of malicious comment by a few shortsighted English critics, whereas it

really bears out the fact that the Union troops need every man they can place in the field to complete their own share of the work in which the British Empire is engaged.

To reduce a country of an area of 320,000 square miles is in itself a big undertaking; but when, in addition, that country is protected, not only by trained white troops, but by every natural and artificial barrier, to say nothing of an infernal climate, the difficulties of that undertaking are magnified tenfold.

The first point which must strike any one who has taken the trouble to study the conditions of German rule in this, their largest, colony, is the enor-

mous amount of money which has been lavished on it by the government. No less a sum than 40,000,000 marks (\$10,000,000) has been voted annually by the Reichstag as a grant for German Southwest. Now if this amount, or any reasonable proportion of it, had been expended on the development of the country, on the encouragement of settlers, even on the adornment of the towns or the construction of harbors, wharves, or public buildings, German Southwest to-day would be a colony of which any nation might well be proud. Such, however, is not the case. The buildings in the principal towns are plain or ordinary; ships have to discharge their cargoes into lighters; no inducement has been held out to Germans to settle there; and the majority of the farmers are retired soldiers, mostly Uhlans. Every pfennig of the money has been used for military purposes. This vast country is nothing but a huge military camp prepared and equipped on the most elaborate scale as a base of operations for the eventual subjugation of South Africa.

A brief study of the conditions in Germany will soon show the reason of these preparations. Every year sees an enormous number of German emigrants, the vast majority of whom never return. Unlike the Greek or Italian, whose only aim is to acquire enough to buy a small vineyard or shop in his native land, where he may spend the evening of his life, the German becomes a fixture in his adopted land. The grandmotherly legislation of his own country tends to make him an excellent citizen anywhere abroad; and the Johann of the first generation becomes the John, Jean, or João of the second. There are two reasons for this metamorphosis: first, the unpleasant consequences which would attend his return if he had emigrated before fulfilling his military duties, — and certainly sixty per cent

of the emigrants have this end in view; secondly, the adaptability of his nature, which discourages a strict adherence to national or patriotic ties.

This annual emigration has long been the subject of grave discussion among the Kaiser and his counselors. It was yearly becoming more evident that Germany must have an outlet for her growing manhood. Settlement in the States was impossible; even South America was out of the question, owing to America's tenacious adherence to the Monroe Doctrine. Asia had her own teeming millions to feed and clothe. There remained Africa, but the best parts of Africa were already occupied by the ubiquitous Briton. Still, in the world war which would necessarily see the downfall of the British Empire, South Africa would fall, among other tit-bits, to Germany; and in the mean time German Southwest must be made ready as a convenient jumping-off ground.

On the diplomatic side, nothing was omitted to pave the way for this eventuality. Agents crossed the border, armed with pamphlets and documents, all constructed to remind the Dutch farmers of the back *veldt* of their Low German origin. Teuton ideals were disseminated by means of German schools and German churches; the embers of racial hatred were fanned into a fire. A few notorious reactionaries were approached with a view of securing their active assistance, in case of a war between Britain and Germany. Some were bribed with gold; others with promises of the restoration of the old South African republics. It was from this seed that grew the rebellion of Maritz, de Wet, and Beyers, which culminated in an utter fiasco.

But, in the mean time, the military leaders were utilizing their resources to the best possible advantage. Railway lines were constructed on a strategic

principle, the two termini being at Swakopmund and Luderitzbucht: the one line reaching in a northwesterly direction, the other opening up the rich grazing land of the interior in a big semi-circle, and linking both bases. A great network of military roads was also built, joining the important towns, so as to allow of the rapid concentration of troops in conjunction with the railway at any point.

The greatest protection of the country, however, is the handiwork of nature, and consists of the great belt of arid sand which lies between the railway and the Union frontiers. In many places this belt is one hundred miles broad; and although one or two roads have been made by the Germans to pierce it, they do not extend the whole breadth. Therefore, though they allow an attacking force from German Southwest a fair start, they are of no use for an invading force, until it has first passed the waterless region with all its transport and impedimenta. But the Germans, always thorough in their methods, were not content with nature's barrier alone, and have made this protection more complete and elaborate by means of a chain of blockhouses and forts, much like those instituted by Kitchener in the closing stages of the Boer War. This mere fact of their having condescended to borrow the military tactics of another nation is a sufficient proof that their colonial army is not the mechanical machine that its Prussian confrère is.

A more perfect system of communications than that existing between these forts and blockhouses it would be difficult to conceive. Each one is linked to its neighbor by telephone and telegraph, the wires being for the most part underground; while each again is in direct communication with the chief station of its district. Windhoek, moreover, is in wireless communication with

Berlin, and the 'sparking-balloon'¹ is in general use throughout the country.

It will thus be seen that our phrase 'a huge armed camp' is no exaggeration; while it is obvious that all this machinery can be aimed at only one country.

The army, or *Kommando der Schutztruppen in Reichskolonialamt*, as it is called, consists of two field regiments of mounted infantry, 36 field batteries of c/73 field pieces, 12 machine-gun detachments (5.7 cm. quick-firers), a railway corps, field telegraph division, mountain artillery (6 cm.) regiment, and camel corps about 500 strong, with headquarters at Gobabis; mounted police corps, about 800 strong; and an aviation section with headquarters at Karious. They have thus about 10,000 trained white troops, while the white farmers and settlers, most of whom are reservists, bring the total up to 16,000. There are also three divisions of native troops.

It is not exactly known how many aeroplanes they have; but both types, the Taube monoplane and the biplane, have been employed. The ordinary rifle in use is the Mauser with five-clip cartridges.

A great mistake was made at the outset by the Union troops: they underrated the fighting qualities of the enemy. This was due partly to the lack of success obtained by the Germans against the tribes of the interior, and partly to the expressed opinion of many

¹ This, known among the Germans as the *Funkentelegraaf*, is a portable arrangement consisting, besides the instrument, of a pole, a small balloon, a length of wire, or a coil of rope. The pole is planted in the ground, and the wire run from an ordinary Morse telegraphic instrument up the pole, with the end projecting a little way above it. The balloon is then allowed to ascend the required height with a powerful magnet attached, which catches the message and retransmits it to any similarly equipped machine within a radius of six hundred miles. Three men can manage the whole appliance. — THE AUTHOR.

Dutch officers, who had witnessed the operations against the Hereros. Curiously enough, Maritz, the rebel, was one of those who had formed an unfa-

vorable opinion, as he remarked to an acquaintance, 'Give me five hundred Boers, and I will sweep Southwest free of Germans and Hottentots as well.'



MAP OF GERMAN SOUTHWEST AFRICA AND NEIGHBORING UNION TERRITORY

Without going so far as to say that the German mounted infantry or reservists are the equal of the Colonial rough riders or Dutch commandos they are certainly far superior to the average Prussian soldier in Europe. They have long ago abandoned the advance in close formation, they are trained to

take every advantage of cover, and they are fairly good shots.

The failure of the Germans to achieve any notable success over the Hereros was mainly due to the difficult country in which the fighting took place; and when the fighting gets near to the capital, Windhoek, it will be over the same

region. At present, the Union troops have experienced only the sand-belt, as Swakopmund and Luderitzbucht, from which two bases the advance is being made, are both on the edge of the sand-dunes, which, farther in, run up to a high plateau. The Germans have dug wells and water-holes all through the sand and desert districts, but these are all destroyed as they retire, though in one notable instance¹ the water-supply was left poisoned. The natives, however, are now very friendly with the Germans, and not at all disposed to give their knowledge of the country to the invaders.

Walfish Bay, Luderitzbucht and Swakopmund, are now all being utilized for the disembarkation of men, mules, ammunition, and supplies, and as there are no jetties or wharves against which steamers can tie up, the task has been very slow, especially as it can be conducted only when the wind is favorable, — that is, blowing from the land. A light railway is now under construction between Swakopmund and Walfish Bay, to facilitate the hurrying forward of supplies to the railway base.

The advance from Luderitzbucht was made very slowly along the line, with an extended screen of mounted infantry (the Natal Light Horse) in front and on the wings. A few insignificant skirmishes took place, but the Germans did not put up any determined resistance; they were quite content to retire slowly on Aus, which we had no reason then to believe was strongly fortified. They had certainly shown their accustomed thoroughness in their destruction of the railway line. Their engineers, or railway corps, to whom the work had been entrusted, had not been content with blowing up long strips of rail at intervals; instead, every single section had a piece about a yard long

¹ At the evacuation of Swakopmund.

blown out of it, which made the work of reconstruction far more wearisome and tedious.

On reaching 'Station 51 Kilometres' (it had no other name) we made an advanced base of operations of it, as a huge water-tank made an admirable observation post. It was while bivouacking there that I had my first experience of aeroplane bombs.

II

It was a dull morning with streaks of low-lying cloud, and we were stretched out for an after-breakfast smoke, when we heard that peculiar buzzing, humming noise which heralds the approach of a high-powered aeroplane. We could see nothing for the clouds, and though we should have reasoned that it was equally impossible for the pilot to see us through that opaque mass, the presence of that invisible foe overhead made our hearts beat in a very irregular fashion. Unluckily we had no high-elevation guns at that time, and so we all knew that as long as he kept out of rifle-fire, we were absolutely at his mercy. It was a most unpleasant experience.

Suddenly a little puff of wind made a big rift in the cloud, and there right above us, at about five thousand feet, was a Taube monoplane, exactly like a monstrous bird. For a second or so, we all stared as if fascinated by this grim, ominous thing; then realization came to us, and I saw men who had never blenched at shrapnel or the murderous hail of machine guns, turn pale, and lick dry lips with an even dryer tongue. Even as I gazed, I saw a tiny object fall from its under side, and to my horror I could have sworn that it was falling straight on me, — though I learned afterwards from men a hundred yards away that they had precisely the same idea themselves. The round

thing shot down, gradually increasing in size, until it fell about twenty yards from our little group, bursting with a loud report and covering us with sand. One man was killed and three wounded; and then rage somehow mastered our terror, — rage which was only intensified by our knowledge of our own pitiful helplessness. Rifles went off, but it was useless. In quick succession three other bombs fell; luckily only one exploded, wounding two more men and killing a mule. Curiously enough, the horses stood the noise of the tractor without showing any signs of stampeding. Then the machine wheeled round, went off at a great pace, and was soon lost to sight over the distant hills. It was a trying experience, and though it is quite true that one soon gets callous to ordinary shell-fire and rifle-fire, I don't believe that I shall ever view a bombardment from the air with equanimity. Certainly there is less danger than one would expect, if one lies flat, but the feeling of the machine lurking above keeps one's terror alive.

Next morning, about the same time, the lookout on the observation tank called out, 'Aeroplane just coming over the *nek*' (the narrow cut in the hills); and as we looked eastwards, there sure enough it was, a tiny speck in the sky. During the night we had hurried up a heavy field-piece, and the officer in charge ordered it up in position. When it had come within range, the gunners let the pilot have it with shrapnel, and the first shell was aimed beautifully, but alas! the fuse had been timed a second too late and burst when it had passed some fifty yards beyond. Even at that distance, I could see the machine rock and sway dizzily, owing to the air concussion. The next second it dropped dead like a stone, probably owing to an airhole caused by the explosion; and I began to realize that fighting in the air must be as terrifying a job for the pilot

as it is for the men below on whom the airmen rain bombs. With great skill the pilot steadied the machine and at once rose to a great height, just missing two shells which had been nicely timed, but were aimed too low for his rapid ascent. His narrow escape seemed to have embittered him, for, after making a wide swoop, he came over our camp from the rear; and when directly overhead, — a position which rendered our field gun useless, — he dropped five bombs, three of which exploded, killing as many men and wounding six more. Once again I and the rest experienced that sickening gulp of 'funk,' and then he was off toward the coast, sweeping over Luderitzbucht, which he treated to three more of those devilish bombs, and flying at a great height across the harbor, — if it can be deemed worthy of such a title, — as if to gain an idea of the numbers of men and transports. On getting over one of the latter, a small P. and O. steamer, the Gaika, he came down a little in spirals, much to the terror of the crew, who expected a bomb on the deck any moment. Whether his supply was exhausted, it is impossible to say, but a minute later he was rising again and set off back to Aus.

III

These last two days had shown the Union troops how sadly handicapped they were from lack of even one aeroplane; in another week we were to learn that we needed another item of war equipment, if our advance was to be pushed on appreciably. It was decided that a station some miles away, '81 Kilometre Station,' should be occupied, since from there it would be easy to send out some reconnaissance parties and gain an idea of the defenses of Aus. The place was seized next day by a strong party; but owing to the lack of water, it was decided that the main

body should retire on 51 Kilometre Station, and the new post be held by a small party, who should be relieved every other day, the traveling being done mainly by night. On the third day of our occupation, however, a strong reconnaissance force left 81 Kilometre Station and advanced toward the pass through the hills, on the further side of which lies Aus, standing on the extreme edge of the fertile land of the Hinterland.¹ On entering the *nek*, we were greeted by a smart fire from some machine guns, but after a brisk engagement we drove their outposts back and the Germans retired on Aus. For an hour we scanned the place through field-glasses, and perceived certain ominous, but insignificant-looking mounds of earth close to the town, which looked suspiciously like modern fortifications. Our surmise soon received direct proof, as a minute or two later the guns, of far heavier calibre than we had given the enemy credit for possessing, spoke, and a shell or two exploded uncomfortably near. Further evidence of the remarkable thoroughness of the German military preparations was shown by a great cloud of dust coming up to Aus from the interior, plainly raised by a column of troops along one of the military roads mentioned earlier in the article. It was obvious that the outpost with which we had been in contact was connected with headquarters by telephone, and no time had been lost in demanding reinforcements from Kubub or some other fort.

The proof of these defenses in Aus came as a most unwelcome surprise, as we had no guns capable of demolishing the fortifications and silencing their guns. Their existence, moreover, is only more convincing evidence of the ultimate aim to which the German occupation of this colony tended. Any

¹ Hence its name — 'outside' the arid belt of sand. — THE AUTHOR.

argument that they were constructed for defense against the natives is too absurd, since fortifications equal to any demand against natives could have been constructed at a tenth of the cost and labor necessary to erect these.

This discovery, moreover, leads to another and most disconcerting conclusion. If the Germans have taken the trouble to equip in such an elaborate manner Aus, which in itself is not strategically important save as regards its entrance to the fertile Hinterland, it is impossible to avoid the deduction that Keetmanshoop, which is the strategical key of the railways, and Windhoek, the capital and wireless installation centre, are even more heavily fortified.

In view of these circumstances the General Staff were obliged to reconsider the whole question of the tactics to be adopted; and it is necessary to review the different possible lines of advance into this exceptionally difficult country.

After being present at this check on our advance against Aus, I returned to Luderitzbucht and went up in a transport to Walfish Bay, where arrangements were being made for the first attack on Swakopmund, though little real resistance was expected, since it was believed that the town had been evacuated. We set out in the evening, and after a march of some sixteen miles found ourselves on the outskirts of the town. We then advanced cautiously. On reaching the main square we halted, — halted suspiciously, for each one of us had an uneasy feeling of imminent danger. Suddenly the officer in charge cried, 'Down on your faces, lads,' and flung himself flat; and a few seconds later, a hundred yards in front of us, the earth heaved up in one awful convulsion, there was a deafening roar and blinding flash, and at the same moment each of us, lying flat though he was, felt as if he had received a stun-

ning blow in the face and on the shoulders. It was the air shock caused by the explosion. Luckily, no one was hurt, and we soon scrambled up and were congratulating ourselves on a narrow escape. I asked the captain in charge of our detachment what had led him to suspect the existence of the land mine, but he could only explain that he *felt* something was close. At the moment we thought it had been timed to go off at a certain minute, which by sheer luck coincided with our arrival; and it was only next day that we discovered that the wires leading to it and to a second mine, which also exploded harmlessly, came from a little hut three miles inland, from which the Germans must have watched our progress. Thoroughness again!

The enemy seemed also to have a wag among them, for, pinned on the door of the Post-Office, which lay on the further side of the land mine from us, was this little notice:—

'Trust you have found your reception sufficiently warm. Further surprises await you in the interior.'

'The German Southwest Entertainment of Strangers Co., Ltd.'

The 'joke' may not have missed fire, but we were certainly in the position of those that 'laugh loudest who laugh last.' The disturbance of a few tons of earth was all that the 'warm reception' effected. Another so-called 'joke' — the poisoning of the water-supply mentioned previously — also failed to 'make good.'

These details, however, partake of the nature of a digression. We must return to the question of tactics. Would the double advance along the two lines, from Swakopmund and Luderitzbucht, be adequately effective? The disadvantages, apart from those inherent in the country, under which the Union troops labored were lack of aeroplanes, lack of

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artillery capable of battering the Aus fortifications, and those likely to be encountered at Keetmanshoop and Windhoek, lack of high-elevation guns,¹ and the absence of friendly native guides. On the other hand, they were numerically superior to the Germans, and man for man far better soldiers.

The two railway lines from Swakopmund, which are linked together by a cross line before the lower one swerves down toward Windhoek (see map), were both destroyed as systematically as the one starting from Luderitzbucht toward Aus; and a reconnaissance patrol which had been sent out reported that the same damage was visible as far as they dared advance. Therefore any progressive movement from this place must be extremely slow, while it was almost certain that the invasion would be held up by the fortifications and big guns of Windhoek. In this case, the certainty of a similar deadlock along the southern line of advance (that is, from Luderitzbucht to Aus) would mean that both columns would be faced with a siege, although handicapped by the absence of even a pretense of a siege train. The situation was therefore critical, especially as there was always the danger that the remnants of the rebel commandos under Maritz might burst out into sporadic activity along the south-eastern frontier.

Fortunately this danger was lessened by the complete failure of the rebel attack on Upington and the subsequent surrender of Kemp. Moreover, it was ascertained from the prisoners taken there that Maritz was not on good terms with the German leaders, and that his surrender might be expected shortly.

The raids of the rebels, however, had given the General Staff an object lesson. Even if they were acquainted with all the water-holes inside the German fron-

¹ One at least of these is now with the advance force at Station 51 Kilometres. — THE AUTHOR.

tier, still the distance from the border to Upington was greater than that which would have to be accomplished if a flying column were dispatched from Schuit Drift or Raman's Drift to seize Warmbad. For such an expedition Port Nolloth¹ would be exceedingly useful as a base of operations on the one side, since supplies could be landed there and then pushed forward to Steinkopf (see map), which is only about 20 miles from Raman's Drift; in fact, from Steinkopf to Warmbad is from 60 to 70 miles, which could easily be covered by a flying column in two days. From the interior the concentration of supplies and men is not so easy, and it would entail a lot of trouble to collect enough material at Upington, whence it would have to be transferred to Schuit Drift. Seventeen miles from there is a place named Nous, where good water can be found; and another flying column should manage the 65-mile rush on Warmbad from there easily enough. Once Warmbad is occupied, supplies could be transferred there without much difficulty, and then a gradual advance could be made toward Seeheim, thus cutting the railway communication between Aus and Keetmanshoop and the interior. As the name suggests, Warmbad has some natural springs, so that the water problem, which has proved the great difficulty in the campaign, would have no further terrors. It is certainly true that the military roads inside the great railway loop would still be available for reinforcements and supplies; but with the enormous numerical superiority of the Union troops, it would be a simple

matter merely to invest Aus, since with the occupation of Seeheim, any westward advance on the part of the invading force would be through the fertile pastures which form such a startling contrast to the grim and sterile exterior.

The split between the German leaders and Kemp, Maritz, and the remainder of the rebels, which has already led to the surrender of Kemp, will certainly facilitate the progress of operations; but the ultimate reduction of the country will be, nevertheless, a tedious business. The object of the campaign is not one of territorial aggrandizement, though the acquisition of the country will bring some material reward, since it is not wholly composed of sand and desert, as is popularly believed. Every man, however, who takes part in the work will have the higher satisfaction of knowing that his reward is the accomplishment of a duty to humanity. The Germans must be swept out of South Africa. The colony is a standing menace to the Union, as a wholesale manufactory of lies and sedition; while the colonists themselves have been guilty of the most heinous crime a white man can commit in the black continent,—the systematic sale of firearms to the natives. The trafficker in that line deserves the same fate as a horse-thief in the Western States.

The road which the Union army has to tread is long and hard; but the people of South Africa must have patience to endure, and faith in the knowledge of a righteous cause. The future prosperity and development of the southern half of the great continent demands the deletion of this festering sore in its heart.

¹ Port Nolloth is being used for the debarkation of troops, etc. — THE AUTHOR.

THE WAR AND THE WAY OUT

A POSITIVE PLAN

BY G. LOWES DICKINSON

I

I HAVE argued, in previous articles in the *Atlantic Monthly*, that the will to peace is the only sure guaranty of peace. But as, in the past, the will has been hampered by the machinery of European diplomacy, so in the future it may and should be confirmed by a change in that machinery. The system of alliances precipitated war; a general concert must prevent it. We must create an organization by our will, and sustain our will by the organization.

If the reader's will is set upon peace, then I will suggest that he go on with me and ask himself what programme we can put forward to convert will into practice when the new Europe is made after the war. For if it be not made so that it favors peace, it will be made so that it favors war. And which it will do depends in part upon the writer and the reader of these words.

Let us note, first, for our encouragement, that the lamentable condition under which Europe has been suffering for many centuries, was not always its condition in the past, and need not be in the future. There was a time when the whole civilized world of the west lay at peace under a single rule; when the idea of separate sovereign states, always at war or in armed peace, would have seemed as monstrous or absurd as it now seems inevitable. And that great achievement of the Roman

Empire left, when it sank, a sunset glow over the turmoil of the Middle Ages. Never would a mediæval churchman or statesman have admitted that the independence of states was an ideal. It was an obstinate fact, struggling into existence against all the preconceptions and beliefs of the time. One church, one empire, was the ideal of Charlemagne, of Otho, of Barbarossa, of Hildebrand, of Thomas Aquinas, of Dante. The forces struggling against that ideal were the enemy to be defeated. They won. And thought, always parasitic on action, endorsed the victory. So that now there is hardly a philosopher or historian who does not on occasion urge that the sovereignty of independent states is the last word of political fact and political wisdom.

And, no doubt, in some respects it has been an advance. In so far as there are real nations, and these are coincident with states, it is well that they should develop freely their specific gifts and character. The good future of the world is not with uniformity, but with diversity. But it should be well understood that all the diversity required is compatible with political union. The ideal of the future is federation; and to that ideal all the significant facts of the present point. It is idle for states to resist the current. Their trade, their manufactures, their arts, their sciences all contradict their political assumptions. War is a survival from the past. It is

not a permanent condition of human life. And, interestingly enough, this truth has been expressing itself for a century even in the political consciousness of Europe. Ever since the great French war, there has been a rudimentary organ, the 'Concert,' for dealing with European affairs as a whole. There has been hardly an international issue for a hundred years with which it has not concerned itself. It is recognized again and again,—not in theory only, but in practical action,—that the disputes of any states are of vital interest to all the rest, and that powers not immediately concerned have a right and a duty to intervene. Not once, but many times, it has avoided war by concerted action. And though its organization is imperfect, its personnel unsatisfactory, and its possibilities limited by the jealousies, fears, and ambitions of the several powers, it is a clear advance in the right direction and a definite admission, even by statesmen and politicians, that internationalism is the great and growing force of the present. What we have to do, at the conclusion of this war, is to discover and to embody in the public law of Europe the next step toward the ultimate federal union. We must have something better than the concert. We cannot hope to achieve the federation. What can we do? It would be presumptuous for any single thinker to put forward dogmatically his own suggestion as the best and most practicable. What I here set forth is, however, the result of much discussion and of much thought. I hope, therefore, that the reader may be willing to consider it seriously, whether or no he can indorse it.

II

The preliminaries of peace must, I suppose, be settled between the belligerents; and it is probable, though very undesirable, that they will be settled

behind the scenes by the same group of men who made this most disastrous and unnecessary of wars. For that reason, and because of the uncertainty of the duration and issue of the war, it is idle to consider how much territory may come up for settlement, or how it may be disposed of. All we can say is—and it is essential that we should insist upon it—that the principle laid down by Mr. Asquith, and indorsed, I believe, by every one who has dealt with the subject, should be applied up to the limits of possibility: the principle, that is, that the interests and wishes of the populations it is proposed to transfer should be the only point considered, and that no power should pursue merely its own aggrandizement. Beyond this, little can be said. But one or two points may be insisted on.

First, it will be generally agreed that the Allies, unless they are utterly defeated, must insist on the restoration of the whole territory of Belgium and on such compensation as money can give for the martyrdom that has been inflicted on her. But further,—and for this point I ask the earnest consideration of the reader,—it belongs to the whole spirit of a right settlement that Germany shall be allowed her fair share of influence in the East. If, therefore, the Asiatic territory of Turkey comes into settlement, and if it is to be partitioned into spheres of influence,¹ then Germany should have her share. To shut her out while aggrandizing Russia and France and Italy and England, would be to justify what she has always maintained,—that the other powers pursue toward her a dog-in-the-manger policy,—and would make it diffi-

¹ I do not endorse this idea of a partition of Turkey, except so far as it may be reasonably held that the populations concerned are favorable to it; but, if the partition is made, I argue that Germany has as good a right to influence as any other power.—THE AUTHOR.

cult, if not impossible, for her to settle down as a peaceable member of the European comity. A peace which will satisfy the Allies, supposing them to be victorious, will almost certainly deprive Germany of Alsace-Lorraine: it might deprive her also of Posen. And in that extreme case, a compensation in the East would be as politic as it would be just. The objections that may be taken to such a course imply the other view of the objects of the war: the view that it should end merely in the aggrandizement of the victors and the weakening of the vanquished. And that view I am supposing that we have rejected.

It belongs further to the principle that we are advocating that England should make no attempt to appropriate the Kiel Canal, or to transfer it to Denmark. I hardly suppose that any such measure would seriously be proposed. But it is well to make clear to ourselves what the facts are. The canal runs through a purely German territory, and the principle of nationality demands that the people of that territory should remain under German government. The neutralization of the canal is a different proposition, and might be considered, if it were practicable, and if it were accompanied by a general neutralization of important waterways, such as the Straits of Gibraltar. But to neutralize it against Germany, and as part of a policy of disarming Germany alone, would be contrary to the purpose we have in our minds.

Let us suppose, now, that the preliminaries of peace have been settled, and settled, we must hope, on right lines. There should then be summoned a congress to regulate the carrying out of them in detail and to provide for the future peace of Europe. There is plenty of precedent for such a congress. The Congress of Vienna (1815) followed the Treaty of Paris, and comprised representatives of every European power.

The Congress of Paris followed the Crimean War; at that Congress Austria was represented, although she was not a belligerent, and questions quite irrelevant to the immediate issues of the war were under discussion. The future settlement of Europe concerns everybody. Many of the non-belligerents are directly interested in the territorial changes that are likely to be made. Many are interested in the fate of small states. All are interested in peace. This war is not only the belligerents' war, nor must the peace be only the belligerents' peace.

Immediately, then, on the settlement of the preliminaries of peace, there must be summoned a congress of the powers. To this congress all the states of Europe should send delegates. But further, it is most desirable that the United States should take part in it. There is precedent in the Congress of Algeciras. But if there were none, one should be created. It is indeed the best hope for the settlement that peace will be brought about by the mediation of President Wilson. And in that case he will have a clear status at the congress. The United States is the only great power not involved, or likely to be involved, in the war. It is the only great power that is pacific, and the only one that has no direct interest in the questions that may come up for solution.

Assuming now that the congress is assembled, what will be its business? First, to appoint an international commission to carry out the territorial rearrangements, on the principle of the interests and wishes of the peoples concerned. This will be a process long and arduous in proportion to the amount of the territory concerned, and the character of the populations. At the best, readjustments of boundaries and allegiance can only imperfectly solve it. But the best chance of a good solution is an impartial commission.

This, however, important though it be, should not be the main work of the congress. Its main work should be the creation of an organ to keep the peace of Europe. From many quarters has come the suggestion of a 'league of peace.' Mr. Roosevelt has proposed it. Mr. Asquith looks forward to it as coming 'immediately within the range and presently within the grasp of European statesmanship.' And it was adumbrated by Sir Edward Grey before the war, when he said, 'If the peace of Europe can be preserved, and the present crisis safely passed, my own endeavor will be to promote some arrangement to which Germany will be a party, by which she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her allies by France, Russia, and ourselves, jointly or separately.'¹

An idea thus indorsed, not only by pacifists and thinkers, but by practical statesmen, is worth serious consideration. Let us try to give it some practicable shape.

The congress, I propose, should found a league of peace on the basis of a treaty binding them to refer their disputes to peaceable settlement before taking any military measures. Its success would depend on the number of powers entering into it. A league, for instance, of Great Britain, France, and Russia would do little more than perpetuate the present entente. A league joined by Italy would be in a better position. One joined by the United States might be invincible. But the thing to be most aimed at is the inclusion of the German powers. And that is one of the main reasons why, in the event of a victory by the Allies, everything possible should be done not to alienate Germany from the European system.

But, it will be said, what is the use

¹ Telegram of July 30, 1914; No. 101 in the *White Paper*.

of relying on treaties, when Germany has shown and declared that she regards them as scraps of paper? This raises the question of the sanction,—one of great importance, and one which, unfortunately, divides those who believe in and desire peace. The one party, the extremer pacifists, and perhaps the more logical, say that treaties must be their own sanction. The whole point of peace is that men rely on law, not on force. And to attempt to secure peace by arms is and always has been the fundamental error of mankind. This attitude, I think, goes along with the complete and uncompromising application of Christian ethics. Those who hold it would probably say that force should never be resisted by force. They would expect to conquer force by meekness. They are the real Christians. And I respect and honor them in proportion to their sincerity. But I cannot go with them. What is more important, I know well that almost nobody goes with them; and that, in particular, no government would act, now or in any near future, upon such presumptions. It will be impossible, I believe, to win from public opinion any support for the ideas I am putting forward, unless we are prepared to add a sanction to our treaty. I propose therefore that the powers entering into the arrangement pledge themselves to assist, if necessary by their national force, any member of the league who should be attacked before the dispute provoking the attack has been submitted to arbitration or conciliation.

Military force, however, is not the only weapon the powers might employ in such a case: economic pressure might sometimes be effective. Suppose, for example, that the United States entered into such a league, but that she did not choose, as she wisely might not choose, to become a great military or naval power. In the event of a crisis arising, such as we suppose, she could

nevertheless exercise a very great pressure if she simply instituted a financial and commercial boycott against the offender. Imagine, for instance, that at this moment all the foreign trade of this country were cut off by a general boycott. We should be harder hit than we can be by a military force. We simply could not carry on the war. And though, no doubt, we are more vulnerable in this respect than other countries, yet such economic pressure, if it were really feared, would be a potent factor in determining the policy of any country. It is true that no nation could apply such a boycott without injuring itself. But then the object is to prevent that greatest of all injuries, material and moral, which we call war. We can then imagine the states included in our league agreeing that any offender who made war on a member of the league, contrary to the terms of the treaty, would immediately have to face either the economic boycott, or the armed forces, or both, of the other members. And it is not unreasonable to think that in most cases this would secure the observance of the treaty.

If, on the other hand, any member of the league were attacked, without provocation, by another power, not a member, it would be the duty of the other members of the league to come to its assistance. In order that this provision might not lead to aggressive action by any member, it would be essential that the foreign relations of all the members of the league should be openly discussed between them, and every effort made to mediate in the case of dispute with external powers.

To get a clearer idea of how the arrangement might work, let us suppose it to have been in actual operation at the time this war broke out, and that all the great powers, including the United States, had entered into such a league as I propose. Austria-Hungary's

ultimatum to Servia would then have been a breach of the treaty and would have been prevented by the joint action of all the other powers. If Germany had supported Austria, she too would have become the common enemy. We should have had then, not only the powers of the Triple Entente, but also Italy, and perhaps the United States, leagued against the German powers. If it had been foreseen — as in the case supposed it would have been — that that would happen, the German powers, it is safe to say, would not have gone to war. What would have been the alternative? First, the immediate occasion of the war, the murder of the archduke, would have been referred to an international commission of inquiry at The Hague. For the question of the responsibility for the murder is a purely judicial one, to be settled by evidence before an impartial tribunal. But, of course, behind the murder lay the whole question of the Balkan States and their relations to Austria and Russia. That whole question would have had to be referred to arbitration before war could take place about it. Only in the last resort, when every effort for a peaceful settlement had proved abortive, when a solution on just lines had been propounded and was before the public opinion of Europe, only then could war have taken place. Perhaps war might have happened, even then. But probably on a much smaller scale; probably confined to Servia, Austria, and Russia, with the other powers ready at every moment to intervene for peace.

It may still be urged that the powers that have entered into the league will not, in fact, fulfill their obligation to intervene, by force if necessary, to prevent a breach of the treaty. But, if it be true, and be seen to be true, that peace is, at any moment, the greatest interest of the greater number of powers, then we may affirm that interest

will reinforce obligation, and that the duty imposed by the treaty will be fulfilled. The violation of a treaty obligation by Germany must not make us suppose that no power will ever keep treaty obligations. The most cynical may admit that they will be kept when and if the interest of a power is on the side of keeping them. And, in this case, it would appear that generally the interest of the signatory powers will coincide with their duty.

III

Let us now proceed to a more detailed consideration of the machinery of arbitration and conciliation to which it is proposed that the powers should bind themselves to refer their disputes.

Among the disputes that may arise there is a distinction, well recognized in both theory and practice, between those capable of arbitration and those requiring conciliation. The former are called 'justiciable,' and are such as can be settled by a quasi-legal procedure. Examples are the interpretation of treaties, or international conventions. The number of disputes which have in fact been settled by arbitration during the last century is very considerable. Two hundred and fifty is a conservative estimate.¹ Of these, no doubt, the majority were trivial. But some were of a kind that might easily have led to war. For example, the Alabama case, the Alaska boundary case, the Dogger Bank case. Further, there is a court of arbitration, and a procedure, established at The Hague by agreement between the powers. Arbitration is thus a recognized and organized fact. All we have to do is to extend and regulate its operation. The powers entering the league of peace should bind themselves

¹ See Fried's *Friedensberuhigung*, vol. i, p. 291; and Darnley's *International Tribunal*, p. 47. — THE AUTHOR.

by a general treaty to submit to arbitration all justiciable disputes without exception.

Such treaties have already been made between certain powers.² In particular a treaty was negotiated in 1897 between the United States and Great Britain, to submit to arbitration 'all questions in difference which may fail to adjust themselves by diplomatic negotiations.' The treaty was rejected by the Senate of the United States, but less from an objection in principle than because they were jealous of abandoning any of their power of dealing with cases of foreign policy as they might come up. But the majority of arbitration treaties except certain matters. Thus, for example, the treaty of 1904 between France and England was an agreement to submit all disputes except those 'touching vital interest, honor, or independence.' Such exceptions, however, seem to be superfluous when we are dealing with justiciable disputes. The 'honor' of no country can be concerned in breaking either the terms of a treaty or recognized principles of international law. 'Independence' cannot be touched by such cases. And 'vital interests' will almost always come under the other heading of non-justiciable cases, which we are proposing to refer to a different body and a different procedure. All that seems to be necessary here is to arrange for some procedure to determine, in case of difference of opinion, whether any given dispute is or is not 'justiciable.' This question might be submitted either to the Hague Court or to the conciliation council proposed below. And with that safeguard I believe that there is no valid objection to

² Between Italy and Denmark, Italy and the Netherlands, the Netherlands and Denmark, Denmark and Portugal, Italy and Argentina, Italy and Mexico, and between the Central American States. See an article by Wehberg in the *American Journal of International Law*, vol. 7. — THE AUTHOR.

a general treaty between all the powers to submit to arbitration all justiciable disputes.

But of course justiciable disputes are not those most likely to lead to war. The most dangerous issues are those where the independence or the 'vital interests' of states are, or are supposed to be, involved. Perhaps in such cases, in the last resort, it may be impossible to avoid war, so long as the false notions of interest now current continue to prevail. But it would be possible to postpone it. And mere delay will often make the difference between peace and war. What precipitated the present war was first the ultimatum of Austria, with a twenty-four hours' time-limit, and then those of Germany, with a twelve hours' time-limit. The war was rushed. Under our proposed arrangements, this could not have occurred. There would have been a necessary delay, which might be fixed at not less than a year, during which the whole issue would be considered before a council of conciliation, a way out suggested, and the public opinion of all countries concentrated on the question and the proposed solution. I think it reasonable to suppose that, under such conditions, public opinion would not tolerate a war. At any rate, the chances of peace would be infinitely improved.

The main difficulty here is the constitution of the council of conciliation. First, what kind of men should be members of it? Not, clearly, men of merely legal training, for the questions to be considered will not be merely legal. What is wanted is men of eminence, experienced in affairs, capable of impartiality, and of taking a European rather than a narrowly national standpoint. It would not be easy to find such men, but it should not be impossible. One can think of several in England. But, further, there should be representatives of those great interests which hitherto

have had no say in international affairs. Labor, especially, should be represented, for it is labor that bears the chief burden of wars. We must have no more diplomats' wars. And if we are to achieve that result, then, other than diplomats must conciliate international differences.

The members of the council should be appointed by whatever method the representative organs of the countries concerned might determine. But the important question then arises: should they be delegates, appointed for a particular purpose, under constant instructions from their governments; or representatives for a fixed term of years, to act according to their best judgment?

In the first alternative, we shall have a body similar to that which has represented the concert of Europe again and again during the last century. Such a body may be and has been useful. But its functions have not been the same as those I am thinking of for the council of conciliation. It has not aimed at discovering the kind of solution of the questions before it which would commend itself to impartial and enlightened opinion as the most fair, reasonable, and permanent. It has aimed rather at bringing together conflicting egotisms, and ascertaining whether or no, in the given conjunction, it is worth while for any one or more of them to assert itself by force in face of the others. Sometimes, as in the case of the Crimean War, this question has been answered in the affirmative. Sometimes, as in the case of the Belgian revolution of 1830, in the negative. But no will to a permanent and just settlement has been present. The representatives of the powers have acted under instructions, each of them considering only the supposed interests of his own state, and making concessions only when it seemed necessary to do so to avoid war, if war for the moment did not appear

to be a profitable enterprise. Further, the decisions of such a conference were to be followed immediately by action. It was natural, therefore, that temporary expedients to tide over a crisis should be adopted, rather than fundamental and final reconstructions. The function I propose for the council of conciliation is different. It will have no executive power, but only the power to recommend the best solution. This, it would seem, would best be done by an independent body, of which all the members should take, so far as possible, a European point of view, and none a merely national one. When they had arrived at their results, their duty would be ended. The question of its adoption would remain for a further stage.

Keeping in view these facts, I incline to believe that the most hopeful plan would be that the council should have a permanent constitution, the members being appointed for fixed periods of time, and not for special issues, and acting without instructions from their governments, although of course acquainted with their governments' point of view, and having the confidence of their nations. On such a council there would be, if the league were large and comprehensive, a number of members whose governments were not directly interested in the particular issue that might be before them, and who might therefore take a detached view. The representatives of the countries primarily interested would be able both to put their point of view and to modify it in deference to the general trend of feeling.

And a solution might be finally suggested which could not be suspected of partiality. It would, of course, not satisfy fully all claims. But it would probably commend itself to the public opinion of the world. And that would be a great asset in its favor.

Still, it might be rejected by the par-

ties most concerned. In that case what would happen? The whole question would then be one for the diplomacy of Europe, and the powers would be as free to act or not to act as they are now. I do not propose that they should be under treaty obligation to enforce the award or scheme of the council. In a federated Europe there could, of course, be no place for war. But what I am here proposing is only a preliminary step toward that. I am not abrogating national sovereignty, or ruling out war as impossible. I am merely endeavoring to make it a great deal less likely than it now is. And I think that the attempt in the present stage to make the enforcement of an award compulsory on the powers would not make for peace. The powers must act, in each case, as they can and as they choose. Very often they will find a settlement which avoids war. Sometimes they will not. But at least we may reasonably hope for a much more general will to peace than we get under existing conditions.

The improbability of war, I believe, would be increased in proportion as the issues of foreign policy were known to and controlled by public opinion. There must be an end of the secret diplomacy which has plunged us into this catastrophe. To say this is not, of course, to suggest that complicated and delicate negotiations should be conducted in public. But there should be no more secret treaties or arrangements of any kind, like, for example, the clauses of the Morocco treaty whereby Great Britain, France, and Spain looked forward to the partition of that country while publicly guaranteeing its integrity and independence before the world; or like those military and naval 'conversations,' which behind the back of Parliament and the nation pledged our honor to defend France. All nations ought to know and constantly be reminded of

all their commitments to other powers, and all the complications which constitute the danger centres of Europe. I am aware of all that may be said about the latent jingoism of crowds, and the power of an unscrupulous press to work upon it. But we have all that as it is. It is what governments rely upon and call upon, when they intend to make war. The essence of the present situation is that no other forces have time to organize themselves, because we are actually at war before we have begun to realize the crisis. With plenty of time and full knowledge the better elements of public opinion could be rallied. The proposed league of peace would secure the necessary delay. If then, at the last, the public opinion of any nation insisted on war, there would be war. But at least every force working against war would have come into play.

One further point must be made. The league proposed should concern itself only with the external relations of the powers. It should make no claim to intervene by force in internal politics. The concert set up in 1815 came to grief mainly because it was part of its object to put down in any country democratic revolutions. From any such intervention the league proposed must refrain. The council of conciliation may, no doubt, recommend changes of internal policy, in cases where the internal conditions of any nation are themselves a constant provocation to international war. No solution, for example, of the problem of the southern Slavs is possible without a complete abandonment of the policy of coercion pursued by the Hungarians toward the Slavs they control. But though the council of conciliation might legitimately point out that fact, and suggest the necessary reforms, if it were putting forward a scheme for the settlement of the whole problem, it must be recognized that the powers may not coerce Hungary in such

a matter. The precedent would be too dangerous, for we might have the concert intervening to put down a Socialist or labor revolution. To appeals for armed intervention in the internal policy of any country the league must be deaf, however just the cause of the insurgents. It is a league to prevent international war, and not for any other purpose.

IV

Given a league of peace, a limitation and a reduction of armaments might follow. It hardly seems possible that it can precede. Economic exhaustion, it is true, might lead the powers, after this war, to attempt seriously the limitation which was the immediate object of the first Hague Conference, but which was shelved as impracticable almost without discussion. It is most desirable that they should do so. Yet it seems clear that, whatever basis of limitation were laid down, there would be plots to evade it on the part of one or another power, so long as there is no security against a sudden and unprovoked attack. Such security might be given by a league of peace. I do not see how it could be given otherwise. Nor would a mere limitation of armaments, in itself, prevent such attacks. It would make war less destructive; it could not make it impossible, or even improbable. Desirable, therefore, though this measure may be, it would seem that it would naturally follow rather than precede a league of peace. It is for that reason that I have not given it a prominent place in my proposals.

But in any case governments should cease to employ private armament firms. I am aware that there are technical and economic reasons to be urged against this course. But I believe them to be outweighed by the fact, now sufficiently proved, that the private firms deliberately foment differences between

nations, in order to get orders for their goods. An activity so monstrous ought to be destroyed, root and branch, at all and every cost.

The suggestions here put forward are not intended to be more than a sketch of what might be immediately practicable at the peace. They do not profess to represent in themselves an ideal. For political arrangements cannot constitute an ideal; they can at most give it opportunity to realize itself. I hope, therefore, that after meeting the opposition of the skeptics and the practical men I shall not have to meet that of the idealists. Some day, I hope, a Europe will come into being in which there will be neither hostile states nor rival armaments. But the time is not yet. There are many forces working in that direction, if only they had time to do their work. I want to give them breathing space. For what happens, under present arrangements, is that during years of peace the movement of civilization proceeds in its two inseparable aspects of social reform and international organization. Pacifists grow hopeful and active. Commerce, travel, art, literature, science, begin to unite the nations. Armaments appear ridiculous, and wars, what they are,—crimes. But the enemy is watching. Si-

lently, behind the scenes, he has been preparing. In a moment he strikes, and the work of a quarter of a century is undone. Let us be under no illusions. While there is war, there can be no secure progress. If we want society to develop into anything good, we must stop war. That in itself, it is true, will not give us the ideal. But it will remove a main obstacle to it. Change of will, change of ideas, moral and spiritual development,—that is what we want, I agree. But we can no longer afford to rely only on that. For before that has become strong enough to make war impossible, war arrives and destroys the development. A device to avoid war, even though it be, in a sense, only mechanical, is therefore none the less essential. Then, within the peace thus secured, the new Europe may slowly be built up. Otherwise, whose who want no new Europe can always sweep away its rudiments by force. I ask, therefore, the support of the idealists, as much as of practical men. I ask the support of all except those who believe that war itself is the ideal. Of those who believe in peace these are the only ultimate enemies. But they cannot be converted. They must be circumvented. And what I suggest would, I believe, be a way to circumvent them.

(*The End.*)

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

BY HENRY W. MASSINGHAM

It would, I think, be true to say that while British feeling about America's relation to the war has varied from time to time, it has had one characteristic element: the desire to secure and retain your sympathy. I distinguish this sentiment from an appeal for material help. This it has never consciously been. The British public is not an expert witness of American opinion or even of American institutions. No country ever so estimates another. But, even if it believed in a German victory, it would know that the political habits of your people and the judgment of your greatest men bound you to avoid the entanglement of European alliances. This entanglement you have avoided. You were not a party to the Treaty of 1839, under which Britain came to the rescue of Belgium. Still less were you concerned in our moral and material engagements with France. So with many of the indirect issues of the war. Let us say that the Allies desire, for definite military reasons, the coöperation of Italy, Roumania, and Bulgaria. Here lie some well-defined concerns of European politics, the key to which is in the treaties and wars of the last century and of this. These matters, we know, are and must remain remote from you.

Equally do we recognize that some European problems in which America has a keen moral interest do not, like your work for the Christian populations of the Near East, run on the precise lines of the Triple Entente. Your sympathy for the Jews of Eastern Europe

is one of these questions. Still less do we ask you to contribute to the decision of such difficulties as Hungary's treatment of the Croats, or the race-problems involved in the resettlement of the coast of Dalmatia. All this is old, tough material of diplomacy, which our continental statesmanship must throw into shape. Each nation is the guardian of its honor and interests; each has its separate sphere of direct responsibility.

I assume, therefore, that the hope of the British peoples has been for an assurance, not of an alliance with the United States, but of what diplomatic phrasing calls 'benevolent neutrality' and the average man calls 'sympathy.' As a nation, we have, I think, failed to realize what this has already meant for us, in help for our nationals and care for our prisoners, and in the magnificent effort to feed the starving people of Belgium. Your diplomatic service is in one way modeled on our own; but within the last few months we have had good cause to admire its unequaled efficiency and public spirit. Outside your official circles, Mr. Hoover has accomplished the unprecedented feat of softening the hard heart of German militarism. The lives of over a million Belgians, which lay beyond hope of succor from the allied forces, have for months depended on his care.

No country but yours could have conceived and executed such a work of disinterested humanity. Not a tithe of the civilized and assuaging intercourse that has been carried on even between

subjects of the belligerents would have been possible but for the intervention of the American ambassadors and consuls. You have established some of the best hospitals, and organized the noblest charities of the war.

So far, therefore, as the exercise of moral force is concerned, Britain's attitude can only be one of gratitude to the American government and nation, and of relief that so powerful a neutral force is available to save the older world from some of the worst consequences of the war. But permit me to say that at this point we in Europe reach new and crucial issues. This is a conflict, not between armies but between nations, or rather between two governing systems and their dependencies in five continents. It involves non-combatants to an extent unknown even in the Napoleonic wars; and being a war by sea as well as by land, — an effort at attrition hardly less than at superiority by armed force, — it affects the entire course of international sea-trade and the dependent and very delicate system of international credit. Germany, in waging war with us, wages it with New York and Copenhagen as well; and it is fair to say the same of us and of our allies.

America, therefore, was 'in the war' from the moment the first gun was fired. Her commerce, her credit, her international obligations, were all caught up in its fatal whirl. Subject to her general reserve as to the avoidance of entangling alliances, she was a party to the Hague Conventions of 1907; and she has been something more than a party, she has been the spiritual leader, in the movement for international arbitration which has suffered so disastrous an eclipse. She has naturally been the chief guardian of neutral interests in maritime commerce, and she has already defined her own interests in a series of notes to the belligerents.

Therefore her neutrality has never been a silent neutrality. On the contrary, it has been much the most active national factor in the world-situation which this strife of civilization has brought about. America cannot depose herself. All eyes are turned on her, because all parties are conscious of her strength.

Equally impossible, as it seems to us, is it for your people to be indifferent to the results of the war. Assume that the conflict ends in a deadlock of forces so complete that, by economic exhaustion or by the imminence of internal revolution, a compromise is forced on the belligerents, which leaves the balance of European power much as it stands to-day. Recovery could not be immediate, but when it came, the renewal of the conflict would be inevitable. Russia and Germany would dispute the unsettled leadership of the Near East, and the possession of Asia Minor. The Balkan States would renew their desperate and uncomposed rivalries. On the almost inconceivable hypothesis that we left the battle for the mastery of the Belgian coasts unfought, and allowed Belgium to sink into hopeless ruin, and Turkey to fall under the control of a power able to dispute our rule in India and Egypt, we should merely engage ourselves for an early arbitrament of these capital issues, losing in the preparation for it the boon of voluntary military service. There is nothing in American history enabling her to realize the physical desolation of such a struggle. But its political consequences would soon be brought home to her statesmen, as well as to her bankers and merchants, and we can well imagine the immense moral effort to which it would impel her.

But inconclusiveness cannot well be the mark of this war. The organization planned by the greatest bureaucratic power the world has ever known will either smash its way through Western

democracy, or will break itself against the superior numbers and moral force of the Allies. In spite of our association with Russia, we believe that a victory for the Allies carries with it new promise of ideas and forms of political life with which you are in sympathy; and that in the event of a German success, those principles and institutions will be discredited, and others will take their place.

We have our jingoes, but they do not deflect the main stream of our energies, which are pacific and industrial. The years which saw Germany's attempt to denationalize Prussian Poland also witnessed the grant of autonomy to South Africa and Ireland. Britain's world-power rests on her fleet and her sea-commerce. These forces are wielded by an uncrowned republic. So long as our free-trade system holds, they cannot be inimical to the development of international trade or of political liberty. On the other hand, Germany's organization rests on three supports: autocracy, protection, militarism. To-day it is militarism without sea-power; on the morrow of Germany's victory it would be militarism plus navalism, applied not merely to the European situation, which she would dominate from Antwerp to Constantinople, but to her colonial possessions and ambitions.

Sea-power is no longer expressed in battleships and cruisers. Submarines, aeroplanes, waterplanes,—conveyed on warships, or acting within wider and wider sea-areas,—and incendiary and explosive bombs,—these are its auxiliaries and promise to become its master-weapon. Who, in the event of a German success, will direct this weapon? Not an essentially commercial and conservative power, like ourselves, content with what it has and resting on voluntary military service for well-defined objects of imperial policy, but a

new, expanding, aggrandizing state, using science for far-reaching ends of conquest. America cannot desire such a displacement. She cannot wish to see the diffused, multiform purposes which democracies, federal or unitary, possess, giving way to the unified central will directed by a military group, which the German system requires. Such a redistribution of forces must impose fresh military and naval responsibilities on America. So long as the Dutch and Belgian and French coasts of the Channel remain in their existing ownership, America sees the western flank of Europe held by the nations whose history and institutions are the nearest akin to her own. These conditions will cease with a German tenure of Calais and Antwerp.

Take another aspect of the war. Germany is of all the great powers the one which has had least recourse to the Hague Tribunal, and which prepared us, through her military writers, for her complete repudiation of it in action. In the result, the Conventions are swept away. Once disowned and flouted, their force, which was purely moral, is gone. War has been rebarbarized. The system of guaranteeing treaties, under which many of the smaller European powers enjoy their independence, also disappears on the day when Belgium becomes a German state. Holland falls in due time, by force of economic pressure, achieved through the German possession of Antwerp; and the Scandinavian countries, delivered from the fear of Russia, will not delay to make terms with the mistress of the Baltic and the North Sea. It would be hard to exaggerate the extent to which fear — fear of the might of organization, fear of the 'frightfulness' with which Germany makes war, fear of her aggressive, penetrating commercialism, fear of her ships and tariffs — would dominate a Europe which had seen the

overthrow of a weak moral defense of neutral and non-combatant rights, of the territorial independence of inferior states, and generally of law unsupported by force. These things have been struck at without protest from any strong neutral power.

What does that imply? Quite possibly that the method of the Hague Conventions was radically wrong. They were of the nature of voluntary law, in itself the main basis of international regulation. Fenced round with many weak concessions extorted by the military agents of the signatory powers, they yet appealed to conduct, to propriety, to the average feelings of humanity, premising that though these bonds were weaker than those governing individual morals, Christian civilization, working through the minds of the great international jurists, had progressed far enough to insure respect for them.

Six points of the Hague Conventions — the sanctity of neutral territory; the vetoes on collective punishments for supposed individual offenses; on the crushing of a community by exorbitant fines, levies and requisitions; on the slaughter of non-combatants, and the wholesale and needless destruction of their property by fire or pillage; on the bombardment of undefended places; and on the burning or shelling of churches and public buildings — were broken within the first few weeks of the war. All these acts have passed *sub silentio*. Protests by belligerents could not avail; but was not the opinion of neutrals — of the greatest of all the neutrals — free to express itself, as soon as the facts could be collected, without proper cause of offense to the guilty party? To assume the contrary is surely to say that international law is without real sanction; and that from the moment of the declaration of war, all its instruments lapse, and we tend to revert, at

Germany's instance, to the anarchy of unregulated force.¹

I think we understand what America's answer may be to the plea for her intervention as the champion of the Hague Conventions. She may have considered that the evidence as to facts was inconclusive, or could not be fully obtained at the period when her interference might have been most useful; and that when the case had been sufficiently made out by the admissions of the culprits, the evil was beyond repair. Her government may well have calculated that if she exhausted her moral force as a neutral at too early a stage of the war, it would be of no avail later on, or that she might even be forced to appear as a belligerent, against her will and against her interests and those of humanity.

We give due weight to these arguments. Only it seems to some of us that they carry with them a great responsibility for the future. It is clear that the method of the Hague Conferences is at an end. No tribunal can sit merely as a mourner over those sacked and ravaged conventions, to which must now, in effect, be added the Declarations of Paris, of St. Petersburg, and of London. The world has in fact reverted, so far as maritime law in war is concerned, to a vague body of customs and decisions by great international lawyers, which one belligerent breaks when she chooses, while the other improvises a provisional code, to which no neutral can owe formal, or moral, obedience. The submarine has already rendered the old idea of blockade untenable. The near

¹ See Shelley's 'Masque of Anarchy':—

Last came Anarchy: he rode
On a white horse, splashed with blood;
He was pale even to the lips,
Like Death in the Apocalypse.

And he wore a kingly crown,
And in his grasp a sceptre shone;
On his brow, this mark I saw,—
I AM GOD, AND KING, AND LAW!

future may reveal it as the mistress of the seas, or reduce its power to nothingness. But its appearance has already torn a huge rent in international sea-law in time of war. The same may be said of the substitution of the armed nation for the professional army. Germany has in theory and in practice abandoned the idea of war as a series of acts directed merely against armies and navies. She imagines and directs it as an assault on the whole 'intellectual and material resources' of a people. The present code of law was not framed to meet these gigantic infringements of might on the rights and privileges of humanity. Could its fabric as it stood in 1909 have been upheld, if only in form, by the whole body of neutral states, led by America, it might possibly have been built up again with renewed solidity after this war.

But it is now clear that Europe and the world need something more than a bundle of paper laws, across which any dominant force can write its *non placet*. The older civilization has come to grief because it has not really been built up on a conception of a world-state, or on a rule of toleration for the rights of minorities, of subject populations, of small states; because in a word the true meaning of a general civilized order, of local autonomy, of a liberal federalism, is unknown to it, or is but feebly practised.

In a word there has been no Europe, no true continental system, only a rivalry of jealous powers. But this distracted Europe did endeavor to build barriers against war. They have broken down, being in effect a system of conciliation for powers that would not or could not be conciliated. Your great country might have stood aloof from these militarized pacifists. But she did not, and a state of world-war having supervened, she can hardly see the system which she helped to create sink to

nothingness without an effort to replace it.

Let America try to imagine the end of the war. Exhaustion, famine, plague, lack of money, lack of confidence, lack of faith in God and man will follow in its train. From the impoverished and, heavy-laden nations, robbed of the flower of their manhood, will arise a passionate demand for guarantees against its renewal. The diplomatists will then get to work. Two processes will, it is possible to hope, be set up. The belligerents will arrange the general terms of peace. But their initial arrangements will probably leave over many questions for final settlement. New boundary lines must be drawn. New arrangements must be devised between central powers and autonomous dependents. As it is a continent — or rather a world — which calls for resettlement, many points of interpretation will arise, calling for judicial decisions.

It is possible to suppose that these disputes may be referred to a reconstituted and strengthened Hague Tribunal. But there will be a further range of questions not open to settlement by a body of jurists,— questions of policy, of the relations between powers desperately inflamed with each other, but not, it may be presumed, anxious to reopen the floodgate of war. How are these to be dealt with? Here we must look for some new and permanent body representative of the powers, great and small, European and non-European. Such a body could not well be identical with the governments from which it would proceed. But it must obviously be in close relation with them and must have the power of preliminary dealing with disputes that threaten the general tranquillity.

Here then you would have two new forces enlisted in the cause of peace,— one of judicial arbitration, the other of

conciliation. What actual power should they possess of staying a fresh visitation of the scourge of war? It would seem to be almost useless for the powers to set up fresh machinery without assuring themselves in advance against the contemptuous rejection of its work. No belligerent nation, for example, dreamed of using the Hague Tribunal as a means of assuring an examination of its case before proceeding to ordeal by battle. Is it too much for the world powers to decree that such an examination shall be held in critical hours, and that the power refusing it, or declining to abide by its results, shall be the subject of common pressure by all the rest? In a word, does not Europe want the kind of police force which it has exercised in (or against) the interest of small powers visibly bent on war,¹—a force based on law, which shall act in behalf of the nations against the common offender?

Coalitions of powers against other powers or groups of powers we have had. They produced the curse of the armed peace, followed by the greater curse of the war of nations. Is it not time to resort to the opposite conception of a union of all for the good of all? That conception in its turn invites the restoration of the reign of law, resting on a minimum of force, as against the establishment of force, based on a minimum of law.

¹ Against Greece, in the case of Crete, for instance.—THE AUTHOR.

It is at this point that I believe a general recourse will be had to the good offices of your government and country. The lines of European state-life are and must long be sundered by mutual hate and suspicion. No magic balm is available for their reunion. We may not always retain our present allies or confront our existing enemies. But so long as the doctrine of the balance governs European politics, and the peace is based merely on ingenious readjustments of it, the old passions, reduced but not expelled in the hour of exhaustion, must return. New moral forces must arise, a new wave of faith, hope, mutual toleration, probably a new passionate intervention of the peoples whose lives have been so fatally remortgaged to want and ill-rewarded toil. Then the call to the newer western world, equipped with a great system the two keys of which are federalism and free state government, may come almost automatically from all parties to the war.

But if America responds, she too will be called on to lay her offering on the altar. She will not expect to come into our state-world as its arbiter. The summons will be to a comradeship of responsibility and effort. We believe that the event which gradually drew us out of our later policy of isolation will in its sequence exercise the same attraction on you; for the modern world is one, and no part of it can be lost or saved for itself alone.

THE AFRICAN ROOTS OF WAR

BY W. E. BURGHARDT DUBOIS

I

'SEMPER novi quid ex Africa,' cried the Roman proconsul; and he voiced the verdict of forty centuries. Yet there are those who would write world-history and leave out this most marvelous of continents. Particularly to-day most men assume that Africa lies far afield from the centres of our burning social problems, and especially from our present problem of World War.

Yet in a very real sense Africa is a prime cause of this terrible overturning of civilization which we have lived to see; and these words seek to show how in the Dark Continent are hidden the roots, not simply of war to-day but of the menace of wars to-morrow.

Always Africa is giving us something new or some metempsychosis of a world-old thing. On its black bosom arose one of the earliest, if not the earliest, of self-protecting civilizations, and grew so mightily that it still furnishes superlatives to thinking and speaking men. Out of its darker and more remote forest fastnesses, came, if we may credit many recent scientists, the first welding of iron, and we know that agriculture and trade flourished there when Europe was a wilderness.

Nearly every human empire that has arisen in the world, material and spiritual, has found some of its greatest crises on this continent of Africa, from Greece to Great Britain. As Mommsen says, 'It was through Africa that Christianity became the religion of the world.' In Africa the last flood of Germanic in-

vasions spent itself within hearing of the last gasp of Byzantium, and it was again through Africa that Islam came to play its great rôle of conqueror and civilizer.

With the Renaissance and the widened world of modern thought, Africa came no less suddenly with her new old gift. Shakespeare's Ancient Pistol cries, —

'A founte for the world, and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa, and golden joys.'

He echoes a legend of gold from the days of Punt and Ophir to those of Ghana, the Gold Coast, and the Rand. This thought had sent the world's greed scurrying down the hot, mysterious coasts of Africa to the Good Hope of gain, until for the first time a real world-commerce was born, albeit it started as a commerce mainly in the bodies and souls of men.

So much for the past; and now, to-day: the Berlin Conference to apportion the rising riches of Africa among the white peoples met on the fifteenth day of November, 1884. Eleven days earlier, three Germans left Zanzibar (whither they had gone secretly disguised as mechanics), and before the Berlin Conference had finished its deliberations they had annexed to Germany an area over half as large again as the whole German Empire in Europe. Only in its dramatic suddenness was this undisguised robbery of the land of seven million natives different from the methods by which Great Britain and France got four million square miles each, Portugal three quarters of

a million, and Italy and Spain smaller but substantial areas.

The methods by which this continent has been stolen have been contemptible and dishonest beyond expression. Lying treaties, rivers of rum, murder, assassination, mutilation, rape, and torture have marked the progress of Englishman, German, Frenchman, and Belgian on the dark continent. The only way in which the world has been able to endure the horrible tale is by deliberately stopping its ears and changing the subject of conversation while the deviltry went on.

It all began, singularly enough, like the present war, with Belgium. Many of us remember Stanley's great solution of the puzzle of Central Africa when he traced the mighty Congo sixteen hundred miles from Nyangwe to the sea. Suddenly the world knew that here lay the key to the riches of Central Africa. It stirred uneasily, but Leopold of Belgium was first on his feet, and the result was the Congo Free State—God save the mark! But the Congo Free State, with all its magniloquent heralding of Peace, Christianity, and Commerce, degenerating into murder, mutilation and downright robbery, differed only in degree and concentration from the tale of all Africa in this rape of a continent already furiously mangled by the slave trade. That sinister traffic, on which the British Empire and the American Republic were largely built, cost black Africa no less than 100,000,000 souls, the wreckage of its political and social life, and left the continent in precisely that state of helplessness which invites aggression and exploitation. 'Color' became in the world's thought synonymous with inferiority, 'Negro' lost its capitalization, and Africa was another name for bestiality and barbarism.

Thus the world began to invest in color prejudice. The 'Color Line' be-

gan to pay dividends. For indeed, while the exploration of the valley of the Congo was the occasion of the scramble for Africa, the cause lay deeper. The Franco-Prussian War turned the eyes of those who sought power and dominion away from Europe. Already England was in Africa, cleaning away the débris of the slave trade and half consciously groping toward the new Imperialism. France, humiliated and impoverished, looked toward a new northern African empire sweeping from the Atlantic to the Red Sea. More slowly Germany began to see the dawning of a new day, and, shut out from America by the Monroe Doctrine, looked to Asia and Africa for colonies. Portugal sought anew to make good her claim to her ancient African realm; and thus a continent where Europe claimed but a tenth of the land in 1875, was in twenty-five more years practically absorbed.

II

Why was this? What was the new call for dominion? It must have been strong, for consider a moment the desperate flames of war that have shot up in Africa in the last quarter of a century: France and England at Fashoda, Italy at Adua, Italy and Turkey in Tripoli, England and Portugal at Delagoa Bay, England, Germany, and the Dutch in South Africa, France and Spain in Morocco, Germany and France in Agadir, and the world at Algeciras.

The answer to this riddle we shall find in the economic changes in Europe. Remember what the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have meant to organized industry in European civilization. Slowly the divine right of the few to determine economic income and distribute the goods and services of the world has been questioned and curtailed. We called the process Revolu-

tion in the eighteenth century, advancing Democracy in the nineteenth, and Socialization of Wealth in the twentieth. But whatever we call it, the movement is the same: the dipping of more and grimier hands into the wealth-bag of the nation, until to-day only the ultra stubborn fail to see that democracy in determining income is the next inevitable step to Democracy in political power.

With the waning of the possibility of the Big Fortune, gathered by starvation wage and boundless exploitation of one's weaker and poorer fellows at home, arose more magnificently the dream of exploitation abroad. Always, of course, the individual merchant had at his own risk and in his own way tapped the riches of foreign lands. Later, special trading monopolies had entered the field and founded empires over-seas. Soon, however, the mass of merchants at home demanded a share in this golden stream; and finally, in the twentieth century, the laborer at home is demanding and beginning to receive a part of his share.

The theory of this new democratic despotism has not been clearly formulated. Most philosophers see the ship of state launched on the broad, irresistible tide of democracy, with only delaying eddies here and there; others, looking closer, are more disturbed. Are we, they ask, reverting to aristocracy and despotism — the rule of might? They cry out and then rub their eyes, for surely they cannot fail to see strengthening democracy all about them?

It is this paradox which has confounded philanthropists, curiously betrayed the Socialists, and reconciled the Imperialists and captains of industry to any amount of 'Democracy.' It is this paradox which allows in America the most rapid advance of democracy to go hand in hand in its very centres with

increased aristocracy and hatred toward darker races, and which excuses and defends an inhumanity that does not shrink from the public burning of human beings.

Yet the paradox is easily explained: the white workingman has been asked to share the spoil of exploiting 'chinks and niggers.' It is no longer simply the merchant prince, or the aristocratic monopoly, or even the employing class, that is exploiting the world: it is the nation; a new democratic nation composed of united capital and labor. The laborers are not yet getting, to be sure, as large a share as they want or will get, and there are still at the bottom large and restless excluded classes. But the laborer's equity is recognized, and his just share is a matter of time, intelligence, and skillful negotiation.

Such nations it is that rule the modern world. Their national bond is no mere sentimental patriotism, loyalty, or ancestor-worship. It is increased wealth, power, and luxury for all classes on a scale the world never saw before. Never before was the average citizen of England, France, and Germany so rich, with such splendid prospects of greater riches.

Whence comes this new wealth and on what does its accumulation depend? It comes primarily from the darker nations of the world — Asia and Africa, South and Central America, the West Indies and the islands of the South Seas. There are still, we may well believe, many parts of white countries like Russia and North America, not to mention Europe itself, where the older exploitation still holds. But the knell has sounded faint and far, even there. In the lands of darker folk, however, no knell has sounded. Chinese, East Indians, Negroes, and South American Indians are by common consent for governance by white folk and economic subjection to them. To the further-

ance of this highly profitable economic dictum has been brought every available resource of science and religion. Thus arises the astonishing doctrine of the natural inferiority of most men to the few, and the interpretation of 'Christian brotherhood' as meaning anything that one of the 'brothers' may at any time want it to mean.

Like all world-schemes, however, this one is not quite complete. First of all, yellow Japan has apparently escaped the cordon of this color bar. This is disconcerting and dangerous to white hegemony. If, of course, Japan would join heart and soul with the whites against the rest of the yellows, browns, and blacks, well and good. There are even good-natured attempts to prove the Japanese 'Aryan,' provided they act 'white.' But blood is thick, and there are signs that Japan does not dream of a world governed mainly by white men. This is the 'Yellow Peril,' and it may be necessary, as the German Emperor and many white Americans think, to start a world-crusade against this presumptuous nation which demands 'white' treatment.

Then, too, the Chinese have recently shown unexpected signs of independence and autonomy, which may possibly make it necessary to take them into account a few decades hence. As a result, the problem in Asia has resolved itself into a race for 'spheres' of economic 'influence,' each provided with a more or less 'open door' for business opportunity. This reduces the danger of open clash between European nations, and gives the yellow folk such chance for desperate unarmed resistance as was shown by China's repulse of the Six Nations of Bankers. There is still hope among some whites that conservative North China and the radical South may in time come to blows and allow actual white dominion.

One thing, however, is certain: Africa is prostrate. There at least are few signs of self-consciousness that need at present be heeded. To be sure, Abyssinia must be wheedled, and in America and the West Indies Negroes have attempted futile steps toward freedom; but such steps have been pretty effectually stopped (save through the breech of 'miscegenation'), although the ten million Negroes in the United States need, to many men's minds, careful watching and ruthless repression.

III

Thus the white European mind has worked, and worked the more feverishly because Africa is the Land of the Twentieth Century. The world knows something of the gold and diamonds of South Africa, the cocoa of Angola and Nigeria, the rubber and ivory of the Congo, and the palm oil of the West Coast. But does the ordinary citizen realize the extraordinary economic advances of Africa and, too, of black Africa, in recent years? E. T. Morel, who knows his Africa better than most white men, has shown us how the export of palm oil from West Africa has grown from 283 tons in 1800, to 80,000 tons in 1913, which together with by-products is worth to-day \$60,000,000 annually. He shows how native Gold Coast labor, unsupervised, has come to head the cocoa-producing countries of the world with an export of 89,000,000 pounds (*weight not money*) annually. He shows how the cotton crop of Uganda has risen from 3000 bales in 1909 to 50,000 bales in 1914; and he says that France and Belgium are no more remarkable in the cultivation of their land than the Negro province of Kano. The trade of Abyssinia amounts to only \$10,000,000 a year, but it is its infinite possibility of growth that is making the nations crowd to Adis Abeba. All these things

are but beginnings; 'but tropical Africa and its peoples are being brought more irrevocably each year into the vortex of the economic influences that sway the western world.' There can be no doubt of the economic possibilities of Africa in the near future. There are not only the well-known and traditional products, but boundless chances in a hundred different directions, and above all, there is a throng of human beings who, could they once be reduced to the docility and steadiness of Chinese coolies or of seventeenth and eighteenth century European laborers, would furnish to their masters a spoil exceeding the gold-haunted dreams of the most modern of Imperialists.

This, then, is the real secret of that desperate struggle for Africa which began in 1877 and is now culminating. Economic dominion outside Africa has, of course, played its part, and we were on the verge of the partition of Asia when Asiatic shrewdness warded it off. America was saved from direct political dominion by the Monroe Doctrine. Thus, more and more, the Imperialists have concentrated on Africa.

The greater the concentration the more deadly the rivalry. From Fashoda to Agadir, repeatedly the spark has been applied to the European magazine and a general conflagration narrowly averted. We speak of the Balkans as the storm-centre of Europe and the cause of war, but this is mere habit. The Balkans are convenient for occasions, but the ownership of materials and men in the darker world is the real prize that is setting the nations of Europe at each other's throats to-day.

The present world war is, then, the result of jealousies engendered by the recent rise of armed national associations of labor and capital whose aim is the exploitation of the wealth of the world mainly outside the European circle of nations. These associations,

grown jealous and suspicious at the division of the spoils of trade-empire, are fighting to enlarge their respective shares; they look for expansion, not in Europe but in Asia, and particularly in Africa. 'We want no inch of French territory,' said Germany to England, but Germany was 'unable to give' similar assurances as to France in Africa.

The difficulties of this imperial movement are internal as well as external. Successful aggression in economic expansion calls for a close union between capital and labor at home. Now the rising demands of the white laborer, not simply for wages but for conditions of work and a voice in the conduct of industry, make industrial peace difficult. The workingmen have been appeased by all sorts of essays in state socialism, on the one hand, and on the other hand by public threats of competition by colored labor. By threatening to send English capital to China and Mexico, by threatening to hire Negro laborers in America, as well as by old-age pensions and accident insurance, we gain industrial peace at home at the mightier cost of war abroad.

In addition to these national war-engendering jealousies there is a more subtle movement arising from the attempt to unite labor and capital in world-wide freebooting. Democracy in economic organization, while an acknowledged ideal, is to-day working itself out by admitting to a share in the spoils of capital only the aristocracy of labor — the more intelligent and shrewder and cannier workingmen. The ignorant, unskilled, and restless still form a large, threatening, and, to a growing extent, revolutionary group in advanced countries.

The resultant jealousies and bitter hatreds tend continually to fester along the color line. We must fight the Chinese, the laborer argues, or the Chinese will take our bread and butter. We

must keep Negroes in their places, or Negroes will take our jobs. All over the world there leaps to articulate speech and ready action that singular assumption that if white men do not throttle colored men, then China, India, and Africa will do to Europe what Europe has done and seeks to do to them.

On the other hand, in the minds of yellow, brown, and black men the brutal truth is clearing: a white man is privileged to go to any land where advantage beckons and behave as he pleases; the black or colored man is being more and more confined to those parts of the world where life for climatic, historical, economic, and political reasons is most difficult to live and most easily dominated by Europe for Europe's gain.

IV

What, then, are we to do, who desire peace and the civilization of all men? Hitherto the peace movement has confined itself chiefly to figures about the cost of war and platitudes on humanity. What do nations care about the cost of war, if by spending a few hundred millions in steel and gunpowder they can gain a thousand millions in diamonds and cocoa? How can love of humanity appeal as a motive to nations whose love of luxury is built on the inhuman exploitation of human beings, and who, especially in recent years, have been taught to regard these human beings as inhuman? I appealed to the last meeting of peace societies in St. Louis, saying, 'Should you not discuss racial prejudice as a prime cause of war?' The secretary was sorry but was unwilling to introduce controversial matters!

We, then, who want peace, must remove the real causes of war. We have extended gradually our conception of democracy beyond our social class to all social classes in our nation; we have

gone further and extended our democratic ideals not simply to all classes of our own nation, but to those of other nations of our blood and lineage — to what we call 'European' civilization. If we want real peace and lasting culture, however, we must go further. We must extend the democratic ideal to the yellow, brown, and black peoples.

To say this, is to evoke on the faces of modern men a look of blank hopelessness. Impossible! we are told, and for so many reasons, — scientific, social, and what not, — that argument is useless. But let us not conclude too quickly. Suppose we have to choose between this unspeakably inhuman outrage on decency and intelligence and religion which we call the World War and the attempt to treat black men as human, sentient, responsible beings? We have sold them as cattle. We are working them as beasts of burden. We shall not drive war from this world until we treat them as free and equal citizens in a world-democracy of all races and nations. Impossible? Democracy is a method of doing the impossible. It is the only method yet discovered of making the education and development of all men a matter of all men's desperate desire. It is putting firearms in the hands of a child with the object of compelling the child's neighbors to teach him, not only the real and legitimate uses of a dangerous tool but the uses of himself in all things. Are there other and less costly ways of accomplishing this? There may be in some better world. But for a world just emerging from the rough chains of an almost universal poverty, and faced by the temptation of luxury and indulgence through the enslaving of defenseless men, there is but one adequate method of salvation — the giving of democratic weapons of self-defense to the defenseless.

Nor need we quibble over those ideas, — wealth, education, and polit-

ical power,—soil which we have so forested with claim and counter-claim that we see nothing for the woods.

What the primitive peoples of Africa and the world need and must have if war is to be abolished is perfectly clear:—

First: land. To-day Africa is being enslaved by the theft of her land and natural resources. A century ago black men owned all but a morsel of South Africa. The Dutch and English came, and to-day 1,250,000 whites own 264,000,000 acres, leaving only 21,000,000 acres for 4,500,000 natives. Finally, to make assurance doubly sure, the Union of South Africa has refused natives even the right to *buy* land. This is a deliberate attempt to force the Negroes to work on farms and in mines and kitchens for low wages. All over Africa has gone this shameless monopolizing of land and natural resources to force poverty on the masses and reduce them to the 'dumb-driven-cattle' stage of labor activity.

Secondly: we must train native races in modern civilization. This can be done. Modern methods of educating children, honestly and effectively applied, would make modern, civilized nations out of the vast majority of human beings on earth to-day. This we have seldom tried. For the most part Europe is straining every nerve to make over yellow, brown, and black men into docile beasts of burden, and only an irrespressible few are allowed to escape and seek (usually abroad) the education of modern men.

Lastly, the principle of home rule must extend to groups, nations, and races. The ruling of one people for another people's whim or gain must stop. This kind of despotism has been in later days more and more skillfully disguised. But the brute fact remains: the white man is ruling black Africa for the white man's gain, and just as

far as possible he is doing the same to colored races elsewhere. Can such a situation bring peace? Will any amount of European concord or disarmament settle this injustice?

Political power to-day is but the weapon to force economic power. Tomorrow, it may give us spiritual vision and artistic sensibility. To-day, it gives us or tries to give us bread and butter, and those classes or nations or races who are without it starve, and starvation is the weapon of the white world to reduce them to slavery.

We are calling for European concord to-day; but at the utmost European concord will mean satisfaction with, or acquiescence in, a given division of the spoils of world-dominion. After all, European disarmament cannot go below the necessity of defending the aggressions of the whites against the blacks and browns and yellows. From this will arise three perpetual dangers of war. First, renewed jealousy at any division of colonies or spheres of influence agreed upon, if at any future time the present division comes to seem unfair. Who cared for Africa in the early nineteenth century? Let England have the scraps left from the golden feast of the slave trade. But in the twentieth century? The end was war. These scraps looked too tempting to Germany. Secondly: war will come from the revolutionary revolt of the lowest workers. The greater the international jealousies, the greater the corresponding costs of armament and the more difficult to fulfill the promises of industrial democracy in advanced countries. Finally, the colored peoples will not always submit passively to foreign domination. To some this is a lightly tossed truism. When a people deserve liberty they fight for it and get it, say such philosophers; thus making war a regular, necessary step to liberty. Colored people are familiar with this

complacent judgment. They endure the contemptuous treatment meted out by whites to those not 'strong' enough to be free. These nations and races, composing as they do a vast majority of humanity, are going to endure this treatment just as long as they must and not a moment longer. Then they are going to fight and the War of the Color Line will outdo in savage inhumanity any war this world has yet seen. For colored folk have much to remember and they will not forget.

But is this inevitable? Must we sit helpless before this awful prospect? While we are planning, as a result of the present holocaust, the disarmament of Europe and a European international world-police, must the rest of the world be left naked to the inevitable horror of war, especially when we know that it is directly in this outer circle of races, and not in the inner European household, that the real causes of present European fighting are to be found?

Our duty is clear. Racial slander must go. Racial prejudice will follow. Steadfast faith in humanity must come. The domination of one people by another without the other's consent, be the subject people black or white, must stop. The doctrine of forcible economic expansion over subject peoples must go. Religious hypocrisy must stop. 'Blood-thirsty' Mwanga of Uganda killed an English bishop because he feared that his coming meant English domination. It did mean English domination, and the world and the bishop knew it, and yet the world was 'horified'! Such missionary hypocrisy must

go. With clean hands and honest hearts we must front high Heaven and beg peace in our time.

In this great work who can help us? In the Orient, the awakened Japanese and the awakening leaders of New China; in India and Egypt, the young men trained in Europe and European ideals, who now form the stuff that Revolution is born of. But in Africa? Who better than the twenty-five million grandchildren of the European slave trade, spread through the Americas and now writhing desperately for freedom and a place in the world? And of these millions first of all the ten million black folk of the United States, now a problem, then a world-salvation.

Twenty centuries before the Christ a great cloud swept over sea and settled on Africa, darkening and well-nigh blotting out the culture of the land of Egypt. For half a thousand years it rested there until a black woman, Queen Nefertari, 'the most venerated figure in Egyptian history,' rose to the throne of the Pharaohs and redeemed the world and her people. Twenty centuries after Christ, black Africa, prostrate, raped, and shamed, lies at the feet of the conquering Philistines of Europe. Beyond the awful sea a black woman is weeping and waiting with her sons on her breast. What shall the end be? The world-old and fearful things, War and Wealth, Murder and Luxury? Or shall it be a new thing — a new peace and new democracy of all races: a great humanity of equal men? 'Semper novi quid ex Africa!'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THOUGHTS WHILE GETTING SETTLED

PROPERLY speaking, the new house was old. A hundred years and more had gone over its chimney,—down which, as we were to discover later, a hundred flies and more would come when the open fires had warmed it,—and within doors it would have charmed any amateur of the Colonial by the antiquity of its furnishings. Temporarily it belonged to me, my executors, administrators, and assigns. But there were limits to our possession. None of us might 'permit any hole to be drilled or made in the stone or brickwork of said building'; no 'sign or placard' might we place upon it; we might not 'over-load, damage, or deface' it; nor might we 'carry on any unlawful, improper, noisy, or offensive trade' in it. We had admitted that the glass was whole and in good order, and bound ourselves to keep it good, unless broken by fire, with glass of the same kind and quality. In case I became bankrupt I had agreed that the owner, the owner's executors, the owner's administrators, and the owner's assigns should treat me with every form of ignominy that the law has yet invented to make bankruptcy more distressing. Nor could I hold them responsible if our guests fell down the cellar stairs; although there I think they would be morally responsible, for a steeper flight of cellar stairs I simply cannot imagine.

Of all documents there is hardly another so common as a lease, or more suspicious. Observe the lessor—a benevolent, dignified, but cautious person! Observe the lessee—a worm with

criminal tendencies! Perhaps he is a decent sort of worm, but the lessor had better look out for him. Very likely he will commit murders in the dining-room, read the *Contes Drolatiques* in the library, play bass-drum solos in the parlor, and start a piggery in the cellar. One suspects that possibly the great army of hoboes is partly recruited from among supersensitive men who read their leases before signing them and preferred vagabondage to insult. But some of us control our sensitiveness. I, for example, read my lease; and when, having agreed mentally to post no placard myself, I discovered a clause allowing the lessor to decorate my residence with the information that it was

FOR SALE

I crossed that clause out!

Observe the worm turning!

It was the dining-room that had won us, formerly the kitchen and still complete,—with the brick oven; the crane; the fat, three-legged pots and spider; a thing that, after much debate, we think must have been a bread-toaster; and a kind of overgrown curry-comb with which, so we imagine, the original dwellers were wont to rake the hot ashes from the brick oven. Also a warming-pan. And although these objects charm me, and I delight to live with them, I cannot but wonder whether a hundred years from now there may not be persons to furnish their dining-rooms with just such a stove as stands at present in my real kitchen; and perhaps to suspend beside it one of those quaint contraptions with which the jolly old chaps in the early twentieth century used to kill flies. I hear in

imagination the host of that period explaining the implement to his wondering guests — being expert in such matters, he will produce the technical term ‘swat’ with an air of easy familiarity—and see him hanging it reverently up again beside the dear old stove and right over the picturesque old coal-hod. Perhaps, too, he will point out the beautiful, sturdy lines of the coal-hod.

Now in due time, or, to be exact, some hours later, strong men came to this house with a motor truck; and, working with concentrated fury, they put into it all our own furniture, our trunks, our books, our clothes, and everything that was ours. It had been our purpose to direct these men: to say, ‘This goes here, kind sirs,’ and, ‘That goes there, gentlemen’; or, ‘Believe me, *this* is the place for *that*,’ or, ‘Thank you, sir, but *that* is the place for *this*.’ When they had come and gone, and the empty truck had rumbled away in the early autumn twilight, everything was to be just where we had planned in advance; ‘getting settled’ would be a light but satisfying pleasure; organization, ‘efficiency in business,’ for we had been reading an article in a magazine, would have made changing our home as easy as changing our clothes. But these men were beyond mortal control. They came late and their mood was to depart early. Movers always come late, for two reasons: first, because they like to feel that you are glad to see them, and, second, because they do not like to place each object just where it belongs. They prefer concentrated fury. Children of nature, they inherit their mother’s abhorrence of a vacuum; unable, as they saw at a glance, to stuff the whole house from floors to ceilings, they devoted their attention, brushing us aside like annoying insects that they lacked time for killing, to stuffing such rooms as they instantly decided could bestuffed the tightest. If there was any-

thing that we might presumably need at once, they put it at the bottom and buried it under the heaviest available furniture. It was wonderful to see them. In the end they actually took money for what they had done and went away hastily. Organization and ‘efficiency in business’ had accomplished something: the trunks were upstairs, and two barrels had reached their predestined place in the cellar.

There appears in many business offices, although it is not, so far as I know, the official slogan of ‘efficiency in business,’ a card with the motto, ‘Do It Now.’ I looked into that room which was destined to be the library: formerly it had been a bedroom, and the four-poster bed and noble mahogany bureau were to have vanished upstairs before my arrival. But now, peering past and above and under the débris that the avalanche had left there, I recognized the noble mahogany bureau in the far corner, mourning presumably for its departed companion, the four-poster. I beheld it with a misgiving which I tried to put from me, but which came back from moment to moment and whispered in whichever ear was nearer.

‘Just suppose,’ whispered Misgiving, ‘that the man who was hired to take that bureau upstairs found that it would n’t go up! ! ! !’

And I thought of that stairway, that went up furtively from the dining-room that had once been the kitchen, a delightful stairway (especially when one realized what a discouraging time a burglar would have in finding it, and how he would probably find the cellar stairs instead and die of a broken neck at the bottom), but narrow, narrow; and with a right angle just where a right angle was least desirable. It had been as much as ever to get up the trunks.

‘You will very likely have to leave

the bureau in the library,' whispered Misgiving, 'and that will be inconvenient — won't it? — when you have company. Company will have to dress in the library or else gather up its clothes and run.' — 'Library!' said Misgiving. 'Who ever heard of a bureau in a library? People will think the library table is a folding bed. You can't disguise a noble old bureau like that by putting books on it,' said Misgiving. 'Once a bureau always a bureau. — What will your wife say,' asked Misgiving, 'when she learns that the spare-room bureau *has* to stay downstairs in the library?'

People who, having something to do, 'do it now,' live in the present. I seized the nearest object, a chair, and dragged it into the next room; I seized the next object, a box, and carried it to the cellar; I risked my life on the cellar stairs; I became concentrated fury myself. In getting settled, whether you are a pioneer or a householder, the first thing is to make a clearing. No matter where things go, provided only that they go somewhere else. No matter what happened, no matter if bureaus remained forever in libraries, no matter if the awful puzzle that the strong men of the moving van had left me remained forever insoluble — this was my home and I had to live in it for the term of one year. I took off my coat, hung it up somewhere — and found it again two days afterward. I attacked boxes, chairs, tables, boxes, books, bric-à-brac, more boxes, chairs, tables. I ran here and there, carrying things. I excelled the bee. I made a clearing, which grew larger and larger. I gained self-confidence. Elsewhere I knew that other hands were unpacking trunks; that another mind was directing those mysteries which out of chaos would evolve dinner; now and then, in my death-defying feat of going down cellar, I caught a glimpse of the furnace, —

fat-bellied monster whom I must later feed like a coal-eating baby.

It is a question, parenthetically, whether it is truly sportsmanlike to live in a quaint old colonial cottage with a furnace and electric lights. I have heard amateurs of the Colonial declare that they would willingly die before they would live in an electrically lighted colonial cottage. The anachronism horrifies them: they would have death or candles. Probably they feel the same way about a furnace and a bathroom. Yet I have no doubt that the builders of this colonial cottage would have opened their hearts to all these inventions; and I am not sure that they would have regarded as anything but funny the idea that their own kitchen paraphernalia would some day be used to decorate my dining-room. I go further. Granting that electric lights, a furnace, and a bathroom are anachronisms in this quaint old colonial cottage — what am I but an anachronism myself? We must stand together, the furnace, the electric metre, the porcelain bathtub, and I, and keep each other in countenance.

'H-m-m-m-m!' whispered Misgiving. 'How about a bureau in the library? That is n't an anachronism; it's an absurdity.'

Making a clearing is a long step forward in getting settled; after that it is a matter of days, a slow dawn of orderliness. In a quaint old colonial cottage are many closets, few if any of them located according to modern notions of convenience. The clothes closet that ought to be in the spare room upstairs is downstairs in the library with the spare-room bureau; the upstairs closets are under the eaves of the sloping roof — the way to utilize them to the best advantage is to enter on your hands and knees, carrying an electric torch between your teeth. Inside the closet you turn on your back, illuminate the pen-

dant garments with your torch, drag whatever you select down from the hook, grasp it firmly with your teeth, and so out again on your hands and knees, rolling the electric torch gently before you. We see now why in those good old days chests of drawers were popular—fortunately we have one of our own that somehow has got up the stairway; and we see also, as we begin to settle into it, what is perhaps the secret of this humbler colonial architecture. The Colonial Jack who built this house wanted some rooms round a chimney and a roof that the snow would slide off; and so he built it; and wherever he found a space he made a closet or a cupboard; and because he had no other kind, he put in small-paned windows; and all he did was substantial and honest—and beautiful, in its humble way, by accident.

But about that bureau?

Two strong, skillful men, engaged for the purpose, juggled with it, this way and that, muttering words of equally great strength—and *it went upstairs*. Had it been a quarter of an inch wider, they said afterward, thefeat would have been impossible. It was a small margin, but it will save the company from having to knock timidly on the library door when it wishes to dress for dinner.

A MUNICIPAL PLUM TREE

THERE is one calling for which aspirants never grow too old or too broken. Thrice fortunate the sexagenarians (or worse) who, in the stress of modern speeding, can hold a steady place, and, with recurring pay-days, thumb over their two and a half per eight-hour day with half-holiday Saturday and no deduction for the same. Of course, the work must not be too arduous, must not demand severe exertion long continued. To these men, too, far down

life's slope, sun and air are doubly grateful, thawing out stiffened joints and warming backs chilled with the approach of the long winter. Besides, the boss must be tolerant of frequent rests and chats and pipe-lightings; must cheerfully keep over places vacant on occasion because the holders pleasure themselves with periodical 'busts.'

To one unfamiliar with our city institutions such a sinecure would seem impossible, but it does exist,—well-paid, steady, health-inducing, unspoiled by all this latter-day moonshine about 'efficiency' and 'selection'; and the wiser and sadder taxpayer in a city which goes Democratic year after year will bear me out in this statement. That, too, in no uncertain terms. I refer, of course, to the city laborers.

An intolerant property-owning friend of mine, himself a man well on in years but still eager to do as good a day's work as ever he did, rebels afresh each time he sets eye on these scions of the order of the shovel. Does he meet an old chap wielding a leisurely and plainly experimental pair of shears on a municipal hedge, stopping at each clip to stand back a few feet and view his progress, he boils over at the monstrous waste. 'One clip in five minutes!' he sputters. 'Almost three cents a clip!' Vain my efforts to draw him away. He accosts the man challengingly,—courageously, too, I must admit, for all my mortification: 'If you'd keep clipping and never mind the looking—'

I hold my breath, expecting a violent reply. But no, the man smiles apologetically. 'To speak truth, sorr, 't is the first time ever I did the like, and I'm by no manner of means sure of the form of prosayture.'

'Keep clipping, then!' cries the common citizen.

'Maybe 'tis better I should,' the other agrees, pleasantly, addressing himself anew to the hedge. As we

leave, he calls after us, 'Do you know it is near five?'

Another time, my taxpayer, whose own small property, you will guess, was accumulated by no such soothing occupation as hedge-clipping, is roused almost to fury by the sight of a burly, flagrantly able-bodied voter spreading cracked stone on the highway. Long, long the intervals between shovels; frequent indeed the moments of propped-up ease. My companion rudely tackles the sun-bronzed giant: 'How long do you think you'd hold a job under a contractor at *this rate*?'

This time, I think, he will surely get it! But lo! the fiery-eyed Hercules smiles tolerantly on his rash inquisitor; he even passes a confidential wink. 'The times is gone when men used to be killing themselves with working.'

Indisputably, gentle exercise in the open is a great and sovereign sweetener of tempers, even with a race prone to the seeking of battle. For of all the aristocrats of the pick whom my ratepayer has insolently approached, not one has given him the sharp reply I have feared for him. (I myself would not dare question the divine right of these servants of the people.) To be sure, there is one, waver of a red flag, whom he has yet to reach. This man daily takes his ease wherever the city, lingering over its work as if it loved it, sets to repairing roads which have become practically impassable. So securely is he hemmed in by tooting, tortuously whirling automobiles, lumbering drays, thunderous steam-rollers, and clanging trolleys, that, with the best will in the world, my taxpayer never gets a fair chance at him. But he will some day, for the thought of two and a half per day for waving a red flag makes that hard-pressed citizen see — not red, but scarlet. Especially as, this year, the rates have gone up again. And no limit in sight!

Come with me down to the park some sunny morning and let us spy out some shaky bench overlooked by vandal youngsters. How sweet the air is, how restful the river prospect! Below, a wooden horse straddles the road, bearing the warning, 'Danger.' In its shelter, a dozen men in various stages of decrepitude, blue-overalled or vested, armed with long-handled shovels, lovingly spread forth cracked stone or scatter sand with the utmost tender solicitude. They handle their tools as gently as the musician his violin, with caressing fingers. From moment to moment, one stops to light his pipe, another to gaze about, apparently entranced by the beauty of the morning; two more indulge in a sociable chat; still another wipes his face fastidiously, though the air is cool from the river. At times a whole group stops, and, abandoning shovels, devotes itself to settling, with lavish and-spirited gesture, the political destinies of the nation. By no chance can you catch any two shovels working at the same instant. For considerable intervals, no shovel moves at all. The whole group stands steeped in languor; they seem to be men in a dream, — painted ships upon a painted ocean. Don't overlook the section-boss, a veritable lily of the field, whose lot transcends any normal expectation of bliss. He just stands and soaks in the sunlight; soaks — at two seventy-five per day. A mundane paradise! Looking at him, I wonder whether, when Shaw wrote the following lines for his Cæsar, he had had the opportunity of observing these metropolitan lotus-eaters of ours: 'Give me the man who has imagination enough not to be continually *doing* something!'

After some time, during which no perceptible change has taken place in the road's surface, these chosen ones of destiny collect their multi-colored coats and dinner-pails from neighbor-

ing picket-fences, and, shouldering their cherished implements, saunter off down the park, thriflily husbanding their strength for the next encounter. You look about and wonder whither their ramble is to take them. At last, you make out a defenseless small pile of sand upon which half a dozen men are already engaged. This pile seems to be already overcrowded. Surely there will not be room for the arriving dozen. But, yes! the first six hospitably make place for the newcomers, and the latter, having again carefully disposed of coats and pails, settle themselves, not too aggressively, to a deliberate spreading of the sand. From their handling of it you would judge it to be gold dust, or some equally precious substance. That bit of material can't last them the rest of the day, you vow. But it will. Come back at any hour — up to quarter of five, that is — and you will find that it *does* last, miraculously extended, even as the loaves and fishes. After quarter of five, of course, you will not look for more spreading. Activity, you will find, however, galvanized, alert; the activity of leave-taking and coat-donning and pipe-replenishing. 'It's looking like a taste of rain, Terence.' — 'No danger. Not till there'll be a change o' the moon. 'T is a dry moon, this.' — 'You'll be to the rally in Ward 8 the night? Young Canavan is to be running for sinator. He's advocating pinsons for the laboring man. Be there, let you.' Then off home for a hot supper.

Half-pay pensions after twenty-five years' service, — though retirement, while a man can still *stand*, is not obligatory, — well, that's not so bad; though some enterprising vote-getter talked seriously of pensions after fifteen years' service not long since. Two weeks' vacation in the summer, with

pay, has just been put through, though what vacation could be healthier or more restful — Vacation? From what? From a perpetual holiday? Some of their holidays do not work out any too well now.

But, after all, most of these men have led busy, laborious, *useful* lives. They have raised large families of children and worked hard for low pay. And yet, after all these years with shoulder to the wheel, few, if any, of them own a single stick, a square inch of land. There must be an unearned increment somewhere. The state, or industry, or capital has, in one way or another, taken its money's worth out of them long since; *more* than its money's worth, for few of these men were bred at this country's expense. Perhaps we are now paying, in many cases at least, what has been hitherto withheld. In that event, fat sides to their pay envelopes! Short hours to their working days!

As I look from my window, the fall dusk is still an hour away. Three men stroll into sight, and, with judicious step, approach a wooden horse which blocks the roadway. Their united efforts suffice to hang thereon the necessary red lantern. Of course, it is too early to light it, but here they are, ready, bent on the fulfillment of their duty. They will see that that lantern sends out its message of warning, — an important charge, and not one of the three will budge till it is accomplished. So, as comfortably as they can, they dispose themselves about and upon the wooden framework, — your true laborer is an artist at relieving the strain of the standing position, — and, pipes alight, tongues agog, they set themselves to wait, patiently, resignedly, for the darkness. And it is not yet four o'clock.

